The Saturday Evening
POST
December 24, 1955 — 15¢

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What Happened to the Kids the Pied Piper Lured Away?

ARTHUR GODFREY TELLS ABOUT HIS PRIVATE LIFE

JOHN FALTER

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vi'ta·min (vī'ta·mĭn; vĭt'a-), *n.* Also **vi'ta'mine** (vī'ta·mĭn; -mēn; vĭt'a). (L. *vita* life + E. *amine.*) *Biochem.* Any of a number of constituents of foods in their natural state, of which very small quantities are essential for the normal nutrition of animals, and possibly of plants. They are not generally produced in the body and must be derived from outside sources.

vitamin A, $C_{20}H_{29}OH$, occurs esp. in fish-liver oils, butter, and eggs, it plays an important role in vision and also is essential for the integrity of certain cells; its lack causes night blindness and hardening of certain tissues and failure of young animals to grow.

vitamin B, (the vitamin B complex) includes a large number of substances which have different chemical structures and actions. They are grouped together because all are soluble in water and can be obtained from the same sources. This group includes:

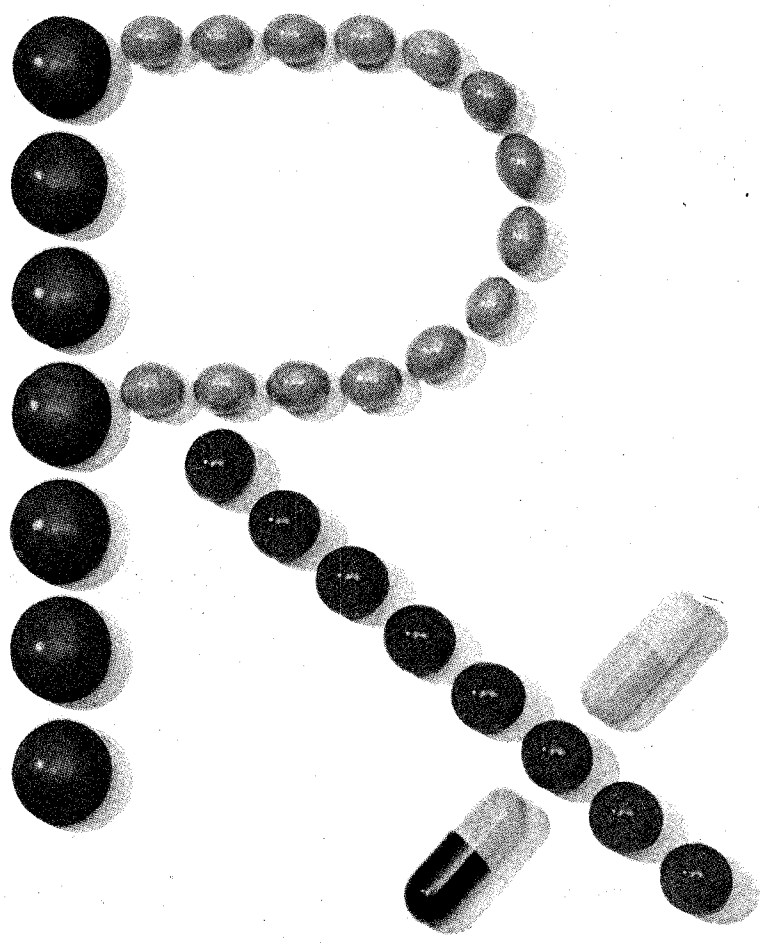
(1) **vitamin B_1,** *aneurin,* or *thiamine,* $C_{12}H_{17}ClN_4OS$, the antineuritic or antiberiberi factor, found esp. in cereals, nuts, yeast, and animal food products. It is essential for the proper utilization of carbohydrates. A severe thiamine deficiency state is called beriberi. It is characterized by the accumulation of pyruvic and lactic acids, particularly in the blood and brain and the impairment of the cardiovascular, nervous, and gastrointestinal systems.

(2) **vitamin B_2, vitamin G** *riboflavin,* or *lactoflavin,* $C_{17}H_{20}N_4O_6$, a growth-promoting factor, found esp. in whey, eggs, and green leaves. Essential for cellular metabolism. Deficiency of riboflavin manifests itself by inflammatory changes of the skin and mucous membrane of the lip and the corners of the mouth.

(3) *Nicotinic acid,* or *niacin,* a crystalline acid, $C_6H_5NO_2$, and its amide *nicotinamide,* or *niacin amide,* $C_6H_6N_2O$, which prevent pellagra; found in meats, milk, leafy green vegetables, peas, and beans:—called also the *"P.P.* (pellagra-preventive) *factor."* Nicotinamide is an essential part of the enzyme system concerned with hydrogen transport (oxidation) in the living cell. Pellagra, the deficiency state of nicotinamide, manifests itself in symptoms of glossitis, stomatitis, insomnia, anorexia, weakness, irritability, abdominal pain, burning sensations in various parts of the body, numbness, forgetfulness, morbid fears, and vertigo.

(4) **vitamin B_6,** *adermin, pyridoxine,* or the "rat antidermatitis factor," $C_8H_{11}NO_3$, essential to human nutrition, found in meat, fish liver, wheat germs, etc. Pyridoxine plays an important role in protein metabolism, by transferring amino groups from one compound to another. This vitamin plays an important role in antibody production. Although pyridoxine has been assumed to be essential to man, this has only recently been proved. The value of pyridoxine was determined after a series of infants had convulsions when fed a formula in which sterilization had destroyed the pyridoxine. However, when a heat-stable form of pyridoxine was added to the formulas the trouble was corrected.

(5) Vitamin B_{12}, is obtained from liver fractions. It is vitally concerned with the production of red blood cells. Failure of the body to utilize this vitamin results in pernicious anemia and other disturbances of the blood and nervous system. It is necessary for normal tissue formation and its lack interferes with growth.



(6) The "chick antidermatitis factor," or *pantothenic acid,* $C_9H_{17}NO_5$, a substance extracted from various organic tissues, and promoting growth, as of yeast. Pantothenic acid has a vital function in cellular metabolism, part of which is enzymatic acetylation. Pantothenic acid also plays an important role in the coenzyme action of cells as it is a component of coenzyme A. Pantothenic acid is also important in the synthesis of antibodies.

(7) *Biotin* (formerly called **vitamin H**), $C_{10}H_{16}N_2O_3S$, an acid that is a growth-promoting factor, occurring esp. in yeast and liver. The biochemical role of biotin may deal with protein synthesis, carbon dioxide fixation, and transamination.

(8) **para-** (*or* **p-**) **aminobenzoic acid,** $C_7H_7NO_2$, a growth-promoting factor, found esp. in yeast and bran. It is a unit in the structure of folic acid and may function in conjunction with that vitamin. PABA deficiency has not been observed in man, and there is no evidence to suggest that this substance is a dietary essential in man.

(9) *Choline.* This vitamin is important as a source of methyl groups for the synthesis of amino acids and as a precursor of acetylcholine. It also fosters the conversion of neutral fats to phospholipids in the liver. This aids in the transport of fatty acids.

(10) *Folic acid,* plays a role in nucleoprotein metabolism, possibly by assisting in the formation or utilization of thymine and other purines and pyrimidines. Folic acid and vitamin B_{12} play essential roles hematopoietically (blood formation and maintenance). Folic acid deficiency may occur secondary to gastro-intestinal disease due to failure in conversion of various folic acid conjugates ingested in food into the free state or the failure in converting the vitamin to its active biological form —folinic acid—a process which requires ascorbic acid (vitamin C).

(11) *Inositol* is tentatively classified as a B vitamin. Inositol is required in the diet of animals for their proper nutrition and growth.

vitamin C, (L-) *ascorbic acid,* or *cevitamic acid,* $C_6H_8O_6$, the antiscorbutic vitamin, is abundant in fresh fruits, esp. citrus fruits, tomatoes, and vegetables, and occurs in animal products. A deficiency of vitamin C causes scurvy—a condition characterized by weakness, anemia, spongy gums and a tendency to bleed easily. Mild forms of this condition are quite common. Vitamin C is an important factor in acute stress, for stimulation of the adrenal cortex releases adrenocortical hormones accompanied by a depletion of adrenal ascorbic acid. Fresh fruits and vegetables lose much of their vitamin C content on storage and in preparation unless there is adequate refrigeration and cooking is reduced to a minimum.

vitamin D, is antirachitic and regulates the phosphorus-calcium metabolism. There are several varieties, prepared or occurring naturally in fish-liver oils, egg yolk, etc., as **vitamin D_1** and **vitamin D_2,** or *calciferol,* $C_{28}H_{43}OH$, an alcohol formed by irradiating ergosterol. Lack of vitamin D results in loss of calcium and phosphorus and is the direct cause of rickets in infants and osteomalacia (softening of the bones) in adults. In moderate amounts, vitamin D promotes retention of calcium and phosphorus and maintains concentrations of these elements in the blood that will permit deposition of lime salts in the formation of bone.

vitamin E (formerly called **vitamin X**), whose lack in animal causes infertility and muscular atrophy, is abundant in the leaves of many plants and in oils from seeds. Its role in human nutrition has not been established.

vitamin K is the antihemorrhagic vitamin, the variety **vitamin K_1,** $C_{31}H_{46}O_2$, occurring in the leaves of alfalfa and other plants, vegetables, fish meal, etc. **vitamin K_2** is similar to it. Evidence suggests that vitamin K is an essential component of the enzyme system controlling the formation of prothrombin in the liver and its conversion to the active clotting agent thrombin.

The terms **vitamin P** and *citrin* have been applied to a substance (now believed to be a mixture of flavones) isolated from lemons and paprika, thought to promote the resistance of the capillaries to hemorrhage.

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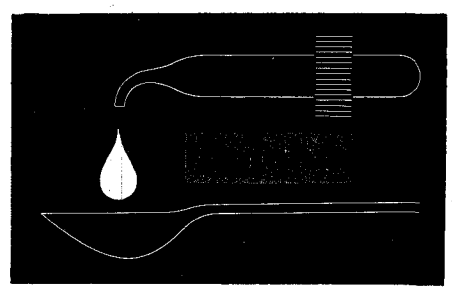

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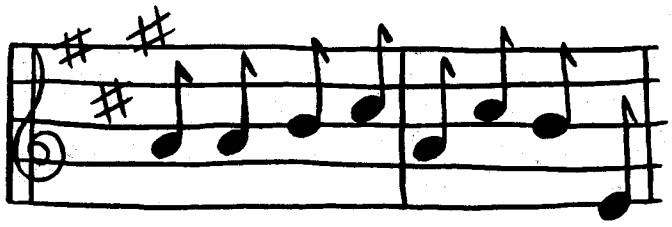
Telephones
are very
useful

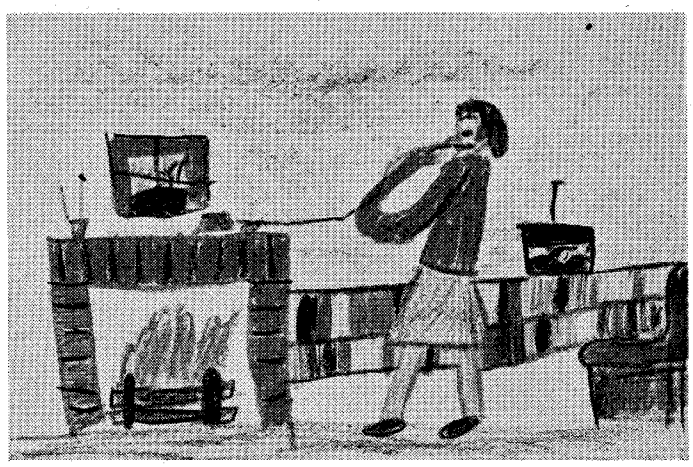
Alexander Graham Bell - inventor

Uses of the telephone -

A. Business calls 1. Groceries
B. Friendly calls 2. Medicines
C. Ordering calls 3. Meats

Others, including military calls

(Tune - Yankee Doodle)

Telephones are very useful,
Of that we're aware.
So when you use the telephone
Just handle it with care.



When some one is in trouble you can call up people to help you. If some one is sick you can call the doctor. And if your house is on fire you call the fire department.

Some of the most interesting illustrations of the value of the telephone come from children. Here are a few, selected from many hundreds by grade-school pupils. They show imagination and a characteristic way of telling a story in a few words. Take, for instance, the words "Telephones are very useful." We couldn't sum it up better than that in a hundred years.

Bell Telephone System

LOCAL *to serve the community.* NATIONWIDE *to serve the nation.*

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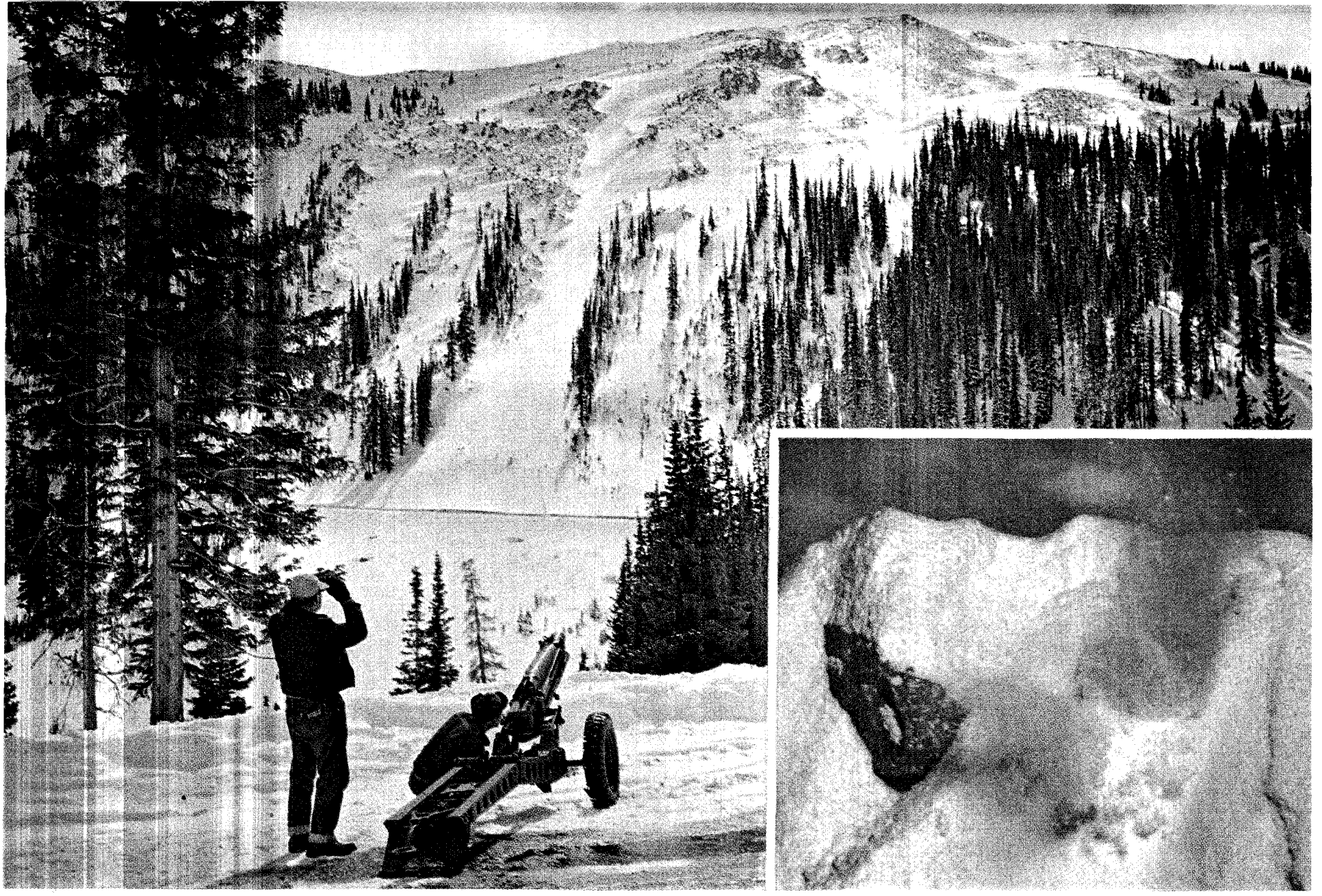

Exploding an avalanche for a safer winter road

Colorado's rugged beauty creates severe problems for its great and growing road system. The Seven Sisters are no help.

Artillery fire helps save lives in Colorado. This shellburst is demolishing a cornice of snow—a potential avalanche starter—on the Seven Sisters above Loveland Pass. Ski patrols of the Colorado Department of Highways spot hazards like this and plant dynamite charges or call in one of the state-owned 75-millimeter guns. After the snow tumbles onto blocked-off stretches of road, big snow plows go into action. Soon the road is open again—and safe.

The exploding of avalanches is a colorful but minor part of Colorado's highway problem. As in many other states, the big job is to relieve traffic congestion and keep pace with rapid growth. Colorado is meeting the challenge. In the last five years the state has built or modernized 4000 miles of roads, at a cost of $129 million. Traffic now moves smoothly along such arteries as the Denver-Boulder Turnpike. Booming industrial, oil and uranium-mining areas are now served by modernized or newly built roads.

Much has been done. But, according to a continuing state survey, $128 million is needed just to improve existing roads. Colorado appropriated a record-breaking $37 million this year as a part of its long-range highway program. One of many projects on which work has already started is the Continental Divide tunnel.

Though avalanches may rumble overhead, motorists soon will drive undisturbed straight under the granite "backbone of the nation."

Like Colorado, your state is working hard to give you better roads. But, to succeed, your state program must have your support. Find out what this program is. Then, as an informed citizen, let your feelings be known.

Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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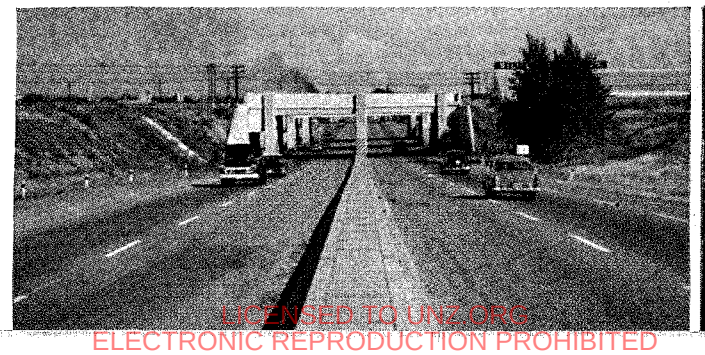
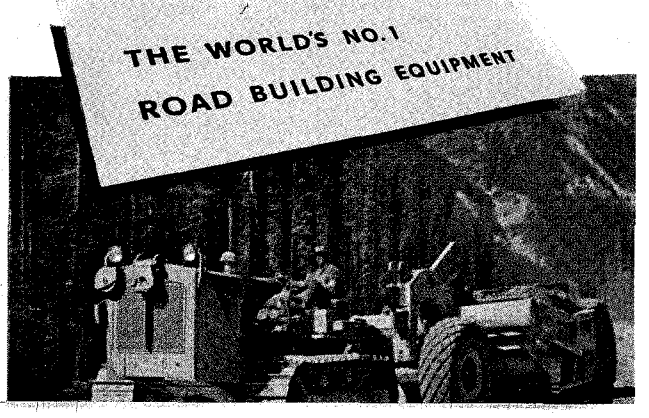
(Left)
This new four-lane highway, 16 miles long, replaces a winding, dangerous road between Denver and Brighton. Officials estimate that Brighton will double its population in a few years, largely because of the new highway.



(Right)
Wherever you see Caterpillar machines working on your roads, you can be sure your state is getting its money's worth.



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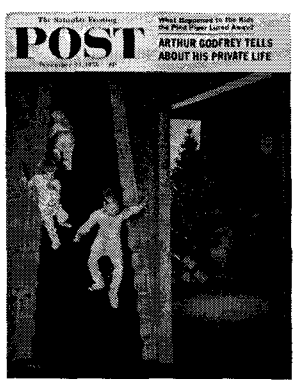

THE COVER

'Tis the dawn before Christmas, and all through the house little creatures are stirring, still as a mouse. And that, you'll agree, is enough of trying to say this in rhyme. Well, at 6:11 A.M. by John Falter's clock this house will rock with cries that Saint Nick has been here. And mother and dad, who stayed up awfully late helping him come, will stagger blurry-eyed downstairs, looking as if they had indeed just settled down for a long winter's nap. Their eyes will clear, though, catching the bright glow from their children's eyes. For this mystic moment at Christmas sunrise is so joyfully animating with its bright feeling that the world is made for love. As the Jolly Old Elf didn't quite say when he flew up the chimney: Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good morning!

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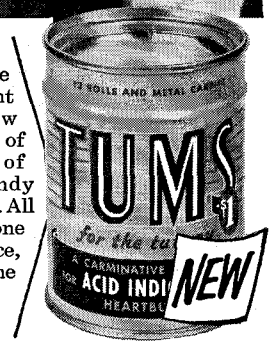

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Letters

Nixon's Enemies

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial about Mr. Richard Nixon . . . [MR. NIXON CAN TAKE PRIDE IN SOME OF HIS ENEMIES, Nov. 19] is commendable. I happen to know him personally as he was my congressman when he was elected to Congress. . . .

Dick Nixon has ability and every qualification to be at the helm of this glorious country.

FRANK J. TOMCZAK
Alhambra, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

It's a funny thing, that whenever the "angel" of the Republican reactionaries, including SatEvePost, is under severe attack, the reactionaries howl and cry to the high heavens that the attack is inspired by the communists. I wouldn't know a communist if I fell over one, but if they feel the way I do about tricky "Dick," it is simply a coincidence. If they smear him as he has smeared, he will be receiving the treatment he has so high-handedly and unconscionably handed out, and so richly deserves. God forbid that he should ever become the President of the United States. . . .

ROBERT H. BARNES
Uncasville, Conn.

College Planning

Dear Sirs:

As I am a high-school senior who has been studying countless numbers of college catalogues in complete bewilderment, Clarence E. Lovejoy's article How TO CHOOSE A COLLEGE [as told to Jerome Ellison, November 19] immediately caught my eye. Even though, after reading the article, my problem still remained unsolved, I now have the consolation that there are many others in my same predicament!

FELICIA SCHROETEL
Portland, Maine

Dear Sirs:

. . . I should like to add to Mr. Lovejoy's list of freak institutions the Midwest college of a few years back that catered to students in the *lowest* quartile of their high-school class. Only two qualifications

were required for admission: evidence of sluggish mentality and the possession of wealthy parents—the wealthier the better. Needless to say, its doors were not open for long.

Q. C. AYRES
Ames, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

Your article was not only a gross misrepresentation of the functions and principles of Hood College, but also of the curriculum.

Hood is a four-year liberal-arts college offering outstanding majors in Home Economics and Education, to mention only two. As yet, there is no course on "Man Trapping." This still remains an extracurricular activity.

FRANCES C. GILCHRIST
CYNTHIA STERNBERG
ELOISE H. WHITFIELD
PATRICIA A. FOWLER
Frederick, Md.

● *Nobody said Hood College taught a course in "Man Trapping." The course Mr. Lovejoy mentioned is called "Education for Marriage and Family Living."* ED.

Dear Sirs:

I am wondering why Guidance Counsellors don't suggest to girls they might have an education in "Home and Family Living." We prefer to call it that today and not Home Economics.

Is it they don't know very much about the field, or is it they feel a girl to be educated must specialize in academic areas? Home and Family Education leads to many careers besides homemaking. These fields are interesting, salary good. Then of course when you no longer wish to have a career, you are prepared educationally for Home and Family Living. . . .

MRS. RUTH F. ADAMS
Head of Home Economics
Millikin University
Decatur, Ill.

Social Security

Dear Sirs:

One minute I was happily reading Robert M. Yoder's article on Social Security (UNCLE SAM'S BIG PAY-OFF, Nov. 19). The next minute, I jumped up uneasily and hunted up my own Social Security card only to find, to my embarrassment, that I, too, could be numbered among those "cases" of his.

Here I had been married for over two years—and had worked one of them—and still had not changed my maiden name to my married name on my Social Security card. The next morning I called my Social Security board. . . .

MRS. ROBERT L. KENNING
South Bend, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

Here is one Social Security card holder who sees nothing at all humorous in compulsory Social Security and who would gladly trade his rights to its "benefits" for his constitutional right to freedom of choice and an individual voice in what sort of future he is buying with his money.

JOHN C. TEMPLETON
Odessa, Texas

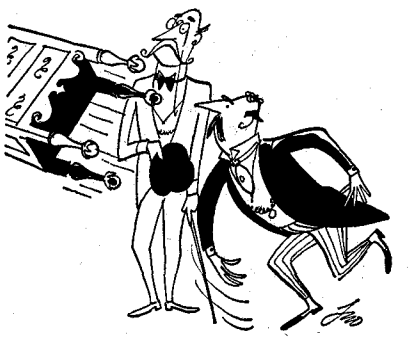
Furniture and Steeples

Dear Sirs:

We can't challenge C. J. Nuttall's authority when it comes to antiques (How TO TELL ANTIQUES FROM JUNK, by Ashley Halsey, Jr., Nov. 12), but we take issue with his statement: "Grand Rapids furniture of fifty years ago was very bad, and I am delighted that it fell apart too fast to become antique." . . .

To impugn the quality of material and craftsmanship of the Grand Rapids product is akin, sirs, to heresy! . . .

Mr. Nuttall could have profited from the experience of furniture buyers in the late 1880's upon entering one of the showrooms here when one of the owners



would impulsively pick up a chair and hurl it the length of the room to impress the bug-eyed buyer with its indestructibility.

Grand Rapids manufacturers humbly accept the compliment implied in that favorite gag of men who know furniture:

"You can drop a piece of Grand Rapids furniture off a ten-story building, and it will break when it hits the ground. Some of the other stuff on the market will break *before* it hits the ground."

C. E. MARENTETTE
Public Relations Director
Furniture Manufacturers Ass'n.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

. . . One of my actor friends—Edward Everett Horton—is really a maniac on the subject of antiques. While touring New England once, he arranged to have a church steeple which caught his fancy shipped all the way out to his home in Encino, California. . . .

SHANNON FIFE
Lake Placid, N.Y.

Bears and Hunters

Dear Sirs:

Thank you for the excellent article on the BIGGEST BEAR ON EARTH [by Corey Ford, Nov. 12] and let's hope they don't vanish from the face of the earth.

If we leave it up to the special interests and the pseudo-hunters with their Buffalo Bill mentality, you'll have to visit the zoo to see anything wilder than a goldfish. . . .

Come hunting season it's not safe for man nor beast.

Quick, granny, hide the cow!

FORRESTER L. KENNEDY
Pelham, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . As Mr. Ford points out, the great golden-coated monarchs of the North face an uncertain and perilous future. The same breed of pigs that despoiled the American wilderness, fouled its clean streams and decimated the once abundant fish and game resources are now ready for the rape of Alaska, the last frontier. If these forces, including the cattlemen of Kodiak Island and the canned salmon industry are permitted to have their way and send the Alaskan brown bear down the dark road of extinction with the passenger pigeon, the heath hen and the California golden grizzly, it will be a black day indeed. . . .

RALPH W. YOUNG
Registered Alaska Guide
Petersburg, Alaska

Chaotic Traffic Laws

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial . . . UNIFORM TRAFFIC RULES MIGHT REDUCE ACCIDENTS [Nov. 12] was a masterpiece.

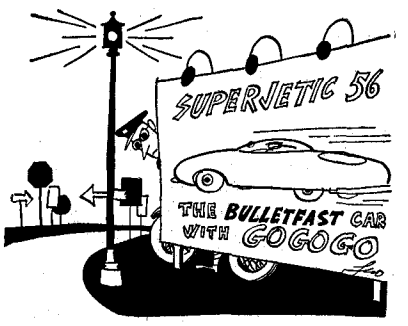
I personally have experienced many of the things you mentioned, in going from one state to another, and I think it high time we have action towards having universal traffic regulations and laws. . . .

CALVIN D. WALKER, *Mayor*
Concordia, Kansas

Dear Sirs:

. . . I was in charge of press relations and publicity for the National Conference on Street and Highway Safety, and in that capacity I traveled over a good deal of the country.

I have never seen a blinking green light, and I would not know what it meant if I did. In our vicinity here, a blinking yellow light usually means a cop is hiding behind a nearby billboard or



building, waiting to pounce on an unwary motorist who fails to come almost to a stop. For a red blinker he had better stop.

The Uniform Vehicle Code and Model Municipal Traffic Ordinance have been widely, almost universally, adopted, but there is still need in every town and city for constant study and revision in local rules and practices to meet changing traffic conditions and new problems. . . .

B. C. CLARKE
Washington, D.C.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

11–Elmer Reed, John Bickel. • 12–Anonymous, Bonton Gallery. • 13–Lomen Brothers, Grant Jackson, A. B. Kinne. • 14, 15–Stanley Meltzoff. • 16, 17–Winston Pote. 18–Perry Peterson. • 19–Gus Pasquarella. • 20–Ozzie Sweet, N. Y. Journal American (INP), United Press, Bell Aircraft. • 21–Ollie Atkins, CBS. • 22, 23–Robert Jones. 24–Joern Goerdts. • 25–Bob Hilbert. • 26–Culver, three by Otto Umbo • 27–Anonymous. • 28, 29–James R. Bingham. • 30, 31–Gene Lester. • 36, 37–Gus Pasquarella. 39–William A. Smith. • 55–Otto Umbo. • 59–Ollie Atkins. • 66, 67—Wide World. 68–Lomen Brothers. • 69–A. B. Kinne, Mrs. Warren Nelson. • 70– A. G. Simmer, Wide World. • 71–Lomen Brothers, A. G. Simmer. • 72–Elmer Reed, Frank Dufresne. 73–Wide World, John Bickel. • 80–Cartoon from Crocodile.

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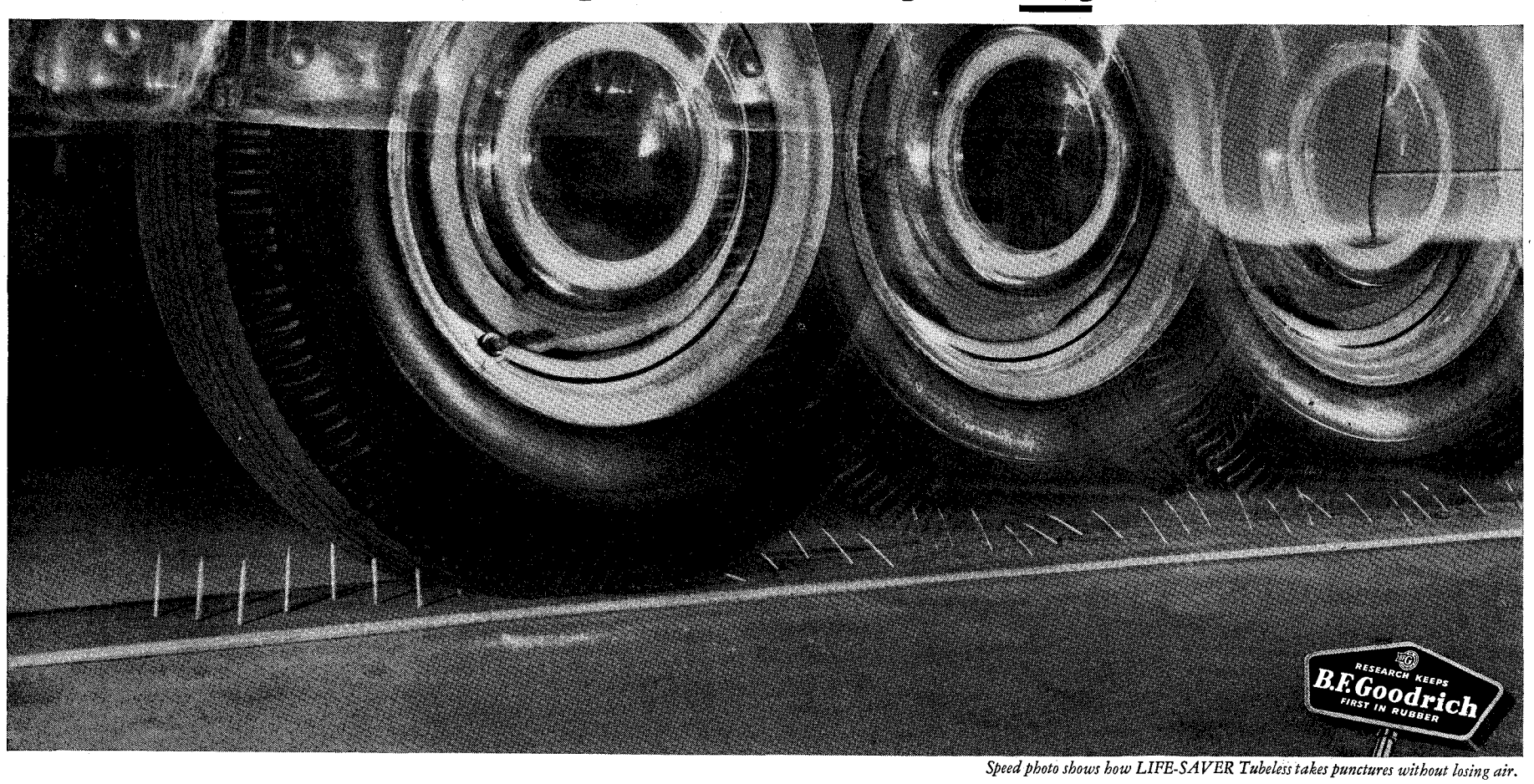
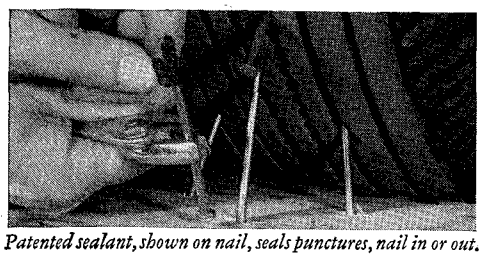
B.F. Goodrich First in Tubeless

brings you the ~~POWER TIRES~~ for the POWER CARS, that give greater safety to <u>any</u> car



Speed photo shows how LIFE-SAVER Tubeless takes punctures without losing air.

LIFE-SAVER® Tubeless seals punctures <u>permanently</u>, nail in or out



Patented sealant, shown on nail, seals punctures, nail in or out.

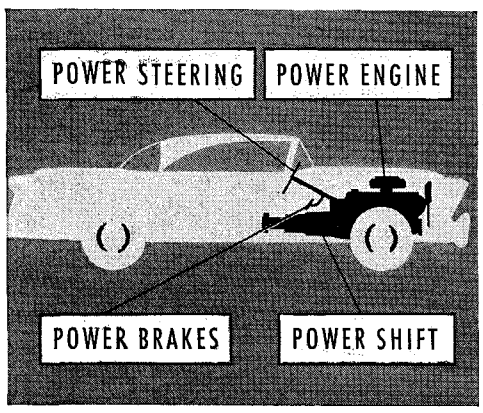
MOST tubeless tires do *not* seal punctures permanently. Nor do tires-with-tubes. When the puncturing nail is pulled, they go flat. LIFE-SAVER Tubeless tires *do* seal punctures permanently, *nail in or out.*

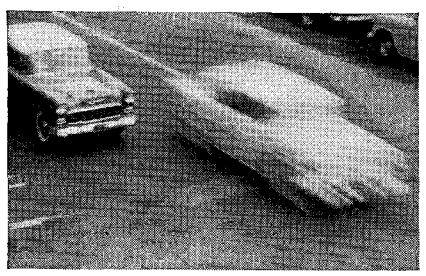
Unlike most tubeless, LIFE-SAVER has an extra layer of puncture-sealing rubber that's *patented.* It gets an air-tight grip on a puncturing nail. When the nail is pulled, this sealant plugs the hole, makes permanent repair.

LIFE-SAVER Tubeless is the Power Tire engineered to meet the demand of today's power cars. You can get this extra safety for your present car *now.*

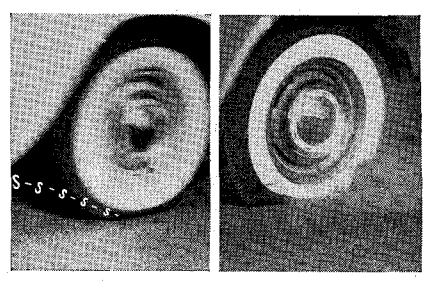
Find your B. F. Goodrich retailer in the Yellow Pages under "Tires". Many B. F. Goodrich retailers offer convenient terms. As little as $1.00 down puts a LIFE-SAVER Tubeless on your car. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Tire and Equipment Division, Akron, Ohio.

All this POWER here: ↓ ***needs B. F. Goodrich POWER Tubeless Tires to put it to work on the road:***

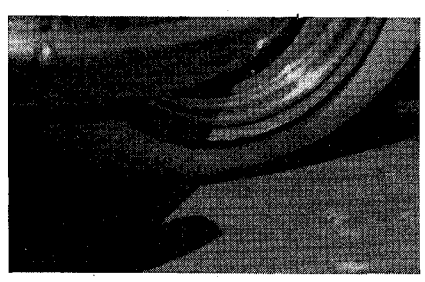




FOR POWER STARTS, POWER STOPS—*they take out the slip and the skid.* They give power-engine take-offs more grip, less slip. Take a sure hold on smooth or wet roads. They stop your *car* when power brakes stop your wheels. New treads help de-skid skiddy pavements.



FOR POWER GO—*they take out the bruise-blowout.* Tires feel power impacts that power cars cushion. In B. F. Goodrich Power Tubeless, a patented inner liner—part of the tire itself—slows air loss by permitting only pinhole leaks. You get a safe s-s-slowout instead of a blowout.



FOR POWER TURNS—*they take out the squeal.* Where power steering, with its quicker turns, makes ordinary tires squeal, B.F.Goodrich Power Tubeless are quieter and more sure-footed. They are power-designed to resist side-skid; give you better control of your car.

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Editorials

We Must Find Allies Behind the Iron Curtain

In his final statement at the Foreign Ministers' Conference at Geneva on November sixteenth, Secretary of State Dulles made this observation: "If the so-called German Democratic Republic (East Germany) cannot stand the test of the people's choice, no more can the regimes imposed on the other peoples of Eastern Europe. This topic (the status of the satellites) was not on our agenda because the Soviet government had refused to accept it there. But we were all conscious of the fact that the Soviet preoccupation with its problems in Eastern Europe weighed heavily upon it (the Soviet delegation) at the conference."

Molotov's rude rejection of every Western effort to ease the existing tensions between the East and West ought to take off the hobbles from Western policy. As long as the foreign ministers remained at Geneva, there was some danger that, in a desperate effort to "save the conference," they would agree to some sort of pact which would in effect concede Soviet domination over these subject peoples. Happily, Molotov made Soviet aggressive intentions so clear that no face saver was proposed, not even another try at conferring.

That would have been futile. As Mr. Dulles reported, even Western efforts to set up the basis for a more general exchange of commodities and cultural information were ignored by the Soviet Union, which "was primarily interested in contacts which might enable it to obtain valuable technological information or . . . strategic goods rather than the commodities of peaceful trade which our directive specifies." There is, of course, nothing new about this, but the second sitting at Geneva held up the truth for all to see.

In East Germany, in Poland, in China and in the slave camps of the Soviet Union itself, desperate men have shown their willingness to face death rather than submit to this tyranny. In the past, these movements have seemed to embarrass the West, rather than inspire hope for the eventual collapse of the evil Red system. Mr. Dulles now puts the discontent of the subject peoples high among the bargaining advantages which the free nations enjoy.

Whatever form our policy now takes in specific circumstances, we, the free peoples of the world, must accept the implications of President Eisenhower's speech at Philadelphia last August, when he said, "Eagerness to avoid war . . . can produce outright or implicit agreement that injustices and wrongs at the present shall be perpetuated into the future. We must not participate in any such false agreement . . . in the judgment of history we would have sold out the freedom of men for the pottage of a false peace."

DUFFY'S CARTOON

It's Nice to be Around, and Still Breathing.

One Foreign Observer Knows What Makes America Tick

Astounding as it may appear to readers of some European newspaper editorials, one foreign writer views us with approval. He is a Swiss economist, Prof. William E. Rappard. His latest book is entitled A Quoi Tient la Supériorité Économique des États-Unis? which, being translated, means What is the Cause of the Economic Superiority of the United States? The publisher is the Librairie de Medicis, Paris.

Professor Rappard attributes our economic power not to mere good fortune—which we have had—but to the free economic institutions of the American population. He writes:

"The United States is today by far the richest nation in the world because it is by far the greatest producer of wealth. And it is the greatest producer of wealth less because its territory has been generously endowed with natural resources than because it has succeeded in deriving from the labor of its people a much better material result than its competitors in the rest of the world."

Because of our free economy, Professor Rappard finds, we can boast great productivity per man, per machine, per day, per week, per year. He breaks it down so that his European readers may comprehend: first, mass production; second, application of science to production regardless of first costs; third, a veritable "passion for production"; and, fourth, an ingrained and incurable, healthy, admirable spirit of competition.

It is pleasant to hear all this from an informed European who looked behind the stereotyped America and reported what he saw.

And Now the Bright Colors of the Christmas Season!

We all feel that Christmas is the most "colorful" of all our holidays, but we seldom bother to sort out the actual hues and shades. Color reaches out on every side to catch our eyes and hearts, from the rainbows of ribbon candy to the gleam of candles on Christmas Eve—like little Stars of Bethlehem.

There's the brilliant living-room clutter of crumpled Christmas wrappings and tangled ribbons; gay galaxies of Christmas-tree ornaments; barber-pole peppermint sticks and flaming poinsettia; the gentle radiance of little figures in Nativity scenes; the gray-edged scarlet of a drowsing open fire, and maybe the absurd little red banner of a Christmas puppy's tongue—and, brightest of all, the happy eyes of a small boy or girl beside him.

There's the dining-room shine of silver, glow of pewter and glint of gold on table china; the fruit-borne colors of modest olive green, smooth cherry reds and tart-bright orange and lemon; the serene dark amber of sherry in a crystal glass, and stop-light dishes of cranberry jelly against white linen.

There's the patchwork quilt of many colors when you go back home for Christmas and sleep in your old room; and the kitchen palette of golden-brown turkey and pies, tang-lighted Christmas spices and sunset icings on deep-layered cakes. There's the front-door greeting of green wreath and holly, and over the streets the warm welcome of an old church's stained-glass windows.

Outside are the gray-blue of clear ice under flaring holiday scarves and jackets, paintbox fires of driftwood on the shore, and the pine's and spruce's green reminders that the winter world will turn. Christmas will brighten and bless us another year.

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Model of one of 12 most popular homes featured in Small Homes Guide, Fall 1955.

No home now being built can be up-to-date without today's important new dimension in hot-weather comfort—the built-in "cool feel." Offered here are suggestions that can mean much to the future value of your property.

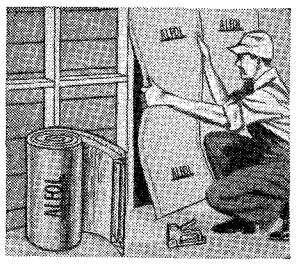
Winter comfort alone is no longer enough. Emphasis now, as never before, is on *summer* comfort. New materials, new skills, even revised building standards, make it a *must* in modern homes.

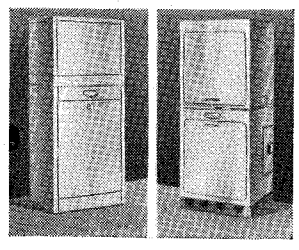
Important as it is today, "cool feel" will be indispensable in the era of low-cost air-conditioning just ahead. Sound, careful planning now can save you countless dollars later. For *built-in coolness* starts with the building plan itself.

There are many things to consider in achieving the "cool feel" —placement of the house, exposure, materials, heat-reflecting insulations, paint, windows and others. Requirements, of course, vary by regions. Architects, builders, financing institutions, and materials makers such as Borg-Warner, all can give you real help.

"Cool feel" can be built into a new home at very little additional cost. Besides giving your family extra summer comfort right from the start, it will assure you a home designed to the future, right and ready for central air-conditioning at *any* time. Getting this vital advantage can be made easier and surer for you by the unique new Borg-Warner products described in the next column. Ask your builder about them . . . or send the coupon below for more information.

® Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





New B-W high-efficiency heat proofing of walls and ceilings! From Borg-Warner comes a unique aluminum foil insulation. Called *Alfol*®, it uses reflection plus "dead air" to produce the most effective summer heat barrier known—as well as protection against winter heat loss. Alfol meets all-season requirements. It is moisture and vermin-proof, fire resistant. Quickly installed in any type of building.

B-W scientific heat proofing of windows! Easily effected with Borg-Warner's KoolShade® screening. Narrow bronze strips, woven to a precise angle, deflect 85% of the sun's rays. Blocks insects, but not breeze or vision. KoolShade on sun exposed windows can hold down room temperatures as much as 15 degrees. In air-conditioned homes, it can cut both initial expense and operating costs.

Revolutionary new B-W heating-cooling systems! Developed by Borg-Warner, these systems are helping to bring in the era of year-around air-conditioning.

B-W Hydraline®: A new invention . . . heats or chills water and circulates it through tiny "honeycomb" radiators to give individual room-temperature control.

B-W Airline®: Newest in forced-air temperature-conditioning. High efficiency, lowest cost for any size home.

Before you contract for heating or heating-cooling equipment, get the facts on these advanced new systems.

ENGINEERING B-W PRODUCTION

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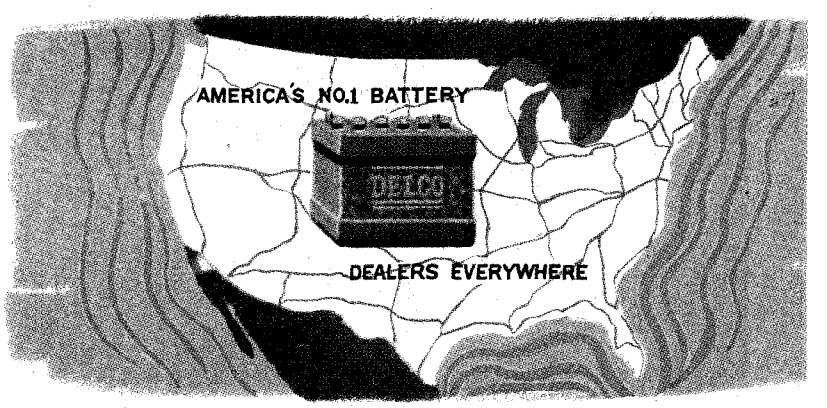
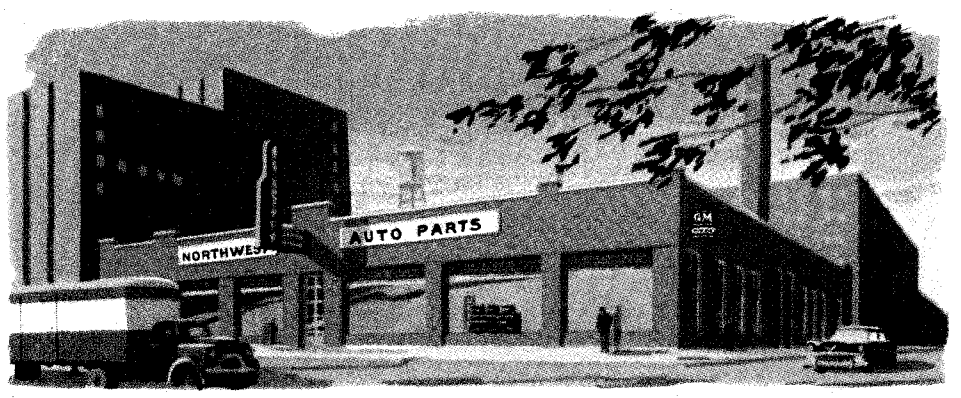
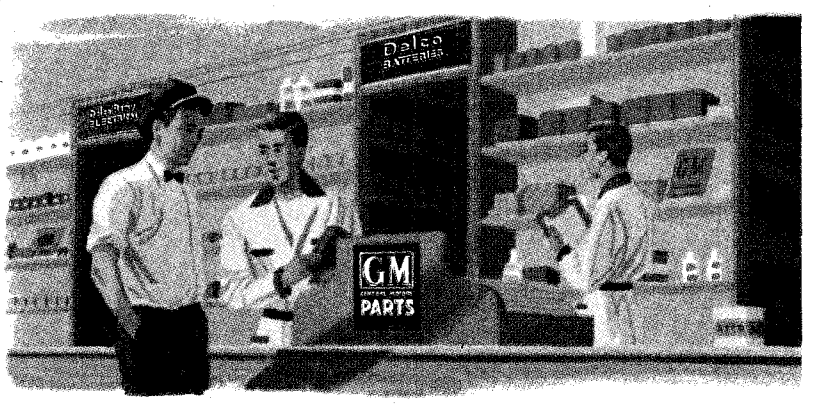


So, no matter where you live..... no matter where you drive...you ca





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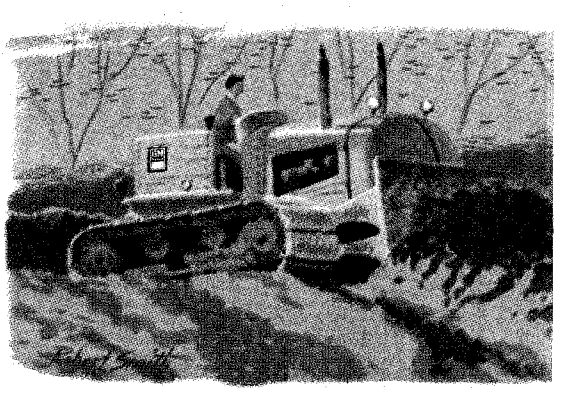

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December 24, 1955

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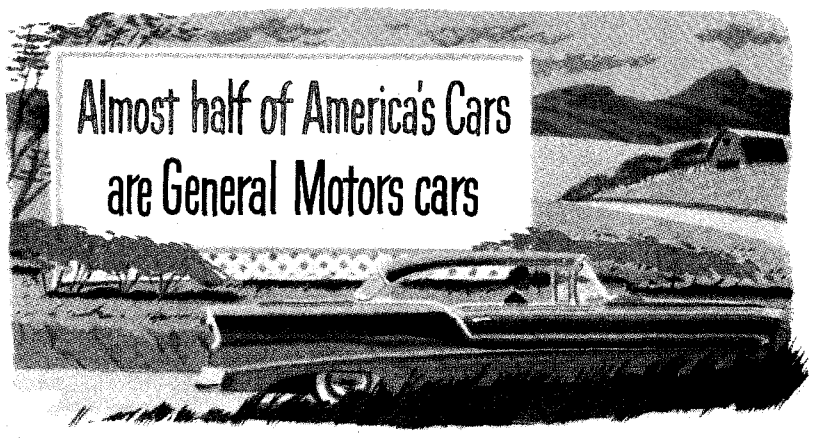

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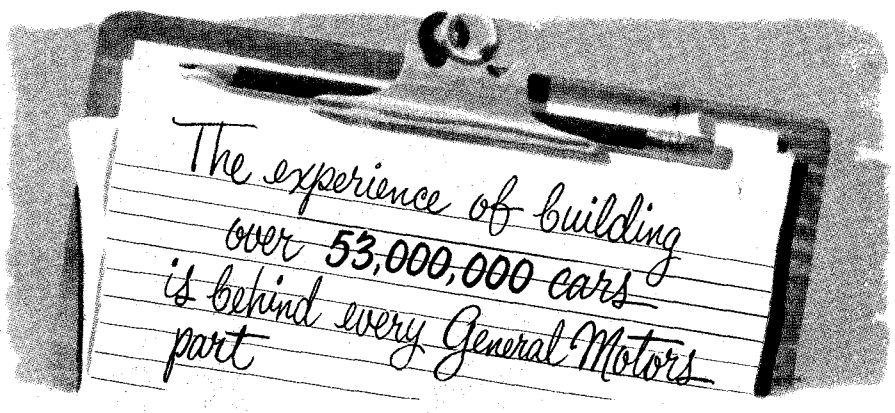

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Today's Philip Morris is a new Philip Morris! A new cigarette which Philip Morris smokers have enjoyed for months — a cigarette made gentle for modern taste.

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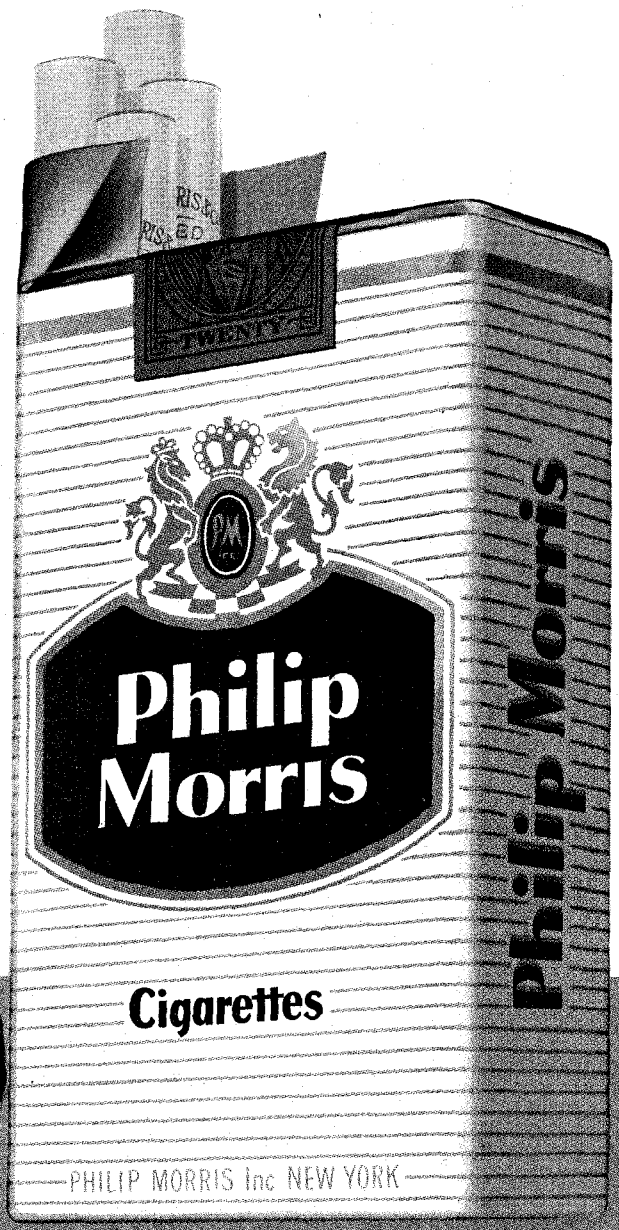
Enjoy—and give—the gentle pleasure, the *fresh unfiltered flavor*, of new Philip Morris, in the smart new package, in the handsome new Christmas carton.



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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Ben Franklin

Front Street, Nome, Alaska, the author's home in the early nineteen hundreds, when the town was the gold-rush capital.

A POST DOUBLE-LENGTH FEATURE

I was a Daughter of the Gold Rush

The author grew up in roaring Nome, among real-life counterparts of Dangerous Dan McGrew and the Lady Known as Lou. Here is her own exciting story.

By KLONDY NELSON, as told to Corey Ford

Suddenly the whole ship shuddered as the engines went into reverse, and the anchor chain rattled out and the whistle blew a loud blast. A second later we heard what seemed to be an answering echo from shore. It was the Malemute dogs in Nome, howling a mournful greeting.

Mother grabbed my hand and we hurried up on deck. I was wearing a short box coat and white serge skirt, long black stockings with high-buttoned shoes, and my Sunday-best pair of kid gloves. I had a round sailor hat on my head, with an elastic band under my chin, and mother had spent hours curling my hair around her finger. Father had wanted a boy, but if I looked pretty when he saw me, maybe he'd be glad I was a girl.

The Bering Sea was so shallow that our steamer had to anchor two miles offshore. A tugboat was coming out, hauling a scow for the passengers. The skipper leaned out of the pilothouse window and glanced at the people along the steamer's rail. His eyes stopped on me.

"They've showed up here with everything from pigs to floozies," he bellowed to our captain, "but this is the first time I ever see anybody bring a baby girl to a gold rush!"

Today, Klondy captivates her grandchildren with stories of her youth.

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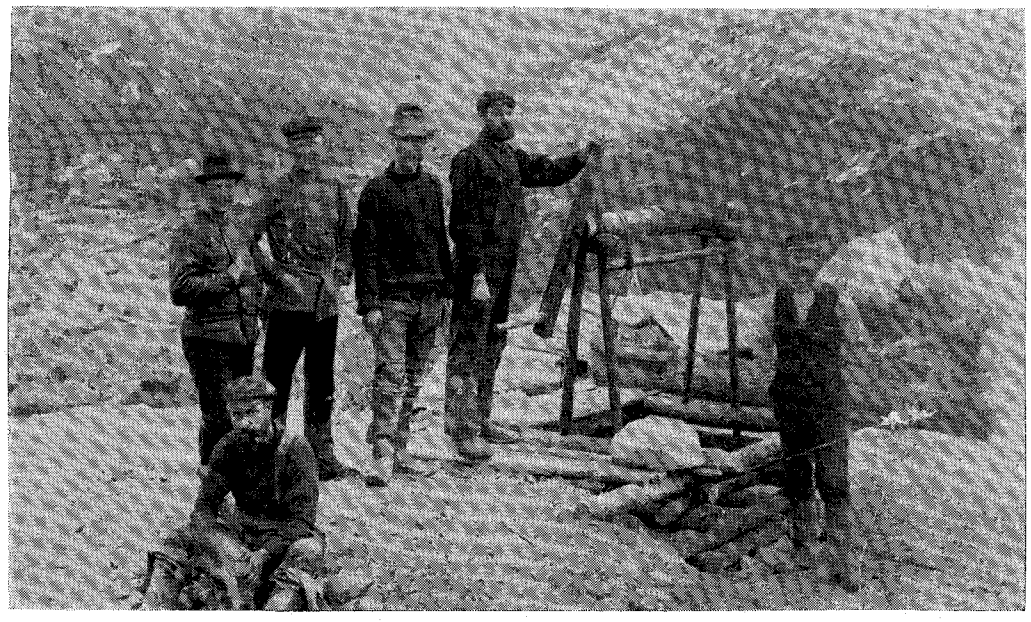

Warren Nelson (right), the author's father, in the Klondike. "I'll make my pile in no time," he promised. "We'll live in a solid-gold mansion."

Klondy and her mother, Alma, waited in Deadwood, S.D., for Warren to call them to Alaska.

My father had wanted to name me Klondike. The big stampede was at its height in 1897, when I was born, and he insisted on calling me that for good luck. But my mother said that Klondike was no name for a girl, so it was shortened to Klondy. For my middle name he chose Esmeralda, the name of the gold claim in South Dakota he was working at the time. He'd thought of naming me after the mining camp where we lived, but mother put her foot down. And no wonder; the name of the camp was Blacktail Gulch.

I was only two weeks old when my father left us and went off to the Klondike. Mother was fresh from Sweden, and terrified at the thought of being left alone in a strange country. She tried to talk dad out of going, reminding him that he'd said there was plenty of gold in Blacktail Gulch. Why did he have to go to the far ends of the earth to look for more? But the fever was in his blood.

It's hard to explain my father today. I've tried to tell my grandchildren about him—I now have six of them living here in Olympia, Washington—but they can't understand a man who would leave his wife and baby daughter and run off like that. Dad was a stampeder, and there were tens of thousands like him in those days. They would always leave a sure thing to follow a rumor.

He wrote regularly over the next four years. He was going to strike it rich any day now, and come home. He hit pay dirt in the Klondike, and then he heard of a new stampede, and his next letter said he was joining the rush down the Yukon River to the big strike at Nome. I was going on five when dad wrote, in the spring of 1902, that he was pulling up stakes in Nome and heading for the latest discovery at Council. Mother decided the time had come to join him. Maybe she thought she could help him save some of the gold he was forever digging out of one hole and sinking in another.

Our train trip from South Dakota to the West Coast took seven days. We found Seattle full of stragglers coming back from the Nome gold rush, most of them flat broke. Mother kept asking them if they knew father, but every second person in Alaska seemed to be named Nelson in those days. We finally got passage on the S.S. Senator in late October, the last sailing of the season. No sooner had we passed through the Strait of Juan de Fuca than we got the full force of the North Pacific fall gales. The steamer rolled and pitched endlessly. Mother took to her bunk. She stayed there the entire ten days and nights of the voyage, while I was getting acquainted with the other passengers.

My special friend was a lady known as Toodles. She was almost as beautiful as mother but in a different way. Her cheeks were bright pink, but I noticed the color didn't come and go like the blush in mother's cheeks. I asked Toodles if she, too, was going to Nome to meet her husband. She said that she didn't have a husband. I said I hoped some other man was waiting for her, and she said she hoped there'd be quite a number of them. She gave me a bottle of perfume, but mother made me give it back.

Everyone cheered when the captain told us we were due in Nome the next day. Mother managed to put in an appearance for breakfast, and I'd never seen her looking so pretty. Her black eyes snapped, flashing with excitement. She talked on and on about dad; how he'd surely be on the beach waiting for us. Council was only about eighty miles from Nome, she explained, and he could walk that far if he had to. Then she would get the giggles like a schoolgirl, and start primping in front of the mirror.

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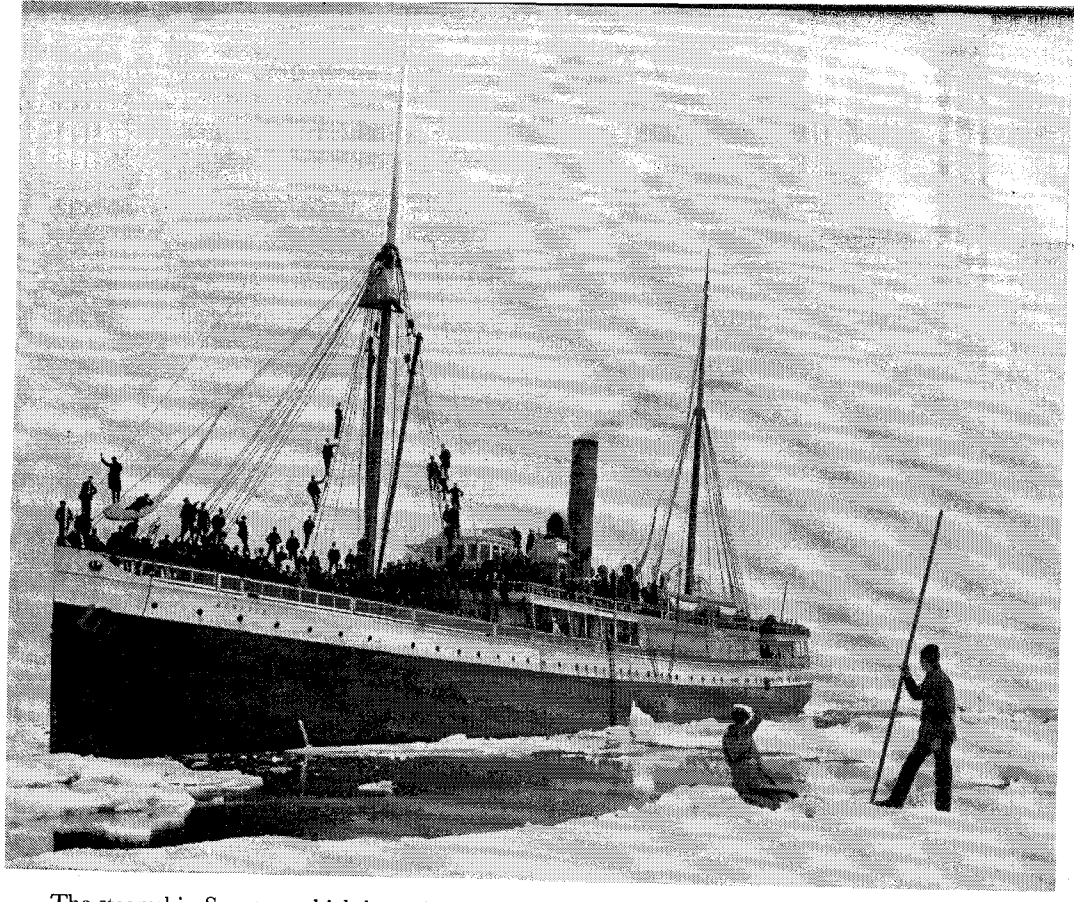
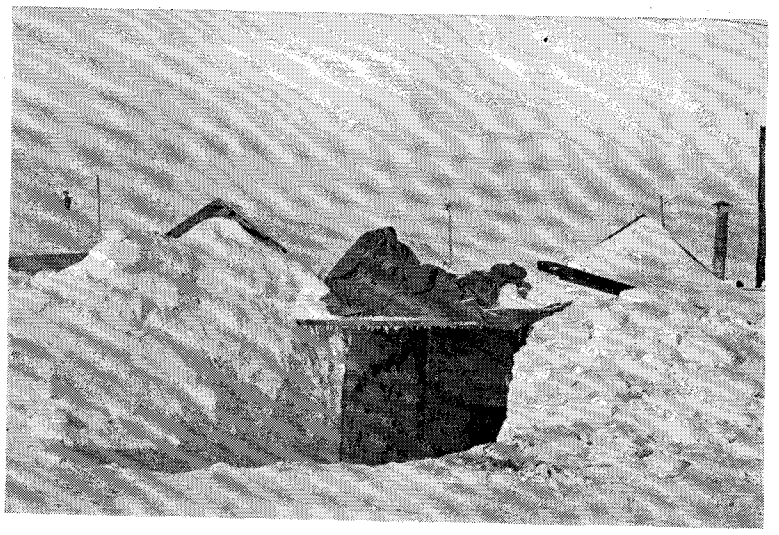
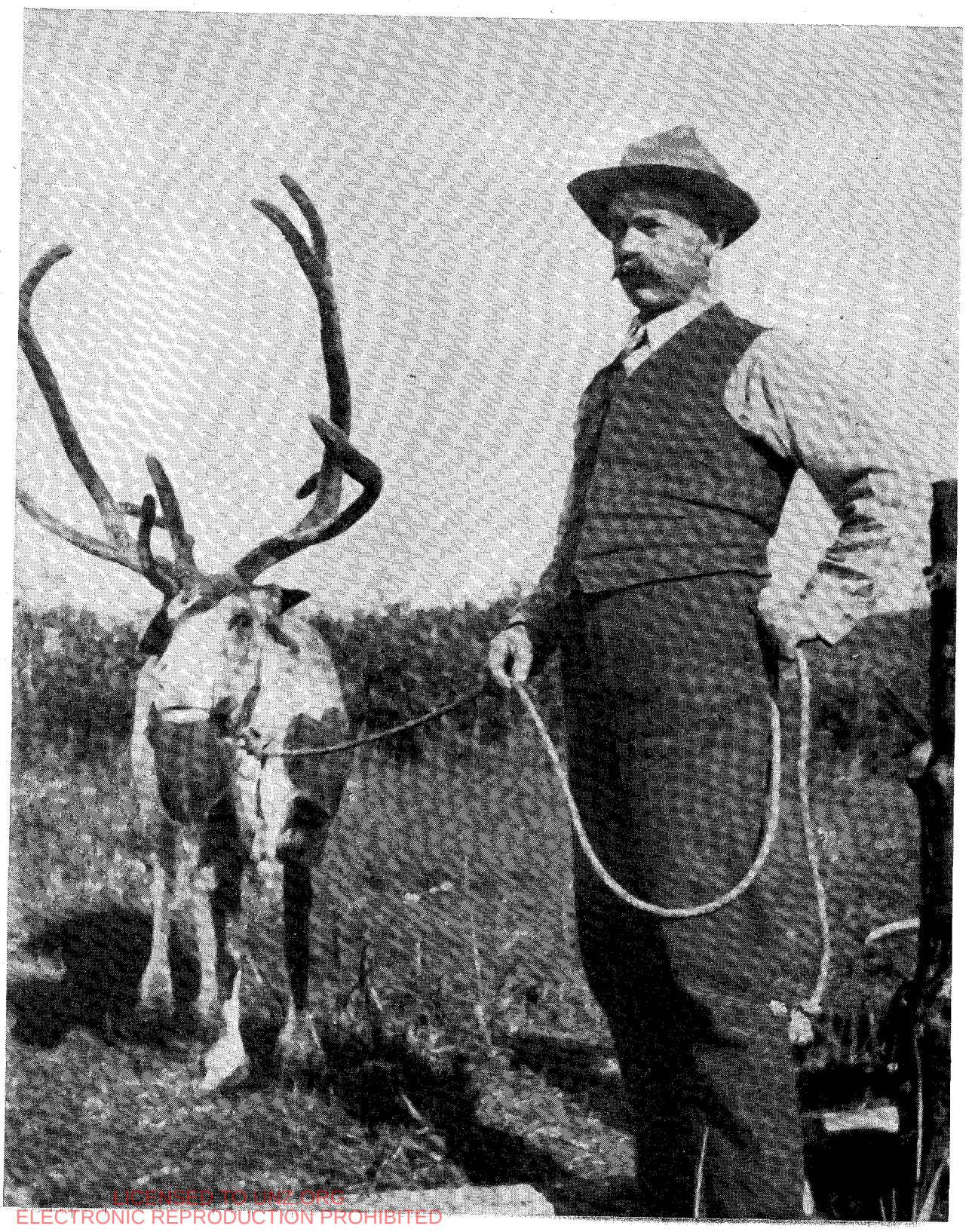


The steamship Senator, which brought five-year-old Klondy and her mother from Seattle to Nome in 1902.

Winter in Nome meant snow, 65-below-zero temperatures and only a few hours of light each day.



Reindeer like this one supplied steaks when Klondy's father ran a butcher shop in Council City.



When the steamer anchored off Nome, mother and I and the other passengers transferred to the flat-bottomed scow. We were crowded like cattle, the women in the center and the men on the outside, with a life line stretched around us. As the barge rose and fell in the waves, I caught my first glimpse of Nome. From my father's letters, I'd expected a golden city, shining in the sun, but all I could see was a gray stretch of sand, with little shacks scattered helter-skelter under an ugly blanket of coal smoke.

We saw hundreds of men on the beach as we drew nearer. Mother scanned the faces for a glimpse of dad, but all the men had whiskers and looked alike. The bow rose again on a long swell and the barge landed on the sand in a crash of foam. Toodles was one of the first ladies ashore. Several men greeted her. She laughed and linked arms with one of them, and they walked away.

I looked up at mother, standing there alone. I guess she knew then that father wasn't going to meet us. She took me by one hand, gathered her long skirt with the other, and we hurried across the sand toward the boardwalk. She wasn't going to wait there, feeling deserted and ashamed, with strangers staring at her. When I asked where dad was, she snapped "Never mind!" She rushed me past piles of garbage, tin cans, broken bottles, some dead eider ducks and the bloated carcass of a big dog. I had to trot to keep up with her.

A teamster held back his horses as we started across Front Street, ankle deep in mud. Another freight wagon came by, its cursing driver cracking his whip at a pack of fierce Malemutes that snapped at the horses' heels. A blood-smeared dog ran ki-yi-ing past us, and was suddenly pulled down by the other dogs and buried under the snarling pack. Mother screamed and grabbed me up in her arms. A storekeeper waded into the tangle, swinging an iron pinch bar to (Continued on Page 66)

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The story of a man who had no faith, and how he saw

A CANDLE OF THE LORD

By VERA HYCZ

He'd worked in the roundhouse from midnight until noon and when he hopped the slow freight out of the Tucumcari yards he was tired. The boxcar door shut to the winter wind, he used his valise for a pillow and slept awhile.

But it was restless, broken sleep, and in a dream there was a cold white moon. And he saw Pearl, his wife, and his three children running barefoot across the burned, blackened stubble of his fields, a pack of yelping coyotes at their heels. He had his deer rifle trained on the mangy beasts, but it was loaded with bullets he'd molded himself and he kept pulling a silent trigger on a gun that wouldn't fire.

The freight, whistling short and loud for its water stop at Nara Visa, brought him awake. But he was trembling, and sweat was damp on his face.

He stood up and slid the door open a little. In the pale, windy twilight he watched the long prairie land rush by. It helped to get his mind off the dream. It lightened, somewhat, the darkness in his heart.

It looked about the same as his own beloved quarter section had looked before the fire, as some of it did, even now. Tall yellow grass bending to the wind, wind tossing brown and golden tumbleweeds. The landscape was dotted with green too—the spiky cactus plant that they called a soapweed. Its roots did make a bit of sudsy foam in water, but not nearly enough to do any good.

Link held her close to him. "Pearl, our Christmas tree!" he said, when he finally could speak.

Link smiled a little. Evelyn, his eldest, always read everything she could get her hands on. And one night at the supper table she'd said, "Soapweed isn't the right name, daddy. The Spaniards named them first, and that's what counts, isn't it? They're Candles of the Lord. Isn't that pretty?"

"Well, now," he said. "It sure is, honey." And the plant was pretty in springtime, tall candlelike stem rising up in the middle of green blades, all strung with cream-white buds like Missouri roses.

But those double-edged blades cut your hands, the needle-pointed tips broke off in your flesh, and if you didn't get them out you'd have trouble. Hitched to pull the tough, stubborn roots, a team would balk. All livestock shied away from soapweeds. And weary from the day's battle with them, he'd said, "By the time I finish clearing sixty acres of soapweeds, Evelyn, it'll likely be hard for me to believe the Lord has much to do with 'em. Times I could swear the devil himself jabbed 'em up through the sod of New Mexico as one sure torture to the homesteader." He understood his daughter and was gentle, saying all that. But it was no way to thank her for her wish to comfort him, and he searched his mind for the right words. "They might be easier to deal with, if I could think of 'em as Candles of the Lord," he said. "Won't hurt to try." And, with an inner twinkle, "As more than He'll ever need or want, that is."

Evelyn beamed. At his much more cheerful mood, every face at his table had brightened. He really had done his best, and in the lamplight his wife's lovely smile, always his major reward,

(Continued on Page 44)

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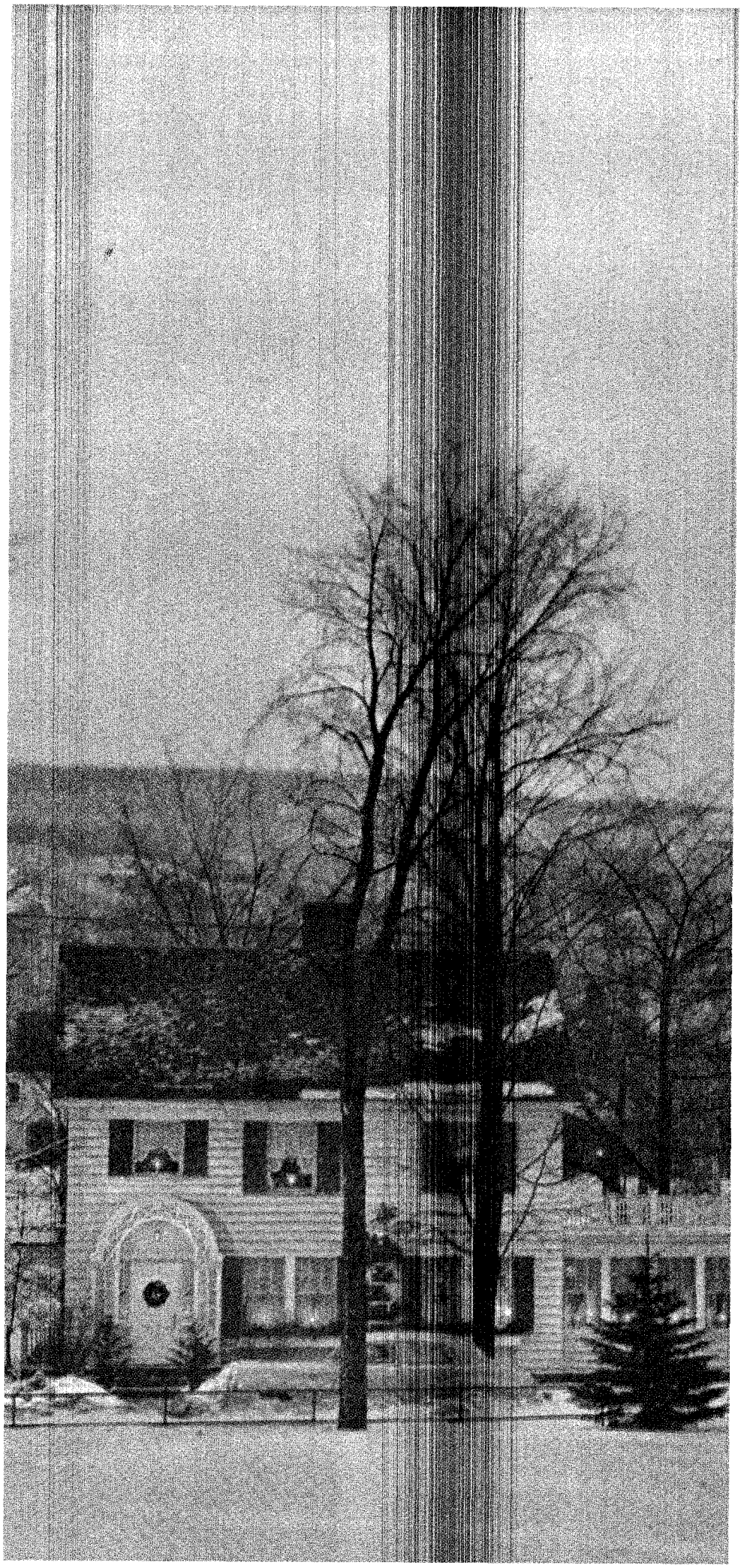

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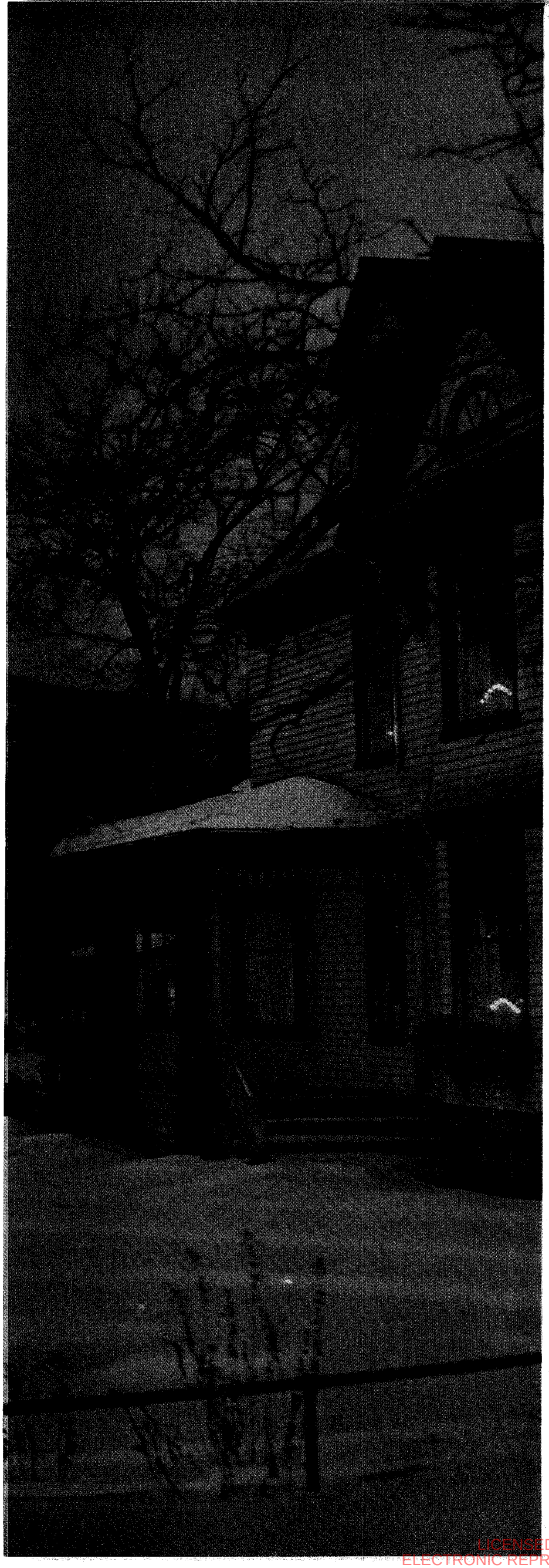

The Face of AMERICA

SONG OF OLD

Silent in the twilight lies the mountain village of Gorham, New Hampshire, nearly seven thousand miles and two thousand years from the old Judean village of Bethlehem. But the unique lighting effects in both places at both times signify the same thing: The most widely observed birthday the world has ever known. The extraordinary Bethlehem illumination attracted attention at a considerable distance. Three wise men made a difficult journey to the scene itself and thus achieved immortality. "The star, which they saw in the east, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." Now, in the White Mountains, the lights burn again to welcome sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, cousins, nieces and nephews home for Christmas. This is the time of rejoicing for shepherds and kings, farmers and clerks, presidents and plumbers. In myriad villages, myriad stars stand over where the young child was, is and ever shall be. In jungle heat and mountain gale, the many millions follow stars on the night of the Nativity, full of hope that once again the song of angels will be heard—"Glory to God in the Highest, on Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men."● Photograph by Winston Pote

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"Don't you speak to me, Ed Franklin," she said. Her voice was like ice.

THE LADY HATED JAZZ

By KAY CRISFIELD GREY

What was wrong with his dumb sister? Didn't she realize this hot trumpeter was the greatest man in the world?

Mr. Edward Franklin, the new owner of Franklin Hardware & Sporting Goods, wrapped up two quarts of enamel in such a happy fog that he forgot to make out the sales slip. It had finally happened, exactly as he had promised himself—he had met the girl he wanted to marry.

Her name was Liza Parker, she taught social studies at Westhill High, she was pretty as a spring morning, and he had just hired her kid brother, Mush, as part-time clerk and delivery boy.

Ed—which was what the people of Westhill called him—leaned on the counter and congratulated himself. He was rid of the ridiculous nickname which had haunted him since grade school. He was rid of the knot of tension that had lived inside him for years. He was in love with his new home, his new business, his new personality, and now he was in love with Liza Parker. It was a wonderful world.

Liza Parker walked home from school thanking her stars that Mush really seemed to be settling down. Hadn't he astonished the whole family by going out and getting a job? She hoped that young Mr. Franklin would be a steadying influence. He was certainly a capable businessman, thank goodness—and wasn't he good-looking! How nice it would be if he'd drive Mush home sometime. She'd like to know him better.

In the basement of Franklin Hardware & Sporting Goods, Mush Parker, christened George, held a secret conference with his two best buddies, Egghead and Clanky.

"It's him, all right," Mush assured them. "Lookit." He

(Continued on Page 50)

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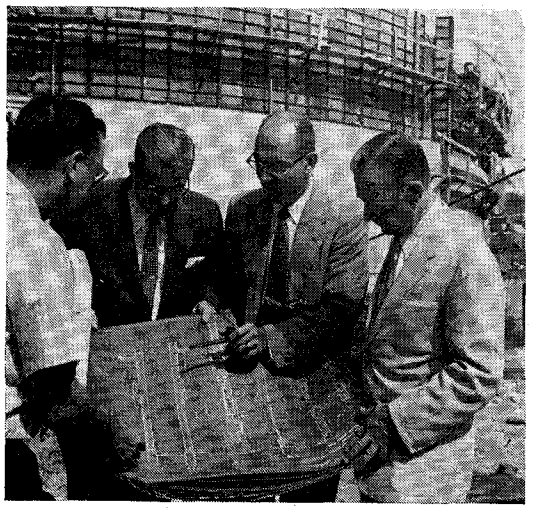
Many factories and mines along the Ohio continue to spew waste into the river, adding to the sanitation engineers' cleanup job.

REBIRTH OF A GREAT RIVER

BY KARL S. DIXON, as told to Craig Thompson

A stream of human and industrial waste transformed the once beautiful Ohio into a cesspool. Here's how some foresighted men are making up for this offense against nature.



River Sanitation Commissioners Edward Cleary (pipe in hand) and Hudson Biery (right) with city officials at Cincinnati's new sewage-treatment plant.

This is a story about a river—the majestic and filthy Ohio. It is also about a new experiment in regional government that eight states of the Ohio basin have set up to keep their river alive. At the heart of both stories, however, is a matter which transcends the Ohio and concerns the welfare of the whole nation. For, though many people can easily understand that without our rivers we all would be hard put to stay alive, few seem to realize that a river, like a man, is a living organism that men can kill with pollution. When a river dies it ceases to be a bearer of life and becomes a carrier of sickness and death, both human and industrial.

I appreciate that in making these statements I am implying that we are a nation of ignoramuses, at least where the subject of pollution is concerned. Yet, I think it is a fair thing to say. Certainly I know that for many years of my own life what I say was true of me. And true despite the circumstance that, first as a newspaperman and then for many years as a Chamber of Commerce executive, I should have been among those most concerned.

Of course, like everyone else, I read articles and editorials about stream pollution, and I heard many speeches by people who urged that something be done to abate it. But, somehow, the writers and the speakers never really reached me, and the subject never seemed to be as important or as urgent as they said it was. I am sure that most Americans still share my old indifference. Else they would have done a great deal more than they have to stop this dangerous destruction of an irreplaceable natural resource that is going on all around us all the time.

My old attitude, however, has undergone a profound change (Continued on Page 61)

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Farmer Godfrey
takes you to the privacy
of his Leesburg, Va., home,
and Citizen Godfrey tells why
he thinks a public investigation
of our air-power policy
is an urgent need.

When Godfrey's Arabian horses go to exhibitions and charity shows they travel in style.

This is My Story

By ARTHUR GODFREY as told to Pete Martin

Gen. Curtis LeMay (right), head of the Strategic Air Command, with his close friend and greatest admirer.

CONCLUSION

Here and there in these memoirs, I have mentioned my love affair with aviation. It is an affair in which I take genuine pride, because it gives me a chance to do something tangible for my country—this America that I love so deeply. This is the task I had in mind when I said, in an earlier chapter, that I expect to continue in broadcasting for a while longer because I have a job to do. I've been working on it for some years, but it is still far from finished.

The job is simply this: I want to help inform the people of this country about America's desperate need for air power—now! I believe that because of our failure to understand properly the modern meaning of the term "adequate air power," we are gradually reaching a dangerous and untenable situation.

I am aware, of course, that most folks think they already know about air power. If you ask the average guy in the street whether he's for air power, the chances are he'll say, "Why, sure!" And if you ask him, further, whether he thinks we've got it in this country, he'll say, "Yes, we have." He votes for it and he thinks he's getting it. *But the tragic fact is that we are not getting it—at least, not the right kind and not quickly enough.*

It is impossible in this one little segment of my life story to give you more than a glimpse

In 1951, Reserve Cmdr. Godfrey qualified as a Naval jet pilot. Four years later, he became an all-out advocate of strategic bombing and quit the Navy. Right: Arthur, who has flown everything from blimps to B-29's, checks out in a helicopter.

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At home in Virginia: granddaughter Diane, daughter-in-law Joey, Dick (Arthur's son by his first marriage), wife Mary, Arthur, daughter Pat, son Mike and Chips, the family poodle.

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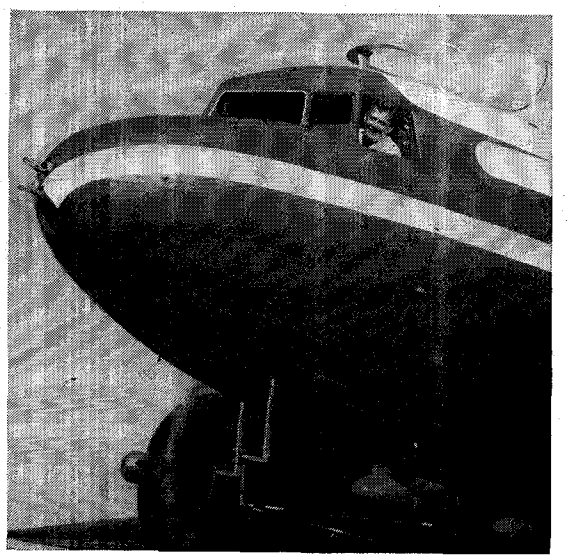
of my interpretation of the problem this country faces, but if I can whet your interest to the point where you want to know more, that will be enough for the moment. But first let me tell you just a little about how I got interested in aviation. Somebody once said that I seem to have a natural affinity for airplanes, and I guess that is right. Flying has been a consuming interest of mine for nearly all of my adult life.

It all goes back to my first ride in a Navy flying boat at Norfolk, Virginia, in the late summer of 1920. As an instructor in the primary radio school at the Naval Training Station at Hampton Roads, I used to get off rather early in the afternoons, and sometimes I'd slide over to the air station to see some buddies. Even then I was so crazy about flying that I helped the crews clean up the planes, and now and then they'd take me along on a hop. Once or twice I even had the controls in my hands.

During the next few years, while I was at the Great Lakes station and at sea in destroyers, I had no opportunity to fly, but during the three years I was out of the service in the middle 1920's, I managed to get in a little training here and there with some old-time barnstormer. That sort of thing, however, was too expensive for a flat purse, and it wasn't until after I had been released by the Coast Guard in 1929 and had begun my career in broadcasting that I really had a chance to find out what flying was all about.

As I have told you previously, during my early years in (Continued on Page 58)

Arthur at the controls of his DC-3, in which he commutes between New York and Virginia.



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Whitey wailed in anguish as the icebreaker sailed off and left him alone.

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He hated ice and snow.
For real living,
give him Miami Beach.

The Warmhearted Polar Bear

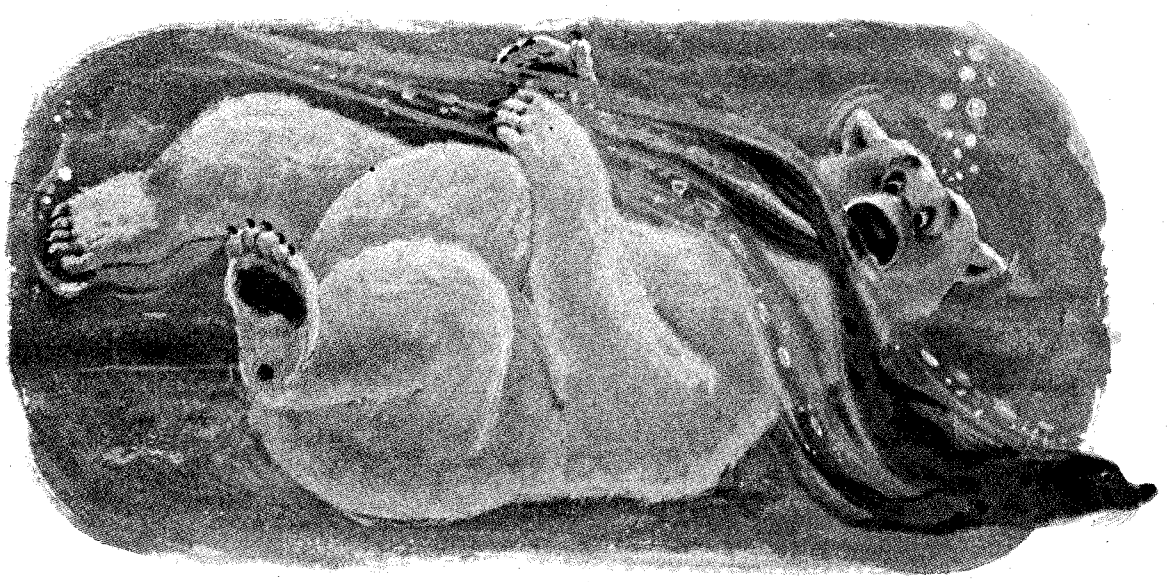
By ROBERT MURPHY

Whitey was enthralled.
This was better than
the North Pole any day.

When Whitey, the young polar bear, wandered disconsolately around the vaguely familiar headland and saw the berg-dotted expanse of Foxe Basin stretching away to the south and the shapes of the two offshore islands in front of him, he knew for once where he was. He knew exactly, and pain stabbed him; for he had stood on this same spot, a year ago, wailing in anguish as the icebreaker Bonaventure so callously sailed off and left him alone. He remembered, as clearly as though it were yesterday, coming back from a little spring exploring trip inland and staring at the empty expanse of water where the ship had lain, frozen in since the autumn before. At first he hadn't believed his eyes; he had taken for granted that she would always be there; and then, far off, he saw her masts slowly diminish in size and finally disappear.

It had been a dreadful time, and the year that followed was more dreadful still. He had to learn the hard way that a polar bear's life was a matter of keeping ahead of two things: the ice and starvation. The two were closely related, for most of the arctic's life existed around the edge of the floe, and he had to follow the life if he wanted to dine upon it. In summer he had to go north and in winter come south again, walking until he thought his feet would drop off. In summer, clouds of insects nearly drove him mad and, in winter, cold congealed him to the marrow; he had to swim a great deal, and he was a little afraid of water; there was either too much daylight or none at all. And while he was living high and effortlessly on handouts, the prey he was soon to stalk was growing up learning how to avoid him. It was amazing how good they'd got at it.

All these things were bad, but the fact that he had to scramble for himself and the eternal lonely boredom were worse. For a time after they'd shot his mother and dragged him, squalling, back to the ship, he'd fought and sulked and swung at everything; but he had a cub's ravenous hunger and a cub's curiosity, and he'd learned with phenomenal quickness that hostility made for an empty belly and that men were entertaining creatures as well as pushovers for a (Continued on Page 56)



Just as Whitey thought he had the seal, it wiggled past him.

Frightened, he hid in a cave until
the helicopter flew away.

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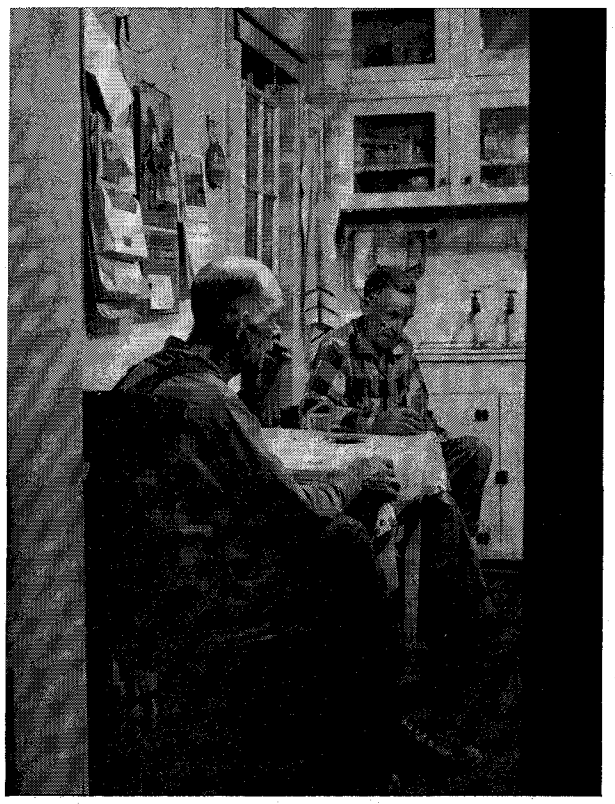
EXILES OF THE WASTELAND

Red Shaw and Lou Kley run an isolated Utah railroad outpost in country so barren that it's shunned even by jack rabbits and bobcats.

By
DEAN JENNINGS



Red and Lou live in separate houses at Saline. This enables them to invite each other over for a bedtime glass of beer. Here, Red (left) is the host.

The City of San Francisco was slowly tap-dancing westward over the high staging of the Lucin trestle across the Great Salt Lake in Utah. There was no living thing visible. The Wasatch Mountains were scarred stone faces staring down upon the emptiness, and the only trees were the salt-embalmed, long-dead fir sticks holding the power lines high over the rails. The salt marshes and the heavy sea spread in every direction for 3000 square miles. Little had changed since Frémont and tough Capt. Howard Stansbury had explored the place 100 years before.

On either side of the trestle the naked sea lapped at the piling and left behind a drying lick of salt. A woman was gazing out the window of the club car, shaking her head, when suddenly she said, "Look, there's a boat." There was a Monterey double-ender gliding alongside the trestle, and the passengers could see her name—St. Joseph. A ruddy, red-haired man stood on the foredeck and waved a leathery hand. In a moment the train had left him behind.

"What on earth is he doing in this wilderness?" the woman asked. "Fishing?"

"Nō, ma'am," the Southern Pacific conductor said. "Too salty for fish in this lake. That was Red Shaw. Works for the railroad and lives out here alone. He keeps an eye on the trestle."

I wrote Red Shaw's name on a card and put it into my wallet. The woman picked up a newspaper and sighed. "Sounds like the loneliest job on earth," she said. "Why would anyone want to live in this Godforsaken place?"

The conductor shrugged. "Search me, ma'am. This trestle has stood in the middle of nowhere for fifty years, and in all that time there's only been half a dozen men on that job. Bob Goodnow stuck it out for twenty-seven years, and then there was a married couple, Stan and Dolly Shaw. . . . No, ma'am, no relation to Red. Anyway, they did ten years. I hear the railroad can hardly pry 'em loose, once they move in out here. It would drive me nuts," he said, starting forward through the car. "All that salt."

The train moved on, and at Lakeside, forty-seven miles out of Ogden, the long white skirt of the salt desert lay awash in the westernmost reach of the inland sea. There the trestle ended and the big diesel engines picked up speed for the fast run to Reno. The woman in the club car might not remember Red Shaw and his desolate post, but I had already decided to go back.

Since 1904, after the Southern Pacific spent $8,000,000 to straddle the Great Salt Lake and shorten the Overland route by some forty miles, more than 15,000,000 passengers have passed through Saline, the railroad's outpost on the dead Utah sea. But few travelers ever spot the small sign that marks the place. Fewer still know that Saline is the key maintenance point for the twelve-mile-long span across the lake or, in effect, for the whole western section of the road. "A lot of men would think Saline was Siberia, but it has to be there," says Francis Patrick McNally, supervisor of bridges and buildings at the Salt Lake division headquarters in Ogden. "If that trestle gets plugged up they'd feel the pinch from San Francisco to New York."

Saline—pronounced Sah-leen—is neither city nor town nor village. There is no fresh water or rich brown earth. There are no streets or stores or regular phones. On hot summer days the air hangs like a shroud, and the stench from the salt marshes rises with the blazing sun. Millions of salt flies hover low over the land and in the twilight hours the gnats darken the sky and stab at everything that moves. A man can't sink in the dense lake—its salt content varies from twenty to twenty-seven per cent.

The place is shunned by the wild things that prowl the distant craggy hills—the Uinta bobcats, the deer, the jack rabbits that skitter through the white and purple sage. Even the domesticated cottontails, penned up as pets by their human keepers at Saline, get restless and occasionally go stir-crazy.

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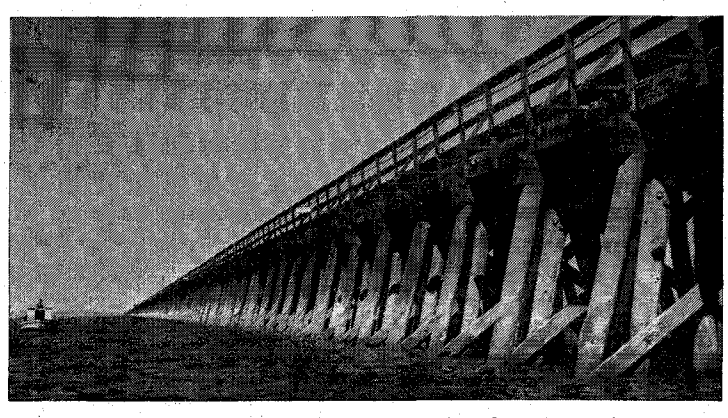
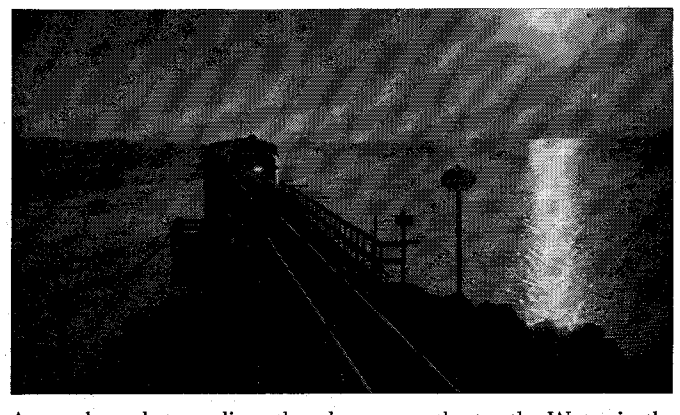


Part of the two railroad men's job is inspecting the pilings of Lucin trestle, a 12-mile-long span across the lake.



An eastbound streamliner thunders across the trestle. Water in the surrounding lake is so salty a man can't sink in it.

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KISS ME, SERGEANT

By EDMUND COOPER

She had been forbidden to speak to the American invaders. But Lynette had a mind of her own....

It was June—and just about as warm as England can make it—when Mr. Henry Beddoes, a middle-aged farmer, declared war on the United States of America. He was pitching hay at the time. He was also hot, sticky and, internally, very, very dry. Elijah, his ancient laborer, had observed the warning symptoms. He was now tactfully working at the other end of the field. When Mr. Beddoes was hot he tended to be short-tempered, if not reckless. Customarily, Elijah was fired twice a year. But his next dismissal not being due until after harvest, he thought it unwise to advance the date needlessly.

It was not just the heat, however, that had turned Henry Beddoes into a fighting man. Only that morning fifteen of his Rhode Island Reds had been savaged by a large, long-toothed and decidedly playful dog. It was an American dog. It was also, as far as Mr. Beddoes was concerned, definitely the end.

The obvious solution had been a shotgun. But by the time he got back to the hen yard with it, the dog was making a tactical retreat. Without hesitation, Mr. Beddoes fired both barrels, unhappily executing another Rhode Island Red while leaving the killer untouched.

The dog appeared to know when it was out of range, since it turned around before it reached the airfield runway and barked its head off. Mr. Beddoes snorted wrathfully and forced himself to go in to breakfast before he burst a blood vessel. During the meal, he appeared to sink into a profound meditation. Lynette, his nineteen-year-old daughter, regarded this with slight misgivings. She knew from past experience that the dormant state was a prelude to eruption.

All too soon Mr. Beddoes regarded her with ominous calmness. "Lynette," he said, "never again let me see you with an American. I don't like them. I don't like the way they talk, the way they work, the way they think. I don't like their camaraderie. And above all, I don't like their dogs. So never get yourself entangled with one of those overfed, underdeveloped products of rebellious colonialism."

Lynette, blond and self-possessed, knew all about the Declaration of

(Continued on Page 42)

"Hello, Jimmy," she said softly. "Have you been waiting long?"

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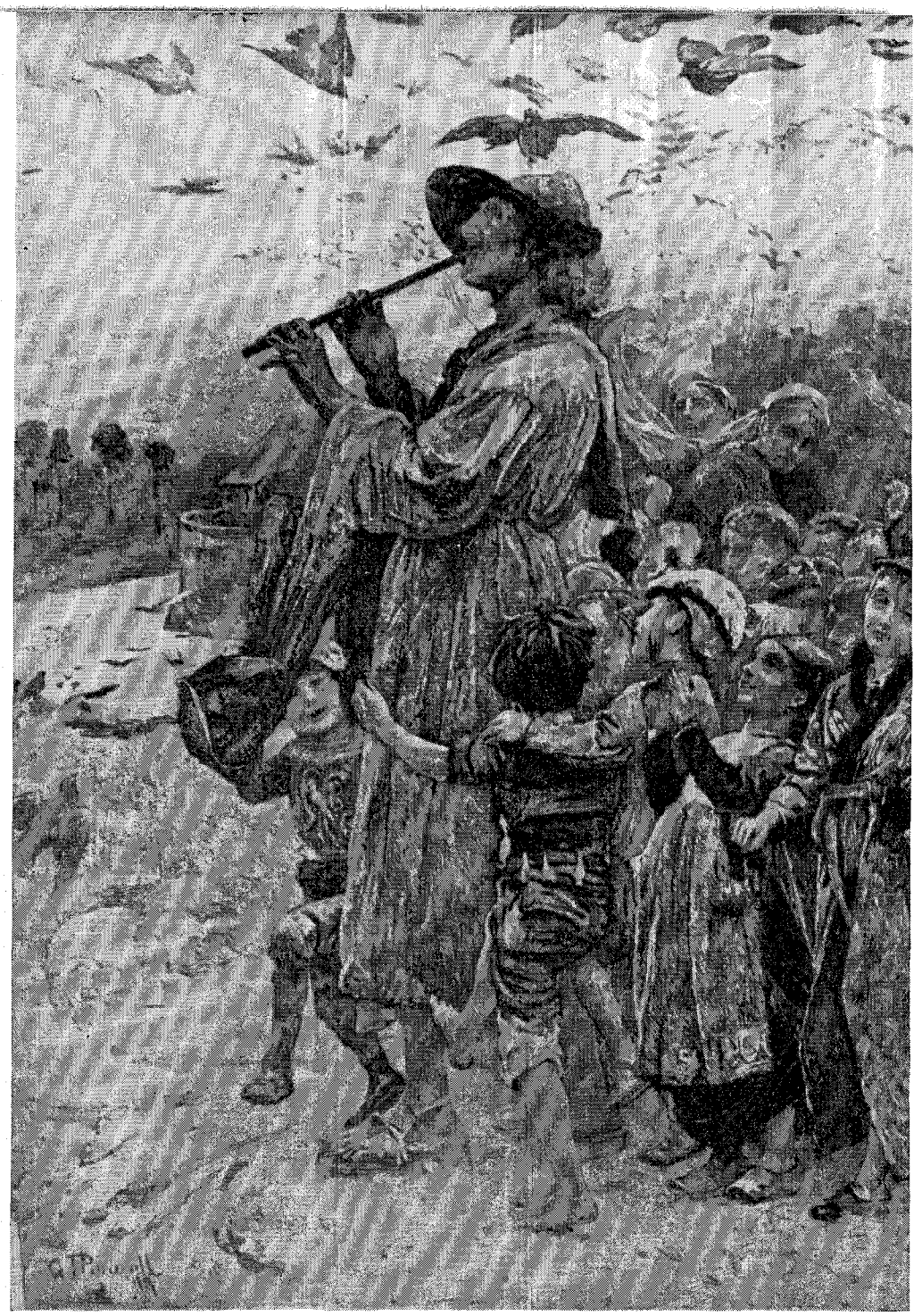
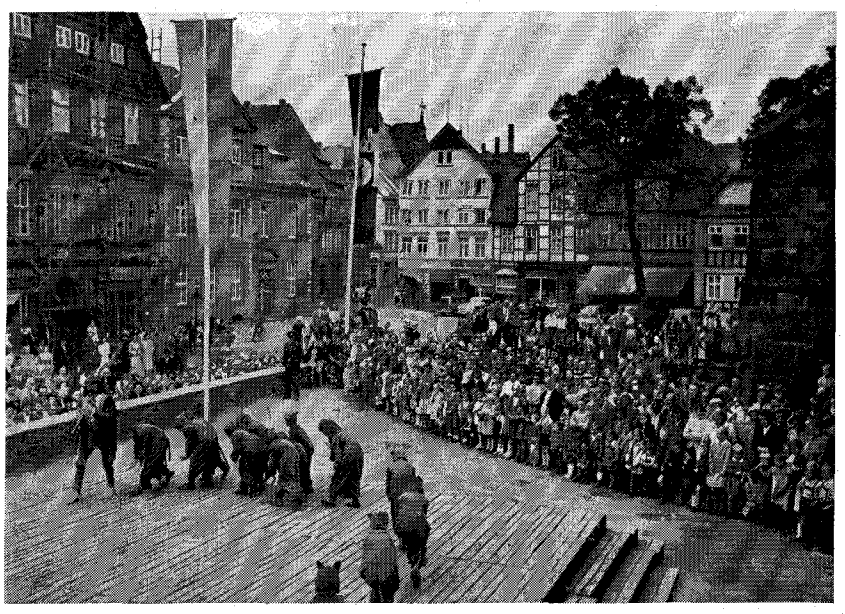
What Happened to These Children?

Was Hamelin town's Pied Piper a myth or a real magic music man? A Post editor furnishes a surprising explanation of a 700-year-old mystery.





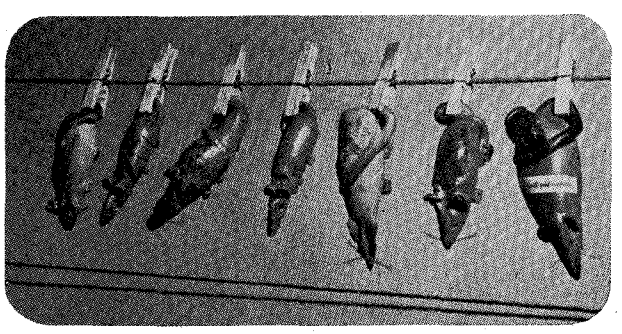
By James P. O'Donnell

Every Sunday morning from May through September, the Pied Piper legend is re-enacted in the town square at Hamelin, Germany. Act I: The Piper enchants the "rats." Act II: He lures away the children.

"In the year 1284 after Christ's birth
Through Hamelin's streets were led astray
130 of our children here born,
By a Piper, and disappeared into
Koppelberg Hill.
And this happened on the feast-day
of John and Paul,
The day of June the 26th."

HAMELIN, GERMANY.

This carved inscription on the wooden Ratcatcher's House in Hamelin town, and similar graphic accounts of the mysterious kidnaping on several other half-timber



Pastries, shaped like rats and inscribed "Greetings from Hamelin," make souvenirs of the celebration.

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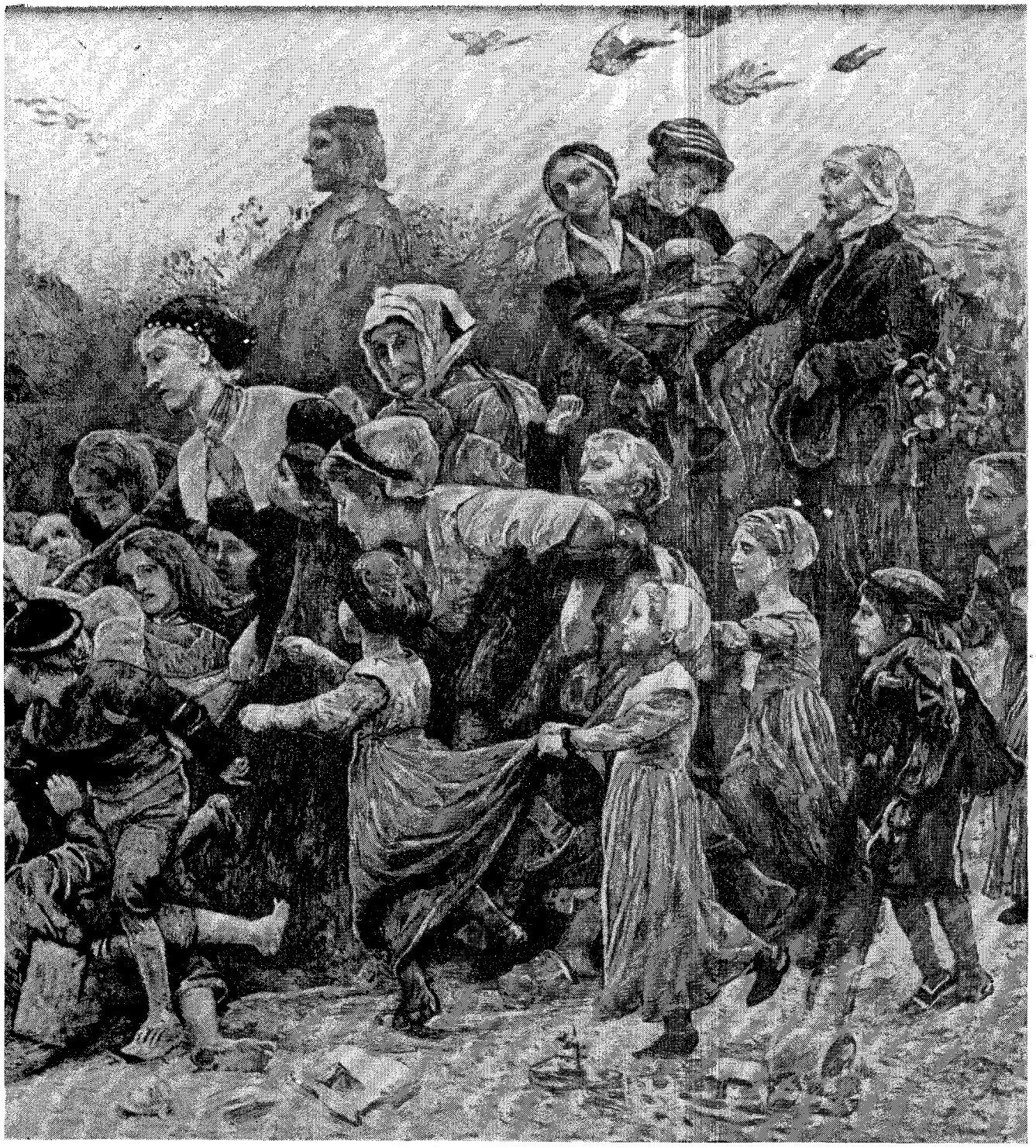


". . . All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting
and laughter . . ."
(A scene illustrating Robert Browning's famed ballad, The Pied Piper of Hamelin).

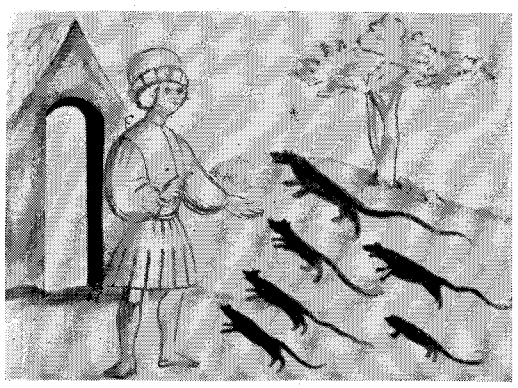
houses, are bound to intrigue any modern visitor to Hamelin, a quaint and dream-contented North German town on the meandering Weser River. Soon, however, the visitor may find wonder wrestling with skepticism, for all these gingerbread houses clearly reveal they were built several centuries after the event so precisely described. Did a Piper once really charm the rats into the Weser River, and then lure Hamelin's bobby-soxers over the hill and far away, or are we all just being led up the garden path?

The skeptic gets a jolt when he journeys down into the medieval quarter, a part of old Hamelin that was very much here in 1284. For he presently comes to a curious, straight and narrow street called The Street of No Noise. In this ancient alley, and for seven centuries now, tradition has never allowed a parade, a wedding procession, street dancing or parties. No children ever play here. For it was down this narrow street, on a day late in June in 1284, that certain sons and daughters of Hamelin did disappear, and forever.

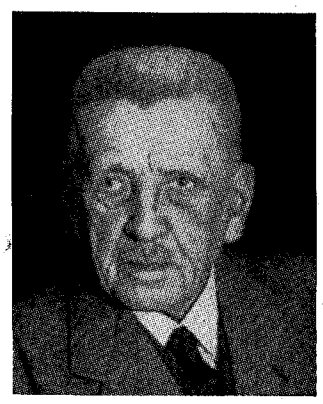
Who was the Pied Piper? Many generations of children have heard or read the story of the Piper in countries not yet discovered when the musical mystery man paid his two memorable visits to Hamelin. And their elders, moved by the drama and the latent terror of the plot, have often wondered what strange mixture of poetry and truth lay behind the legend, too graphic and specific to be a pure fairy tale, too fantastic to be literally true.

Now from Hamelin one can report that two German scholars, Drs. Heinrich Spanuth and Wolfgang Wann, working half a lifetime on this academic whodunit, have succeeded, to their own satisfaction and that of most students in the field, in putting the finger on the Pied Piper.

Part of the mystery, the real reason why for centuries there has been a mystery, was the sly manner in which the city fathers of Hamelin, in the Year of Our Lord 1284, managed to conceal and destroy all historic trace of the most important event that ever transpired in Hamelin. For, although the city archives were very well kept at that time, and still exist today, there is no unusual entry for the fated date "June 26, 1284." The mayor and city aldermen had a solid reason for their conspiracy of silence, for both in reality and legend they were the goats and victims of the story. And for several centuries thereafter, as the tale of the Pied Piper percolated around the planet, his memory was derided and the whole story scoffed away in the smug and proper little town on the Weser. In its civic coat-of-arms, Hamelin has a (Continued on Page 54)



This sketch, circa 1430, is believed to be the first attempt at picturing the Piper.



Scholar Heinrich Spanuth has spent 21 years investigating the Piper puzzle.

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"Mr. Mason, you're being victimized," said Mrs. Newburn. "This is just another of her schemes."

The Case of the Missing Poison

Was Perry Mason's client playing him for a fool, confessing to a murder she didn't commit?

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

"Well," Hamilton Burger said to Lieutenant Tragg, "I guess that does it."

"Does what?" Perry Mason asked the district attorney.

Burger made no attempt to conceal the dislike in his voice. "Makes you an accessory after the fact," he replied. "On a murder charge."

Mason had been hired by Doctor Denair to investigate a confession made by Nadine Farr. Under the influence of truth serum, Nadine told her psychiatrist that she had poisoned her "Uncle Mosher." Nadine had been upset because Mosher Higley, who was not her real uncle, refused to let her marry a young chemist by the name of John Locke.

Desperate, Nadine stole some cyanide from Locke's laboratory to commit suicide. However, Higley died when Nadine, according to her story, accidentally put poison in his chocolate. The poison tablets had been misplaced and Nadine mistook them for Higley's sugar substitute. Nadine was ready to confess when the physician investigating Higley's death said Higley died naturally. Nadine decided to keep quiet. She disposed of the poison by throwing it in Twomby's Lake.

Mason asked detective Paul Drake to learn more about Higley. Perry himself went out to Twomby's Lake to try to recover the bottle of tablets Nadine had used.

Arthur Felton, a young swimmer, found the bottle. Mason took the bottle to chemist

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Hermann Korbel to have its contents analyzed.

In the meantime, someone told the police about Nadine's confession. They seized the tape recording of the confession from Doctor Denair's office. They also took from Korbel the bottle Mason had given him.

When Mason went to police headquarters, District Attorney Burger demanded that he produce Nadine Farr. Burger also detained Mason himself, explaining, "You're going to be charged with a crime."

III

"Accessory after the fact?" Mason asked. "You've said that several times. Better get a warrant if you want to hold me on that, Burger, and you'll have some trouble with that charge."

"There are other charges."

"What?"

"Tampering with evidence."

"What evidence?"

"The bottle of poison."

"And how did I tamper with it?" Mason asked.

"You had no right to touch any evidence. The minute you went out there and recovered evidence in that murder case ——"

"Bless your soul," Mason said, "I didn't recover any evidence. I didn't tamper with any evidence. I was assisting the police. Arthur Felton will be the first to tell you that I didn't even touch the bottle. I made him hold it in his hand all the time. I drove Felton to a consulting chemist who is a man of unquestioned integrity and has a fine professional reputation. I told him to find out what was in the bottle. I took every step to safeguard that bottle so it could be used as evidence, and then I came directly to police headquarters to tell you where you could go to get the evidence."

"You did what?" Burger asked, astounded.

"Came here to tell you where you could go to find the evidence," Mason said. "What the devil did you think I came up here for?"

"If you were so considerate of the evidence," Burger said, "it was your duty to turn that bottle over to the police just as soon as you received it."

Mason shook his head. "In that case," he said, "I could well have been convicted of slander and defamation of character. I couldn't have gone to you and said, 'Gentlemen, this is a bottle of poison that was hurled off the end of the pier.' How the devil do I know it's poison? How do I know it was hurled off the end of the pier, or by whom? No, gentlemen, I took steps to protect you as well as myself. I wanted to be certain that the bottle contained poison before I reported to you."

Mason indicated Tragg's telephone.

"Can I get Hermann Korbel on the line, Tragg?" Mason asked.

"Just ask for outside and dial your number," Lieutenant Tragg said.

Mason, talking into the telephone, said, "Hello. . . . Hello, Hermann? . . . This is Perry Mason. What did you find out?"

Burger said, "He didn't find out anything. We took the evidence away from him."

Mason motioned the district attorney to silence. "Yes, Hermann, go on."

Once more Hermann was excited. "Of course," he said, "I have no way of knowing, Mason, that the tablets in that bottle were all the same. I took a sample from one tablet."

"Yes, yes, I know," Mason said.

"And I had that sample that the police didn't know about."

"I know. Go on," Mason said.

"You talked about poison," Korbel said. "I tested it for cyanide. It was not cyanide. It was not arsenic. Then I remembered the bottle had the name of a sugar substitute blown in the side. By golly, Mason, what you know? That tablet was just what the bottle said. That tablet was this chemical sugar substitute."

"That's fine. Thanks," Mason said. "I may call you later. Take good care of that sample. Check your conclusions. You'll probably have to testify."

Mason dropped the receiver back into place and grinned at Hamilton Burger.

"You probably didn't realize, Burger, that when you had the police swoop down on Korbel and grab the bottle with the tablets Korbel had already made a scraping from one of the tablets in that bottle so he could complete his analysis. I told you that I was acting in good faith in the matter and that as soon as I had Korbel's analysis I intended to advise the police in the event the contents of that bottle turned out to be poison.

"I am now glad to announce that Hermann Korbel has just told me the bottle contained exactly what it was supposed to contain. The trade name was blown in the glass in the side of the bottle. It's a chemical sugar substitute. If you ever want to reduce I can't recommend it too highly. And from the color of your face I think you'd better take off about thirty pounds. And now, gentlemen, in view of that information, if you want to try and stop me from walking out, go ahead."

Mason walked over to the door, pushed it open. A plain-clothes man barred his way.

Behind him Mason heard excited whispers; then Tragg's voice said to the officer, "O.K., let him go."

Mason unlocked the door of his private office, picked up the telephone, and said to the girl at the switchboard, "I'm back, Gertie, and I want you to call Della Street for me at the High-Tide Motel."

"Yes, Mr. Mason, and you have someone out here who wants to see you, a woman who—well, she says it's an emergency—something about this Nadine Farr case."

"Come in and tell me about her."

"Do you want Della first?"

"No, come in now. You can call Della afterward," Mason said.

A moment later Gertie stood in the doorway of the private office, her manner showing she was excited.

Gertie, a girl in her late twenties, never failed to dramatize each incident which took place during the day. Long experience had taught Perry Mason and Della Street to discount her excitement.

"Gosh, Mr. Mason," she said, "this woman seems to know all the answers. She's born to the velvet. You get that feel about her, and she's been trying to tell me things about Nadine Farr. Are you interested in that case, Mr. Mason?"

"Very much," Mason said, smiling, "only I don't think

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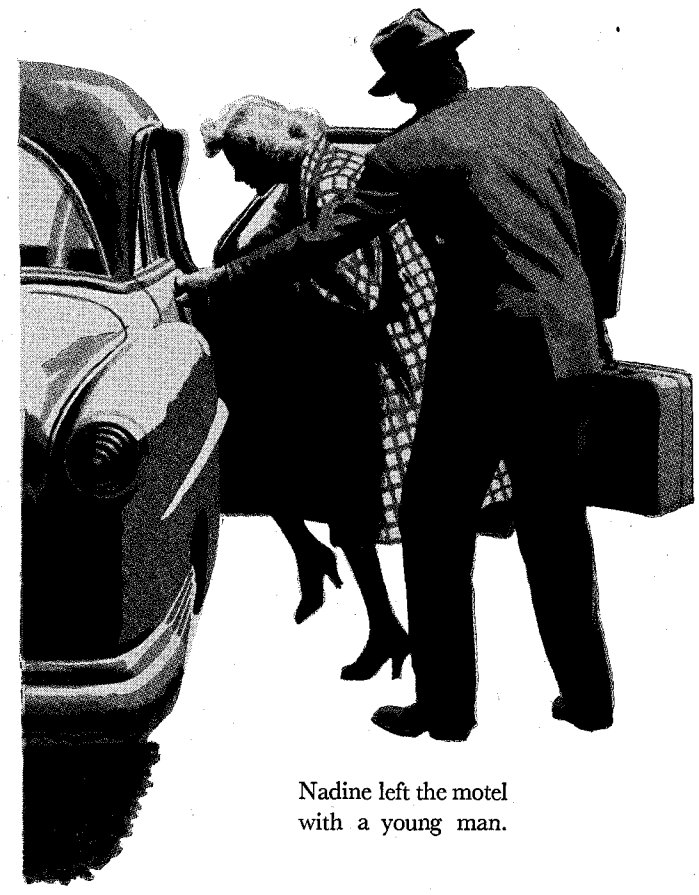

Nadine left the motel with a young man.

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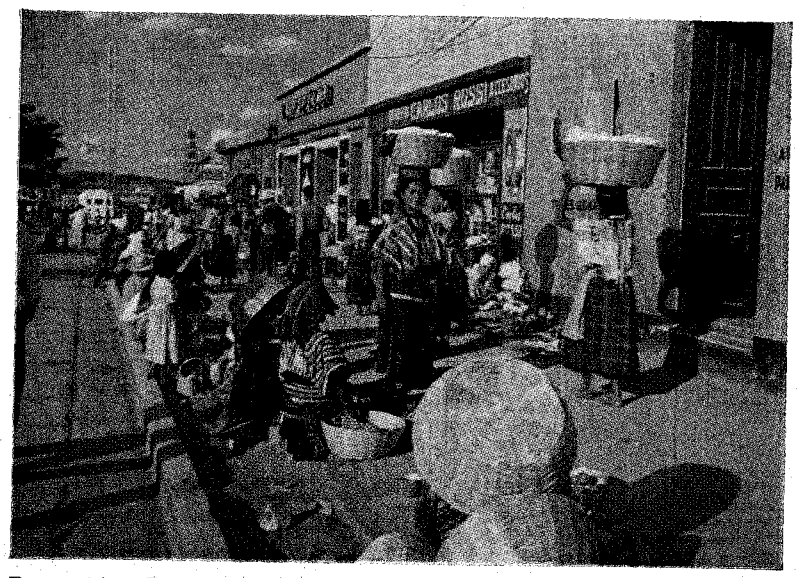
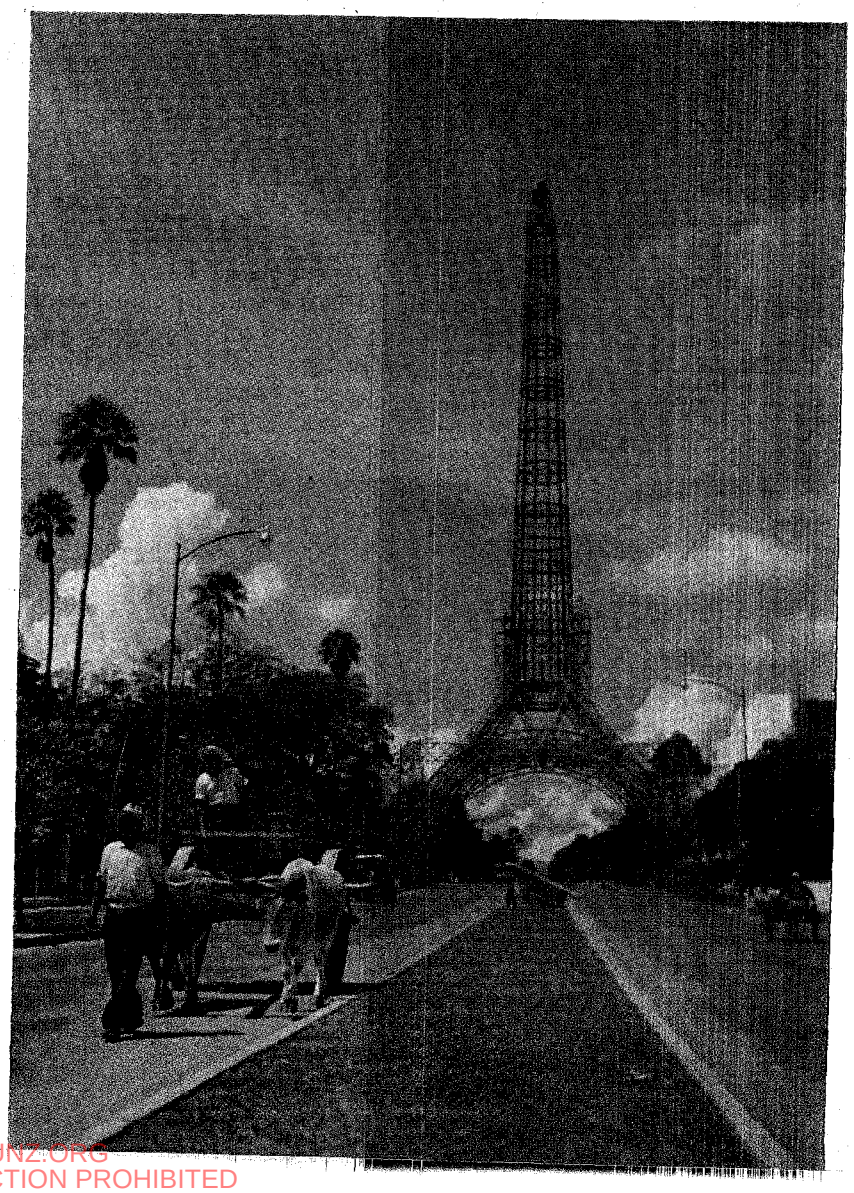
President Castillo Armas (at right), the man who drove the communists out of Guatemala, and his wife (v neckline) at a recent state banquet.



Enterprising Guatemalan Indians, expert hand weavers and craftsmen, set up shop along a sidewalk after carting their wares to town on their heads.

When a goatherd offers strictly fresh milk he isn't kidding. This doorstep service remains a common practice in the mile-high Central American capital.

The Tower of The Reformer straddles the capital's main drag. Along this road, as elsewhere in this ancient city, animal- or man-powered vehicles monopolize traffic.



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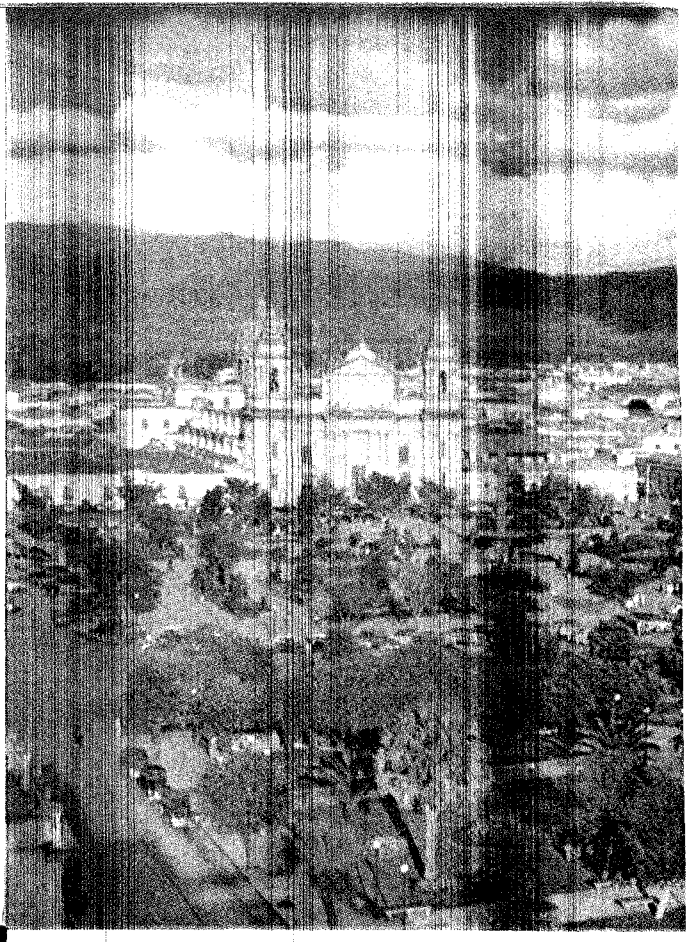
CITIES OF THE WORLD No. 15

How did the Reds penetrate this tranquil city of happy, hospitable people and set up their only capital in the Americas? A Post editor reports on postcommunist

GUATEMALA CITY

By Ashley Halsey, Jr.



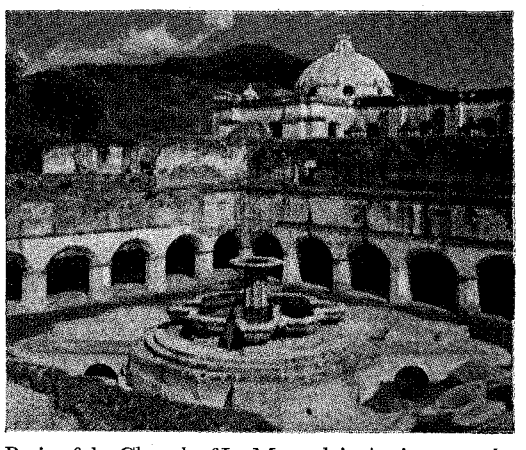
In 1952, the Central Plaza was the scene of a ruthlessly suppressed anticommunist demonstration.

Central Market is one of eight colorful public bazaars in the city. While the Reds ruled Guatemala, these markets were centers of anticommunism because the women who run the stalls are fervently pious.

The tallest structure in Guatemala City, largest community in Central America, is a 229-foot skeletal steel spire erected to the memory of President Rufino Barrios, whose liberal social reforms shook up the sleepy republic of Guatemala so sharply in 1872–1885 that he is known to this day as "The Reformer." When dedicated, the steel monument had only one counterpart in the world, the 984-foot Eiffel Tower in Paris. Today it has many, in the form of television towers. And there has been hot debate over whether the austere memorial can be used as the city's first TV transmitter without indignity to the memory of The Reformer.

Regardless of whether television comes to Guatemala City through the courtesy of The Reformer, the community's avid interest in TV is indicative of the way that it looks optimistically forward after drab and unsettling years under the communist regime ousted last year.

Although the Guatemalan capital is periodically scourged by revolutions and earthquakes, and sits ringed by beautiful purple mountains which actually are restless volcanoes, most of its 300,000 citizens regard worry as a passing cloud in the blue sky. The (Continued on Page 52)



Patio of the Church of La Merced, in Antigua, earthquake-shattered former capital of Guatemala.

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Great Stories of Famous Men

Pierpont J. Kobaster

Like many other great financial geniuses, P. J. Kobaster was born in a lowly farmhouse. It was so lowly that whenever it rained they had water in the cellar.

His father was a lowly farmer (5′ 4″) and his mother was a lowly farmer's wife (4′ 9″). He himself barely topped four feet.

At an early age he determined to become a financier and evinced great curiosity in the financial world. One day when he was only six he entered his father's study.

"Papa," he lisped, "what is a corona-corona?"

There was no answer. It was only then that he realized his father was not in the study. Perhaps he was out in the barn. Pierpont went out to the barn.

"Papa," said little Pierpont in a piping voice, "how do you foreclose a mortgage?"

But Pierpont's father was not in the barn. It was nearly nightfall before the plucky lad found his father, and by then he had forgotten what he had been going to ask him.

It was determined that the boy should have an education, and he was therefore placed in the first grade. The nearest schoolhouse was over 160 feet from his home, but Pierpont manfully trudged both ways every day.

Upon his graduation from the second grade, Pierpont accepted a proffered position hoeing potatoes for a neighboring farmer.

Meanwhile, his determination to become a great financier never left him. Indeed, his was the mind that envisioned flinging a vast network of railroads across our country. When he thought of it, he immediately quit his job and wrote to Mr. Stotesbury:

Dear Mr. Stotesbury: Why not make tracks to California? Yr. m'st obt. svt. etc., etc.

When he received no answer to his letter he secured a position hoeing squash for another farmer.

Some years later the idea of developing the oil resources of our nation occurred to him. He immediately quit his job and wrote to John D. Rockefeller:

Dear Mr. Rockefeller: I believe it would be profitable if you and I were to sink some oil wells in Texas. Yrs. etc., etc.

He received no answer to this letter, either, and had to accept a position with another farmer, hoeing eggplants. So far as we know, he's still there.

We can all learn a great deal from the lives of great men. Although this does seem to be an exception. Nevertheless, P. J. Kobaster was one of the most farsighted men of his generation, being unable to see anything without his glasses.

JOHN BAILEY

Holiday Wrapping

Where in the world did we store all the stuff
  Which we didn't use up last December?
The ribbon and stickers and tinsel and tape—
  It seems we can never remember.
There's nothing to do but go out and buy more,
  The same as we've done in the past years,
And when we put this year's leftovers away
  We'll probably run across last year's.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Beauty in the Male

I wish to rise in protest against a statement made recently by one of those advisers to women. She said to beware of a man who wears a beard or a mustache; the beard covers a weak chin and the mustache a cruel upper lip.

There have been times when I have worn a beard, and it did not cover a weak chin. In fact, my chins are so strong I can crack walnuts between them!

It is the mustache, however, to which I am attached. I have had this mustache since I was fifteen years old. I grew it because all the girls I knew said I was too young to go to dances with them.

At the beginning, this mustache consisted of ten per cent hair and ninety per cent my mother's black eyebrow pencil. It looked stunning, but when I kissed a girl, the mustache, or a large portion of it, came off on her.

Several times during high-school dances my girl and I were the only couple on the floor who both had mustaches.

Since those old days—the way I feel now, they seem to have been somewhere around the Second Egyptian Dynasty—I have had my mustache through fair weather and through foul, through war and peace, through single blessedness and marriage. It does not hide a cruel upper lip at all. I happen to have a gay, carefree, generous and kindly upper lip. It's my lower lip that's a little sneaky, if anything.

Furthermore, I recall that Flaubert and other great men have had their female characters announce that to kiss a man with a mustache was the ultimate in romantic thrills.

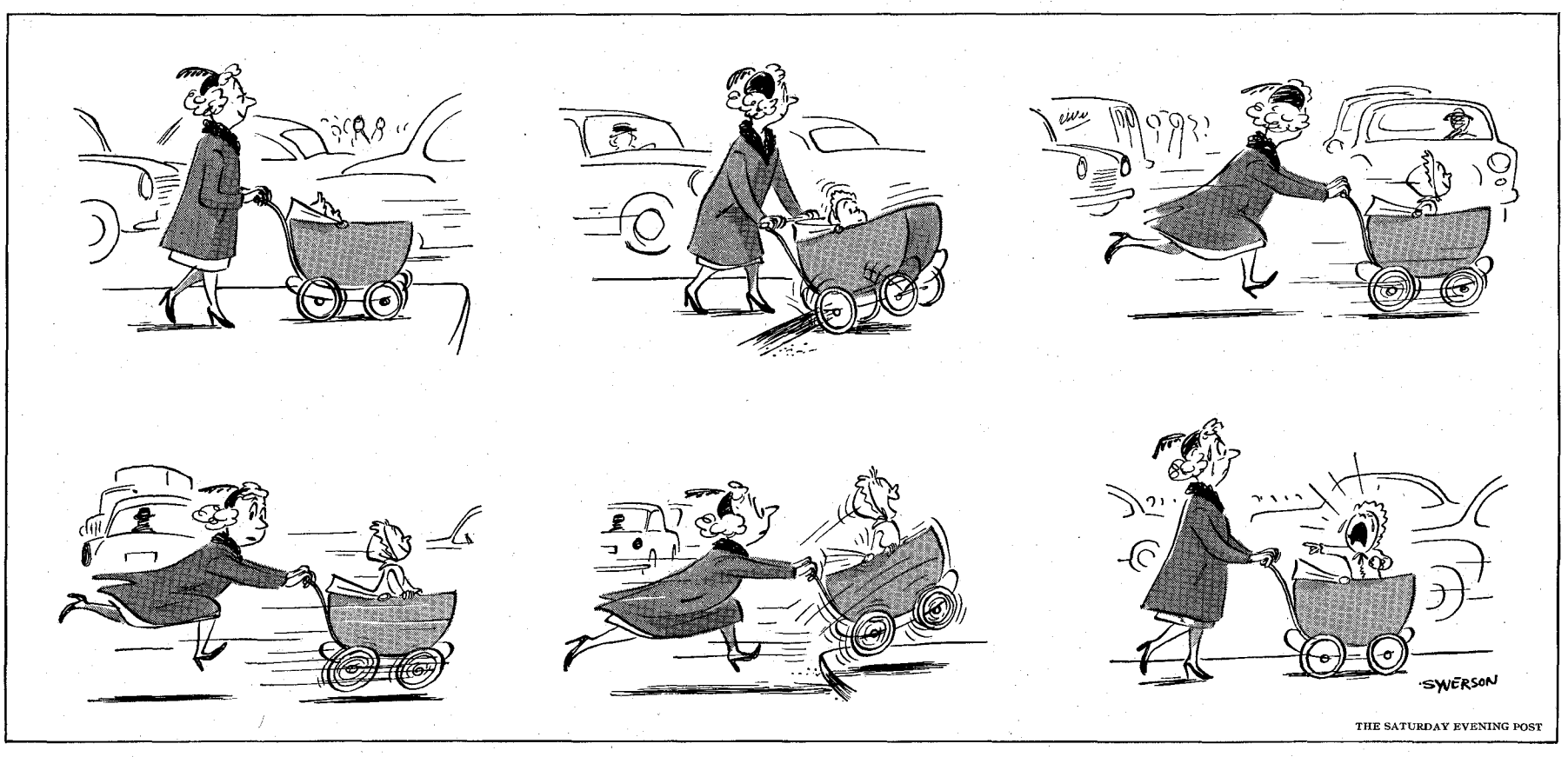
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"One hunert fifty million dollars."

For the benefit of skeptics, I am willing to offer myself as a subject for experimentation. I suggest an assemblage of all the best-looking movie actresses, show girls, debutantes and fashion models who will be willing to test out my mustache and prove Flaubert's statement.

If it's for the benefit of humanity, no sacrifice is too great for me. No sacrifice whatever.

ROBERT FONTAINE



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Without air, life stops

. . . for you and for industry

SEEING A CLOUD is probably the nearest we come to 'seeing' air, because air is made up of a mixture of invisible gases. These gases, however, can be separated from each other and put to work in a variety of ways.

OXYGEN, the most vital gas, comprises about 21 per cent of the air. We all know how it helps sick people get well, but perhaps do not realize that steel and other major industries could not operate without the same oxygen in tremendous quantities.

About seventy-eight per cent of air is nitrogen. Food processors use nitrogen as an atmosphere to protect freshness and flavor of food.

FIVE "RARE" GASES, argon, krypton, neon, helium, and xenon—make up the remaining one per cent. They are rightfully called rare. For example, there is only one cubic foot of xenon in every ten million cubic feet of air. These gases are essential in making electric lights, in welding processes, and in refining new metals such as titanium.

FOR MANY YEARS, the people of Union Carbide have been taking the air apart and finding new ways in which it can help in making a better life for all of us.

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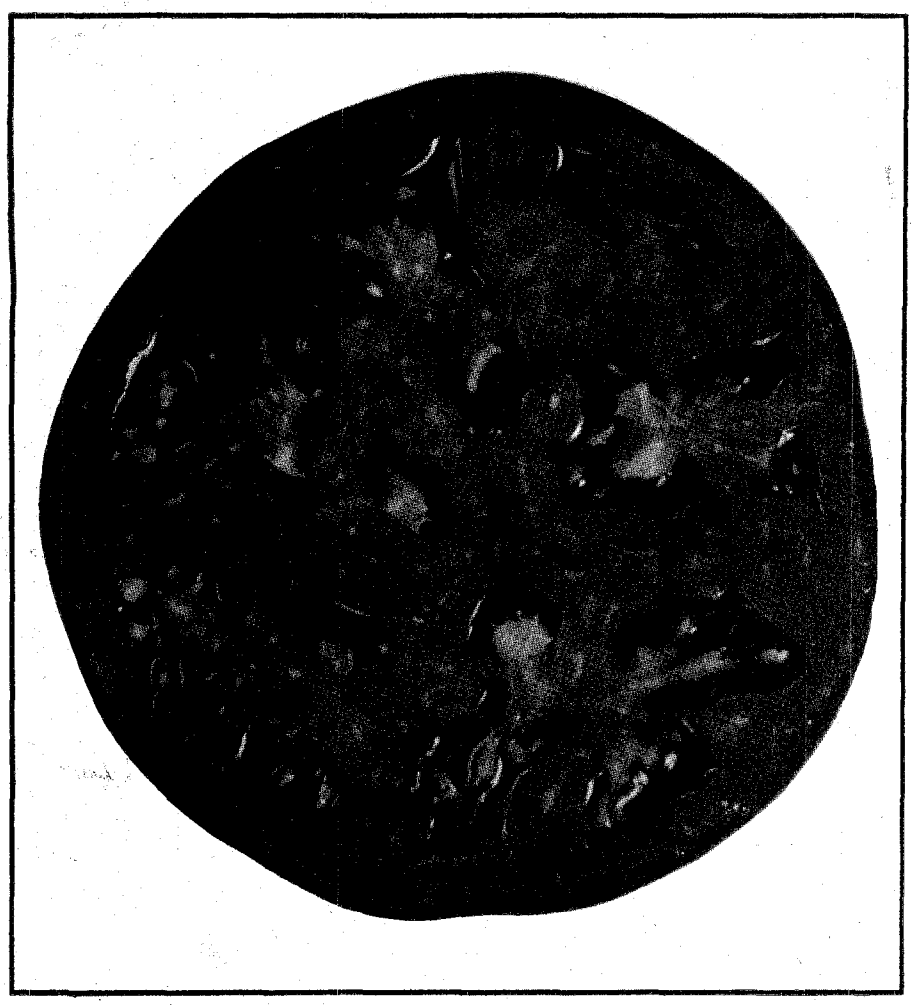
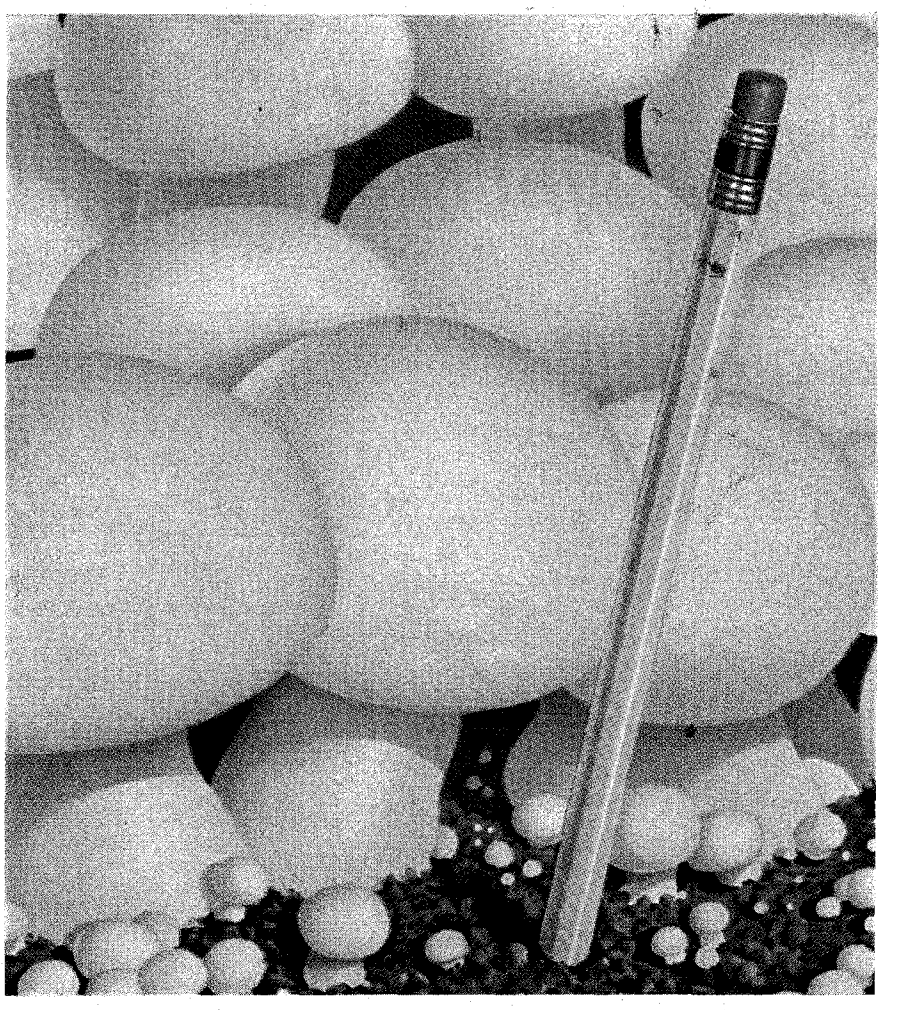


THE CAMPBELL TOMATO is the happy result of nine tomato generations of crossbreeding. It ripens from the inside out, so when it looks ripe on the outside, it is ripe all the way through. This means the grower can let it ripen on the vine to bring you the best in flavor and nutrition.



THE CAMPBELL MUSHROOM is pampered in a manner befitting this historic delicacy. Men with miners' lamps in their caps watch over it as it grows in the dark, guard it from chills and drafts, and see that it's gently ventilated. It takes all these pains to grow a mushroom worthy of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup!

VOILÀ! Campbell's French Chefs are among the many experts at Campbell who make a career out of finding fault with things that most people find quite satisfactory. They often make over a hundred batches of soup before they hit the exact subtle shade of flavor that makes them say "Voilà" (In plain English "this is it").

Here you see just five of the man reasons why foods from the Campbe Kitchens always seem to taste s good. The idea is to start with th best ingredients, prepare them wit more care than most good cook have time to take in their ow kitchens, and blend them as onl

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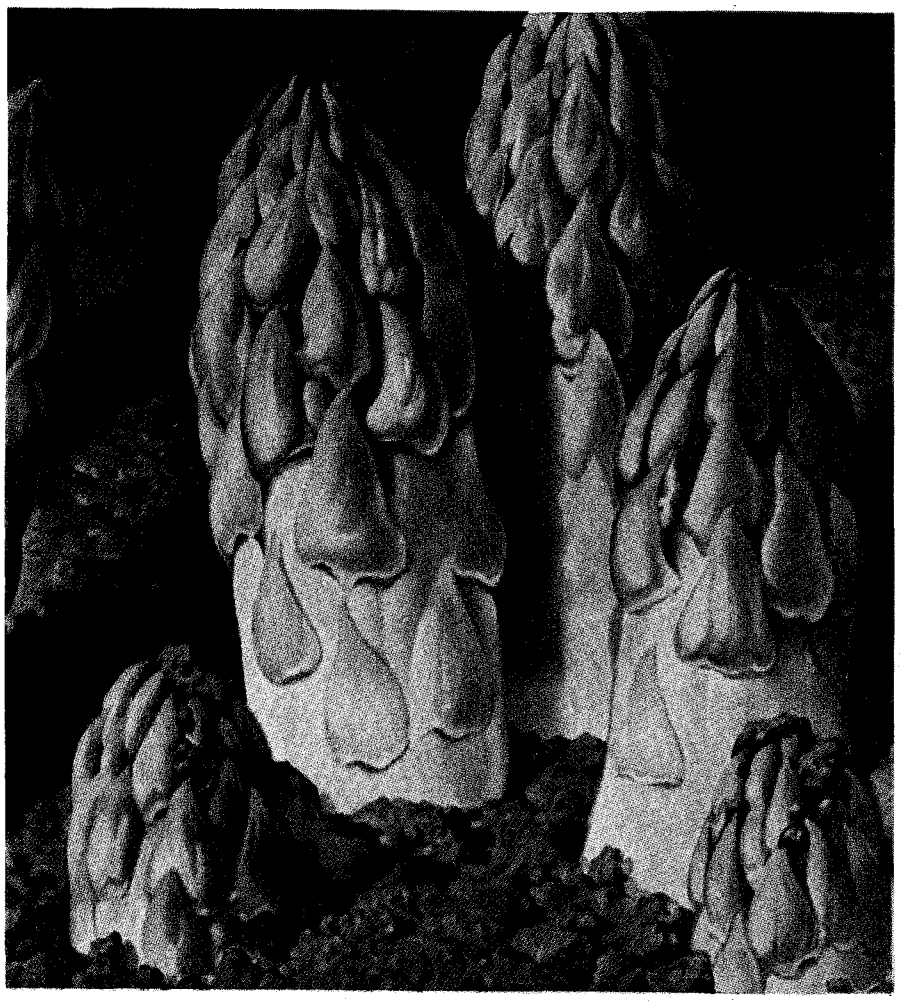

CAMPBELL ASPARAGUS is a plant-world prima donna. It has to be handled rapidly to preserve its delicate flavor because the flavor begins to fade a little the minute you break the stalk. So, very often Campbell Asparagus begins the day in the garden and ends it in a can of our Cream of Asparagus Soup.

SOME PEOPLE THINK we're terribly old fashioned because we still trim our vegetables by hand. We do it because every vegetable is different and we have yet to find a machine that can spot and remove every last little blemish as well as a keen-eyed, conscientious woman with a sharp knife can.

Campbell's skilled chefs can. Or to put it another way:

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation"

Campbell's

"To make the best, begin with the best—
then cook with extra care"

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products* • **Swanson** *Products*

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By Warner Olivier

How to Handle $100,000,000

The story of twelve canny men and the money they give away, to those who qualify, under some of the strangest wills ever made.

Twelve busy men sit around a long directors' table in amiable but alert discussion. These twelve are at the tops of their various professions. Some of them are nationally known. Most of them are probably millionaires, before taxes, or nearly so. Individually, as executives, directors or consultants, they handle business which adds up to billions. The subject of their lively discussion is how many slices of bread the average hungry person would eat with a bowl of soup.

Since the question is one to which they must know the answer and none of them does, they decide to have it scientifically determined for them by a restaurant survey. It is so ordered and recorded in the minutes. Not to keep you in unnecessary suspense, the survey's answer was one and five-eighths slices.

John Diemand, president of the Philadelphia Board of City Trusts, with some of the 1100 orphan boys of Girard College, one of the institutions operated by the board.

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The twelve men, together with the Mayor and the President of City Council, constitute the Board of Directors of City Trusts, of the city of Philadelphia. They are the foster fathers of 105,000,000 orphan dollars left in various trust funds to the city of Philadelphia. As foster fathers they are responsible for the care and training of that $105,000,000. They must see that it does what it has been told to do and generally behaves itself as well-reared money is expected to do.

The Bible lays it down that a man cannot serve two masters. The Board of City Trusts serves dozens of masters, nor is the service simplified by the fact that all of them are dead. These masters are a motley group—doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs, a president of the Continental Congress, an Edinburgh Scotsman who never saw America, even Philadelphia's patron saint, Benjamin Franklin. Though some of these have been dead 200 years and more, they are still giving the orders through their yellowing wills.

Though the board's bosses are dead, the multitudinous jobs it does are for the living, and run all the way from overseeing vast coal fields to keeping "worthy widows and single women" in respectable comfort, not to mention buying delicacies and fruit for persons in hospitals, operating downtown office buildings and prospecting for fissionable elements.

The largest operations for which the board is responsible are the 1100-student Girard College for orphan boys; the $100,000,000 Girard Estate, which supports it; and the Wills Hospital, one of the great eye hospitals of the world.

There are about 800 persons on the board's payroll, in occupations as varying as psychiatrists and the man who upholsters their couches, cooks,

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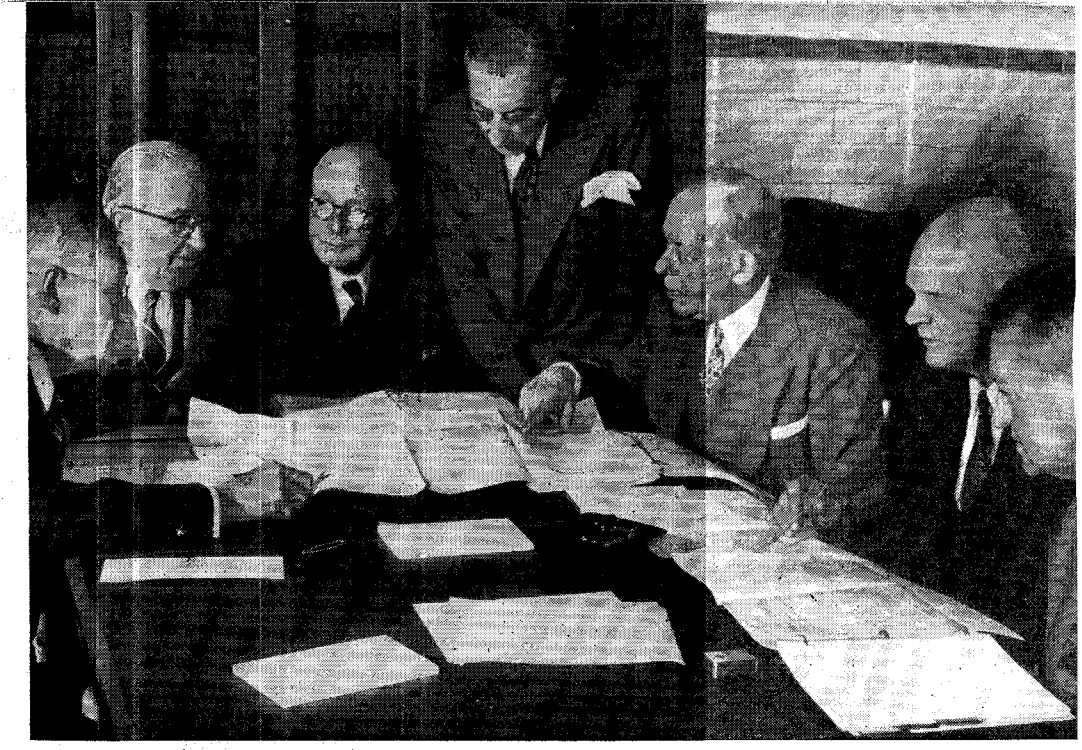

The Board of City Trusts in session. Members serve without pay. Election to the board is one of the highest accolades a Philadelphian can receive.

At the world-famous, Trust-supported Wills Eye Hospital, Dr. Irving H. Leopold discusses Johnny Gasper's condition with visiting doctors from India, Formosa and Iraq.

Mrs. Mary Di Orio benefits from a unique will which provides free fuel for "widows of respectable character" whose husbands died in a particular section of Philadelphia.

Dr. Bushrod James died half a century ago and left large sums to charity with the provision that his headstone be kept "clean, bright and restored forever."

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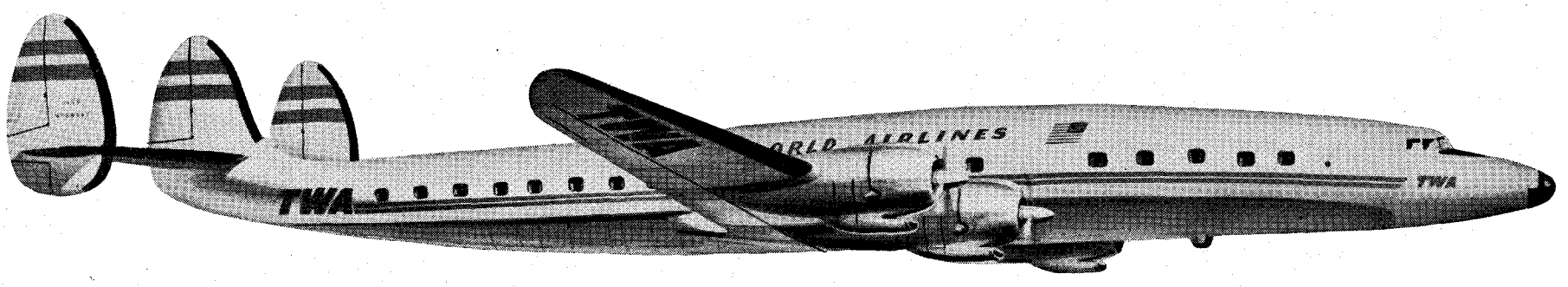


Flight to Success

To sell more tickets to women, TWA introduced a woman, Mary Gordon . . . in the No. 1 magazine for women, Ladies' Home Journal

In 1952—when the other airlines were merely advertising for *passengers*—Trans World Airlines began to advertise for *women* passengers.

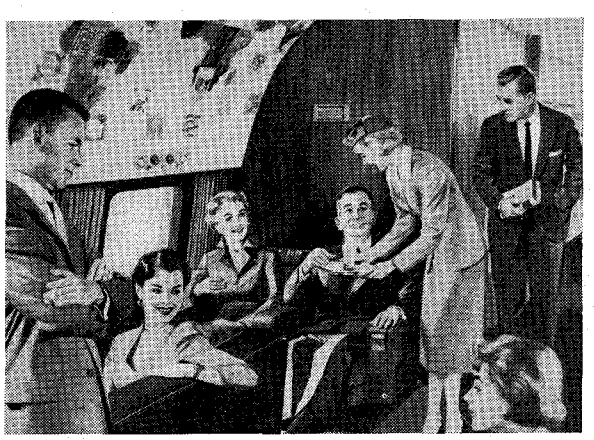
They decided that every woman should be appealed to *as a woman . . .* and *by a woman . . . and in feminine surroundings.* In the most influential women's magazine. So TWA introduced Mary Gordon in Ladies' Home Journal.

TWA soon discovered the power of establishing a *personal relationship* with their women customers. At the same time, they discovered the power of the Journal's personal relationship with millions of women readers.

Results to date: An increase of 38% in women passengers on TWA!

This personal relationship between women and the Journal has long meant success for the Journal and its advertisers. It has put the Journal in first place among all women's magazines—in circulation, and in advertising revenue.

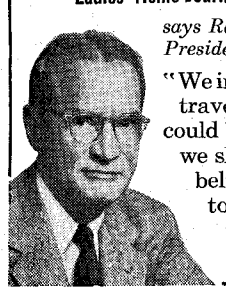
As personal spokeswoman for TWA, Mary Gordon in key U. S. cities handles a heavy schedule of women's club appearances—telling women where to go, what to see and shop for, what to wear and how to pack. TWA finds that selling to women takes this special approach . . . "Because women look for *personal* as well as practical rewards."



As advertising spokeswoman for TWA, Mary Gordon explains TWA services in women's language. To introduce new Club Lounge on TWA's Super-G Constellation, friendly "living room" decor and atmosphere are emphasized. Other feminine service points stressed: TWA's meals, comfort, fashions in hostess uniforms.

"In Ladies' Home Journal, our ads get terrific response," says James C. De Long, General Advertising Manager of TWA. "When we say 'Ask Mary Gordon' in the Journal, thousands of replies pour in. Sometimes women even telephone Mary Gordon for last-minute travel advice."

"Ladies' Home Journal is an ideal medium for our advertising,"



says Ralph S. Damon,
President of Trans World Airlines, Inc.

"We introduced Mary Gordon, TWA's travel adviser, as a symbol women could believe in. So it was natural that we should pick the magazine women believe in. The power of woman-to-woman *editing* and woman-to-woman *advertising* work hand-in-hand in the Journal."

Never underestimate the power of the No. 1 magazine for women...

Ladies' Home JOURNAL

A CURTIS PUBLICATION

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The Burning Hills

"We're going to hang you," Hindeman said. Jordan swore some of them would die doing it.

By LOUIS L'AMOUR

Jack Sutton grasped his gun butt. Suddenly he was choking with the lust to kill. He drew. As he did, Trace Jordan slammed two bullets into his belly. Sutton pitched forward, face down, into the wet grass.

"Maria Cristina?" Jordan called. The girl came toward him in the darkness. "We must ride now," he said. "They'll be coming."

Sutton had been the leader of a band of riders from the Sutton-Bayless ranch that had raided Jordan's camp and killed his partner, Johnny Hendrix. In revenge, Jordan shot Bob Sutton, head of the S-B.

Ben Hindeman, Bob Sutton's son-in-law, commanded a group of S-B riders that set out to catch Jordan. Jacob Lantz was their tracker. Once they cornered Jordan, but, though wounded, he escaped.

Trace hid out on a ledge on the face of a cliff. There he was found by Maria Cristina Chavero, a beautiful Mexican. She nursed Jordan and helped him escape. Jordan asked her to join him later. When she refused, he promised that he would be back for her.

Hindeman suspected that Jordan would return, so a watch was put on Maria Cristina's house. She escaped to warn Jordan. Jack Sutton picked up her trail and followed her to the place where Trace had told her to meet him. There Jack Sutton died.

To escape the rest of the S-B riders, Trace and Maria Cristina rode deep into Apache country. At night a small band of Apaches kidnaped Maria Cristina. Trace went after her and rescued her. In doing so, Trace left a trail that the S-B riders were quick to pick up.

By a desperate ruse, Trace managed to elude the pursuers. He and Maria Cristina then hid out in a scraggly clump of brush. There they divided the remains of their food. "You slow," Maria Cristina said as they ate. "What keep you today? I think maybe those Apaches get away with me."

What a woman, Trace thought. *To have a smile left after this.*

CONCLUSION

A fire was out of the question. They had lost their pursuit for the time being, but even in this secluded place it would be foolish to risk the slightest smoke. Nor had they any food remaining but coffee, and little of that.

Maria Cristina walked to the edge of the brush and watched the desert. The momentary lightness of her mood was gone. She was too wise in the ways of the country not to be completely aware of their situation. They had not won to freedom, only temporary delay. Ben Hindeman would discover at any time what they had done, and once more would be on their trail. Each hour of delay was a victory, yet each hour brought them closer to the final decision.

Had Maria Cristina not been with him, Trace Jordan would have stopped running. Tired as he was, weak as he still was from his wound, he was

(Continued on Page 63)

Trace fired at Mort Bayless and then threw himself aside and took a quick shot at Ben Hindeman.

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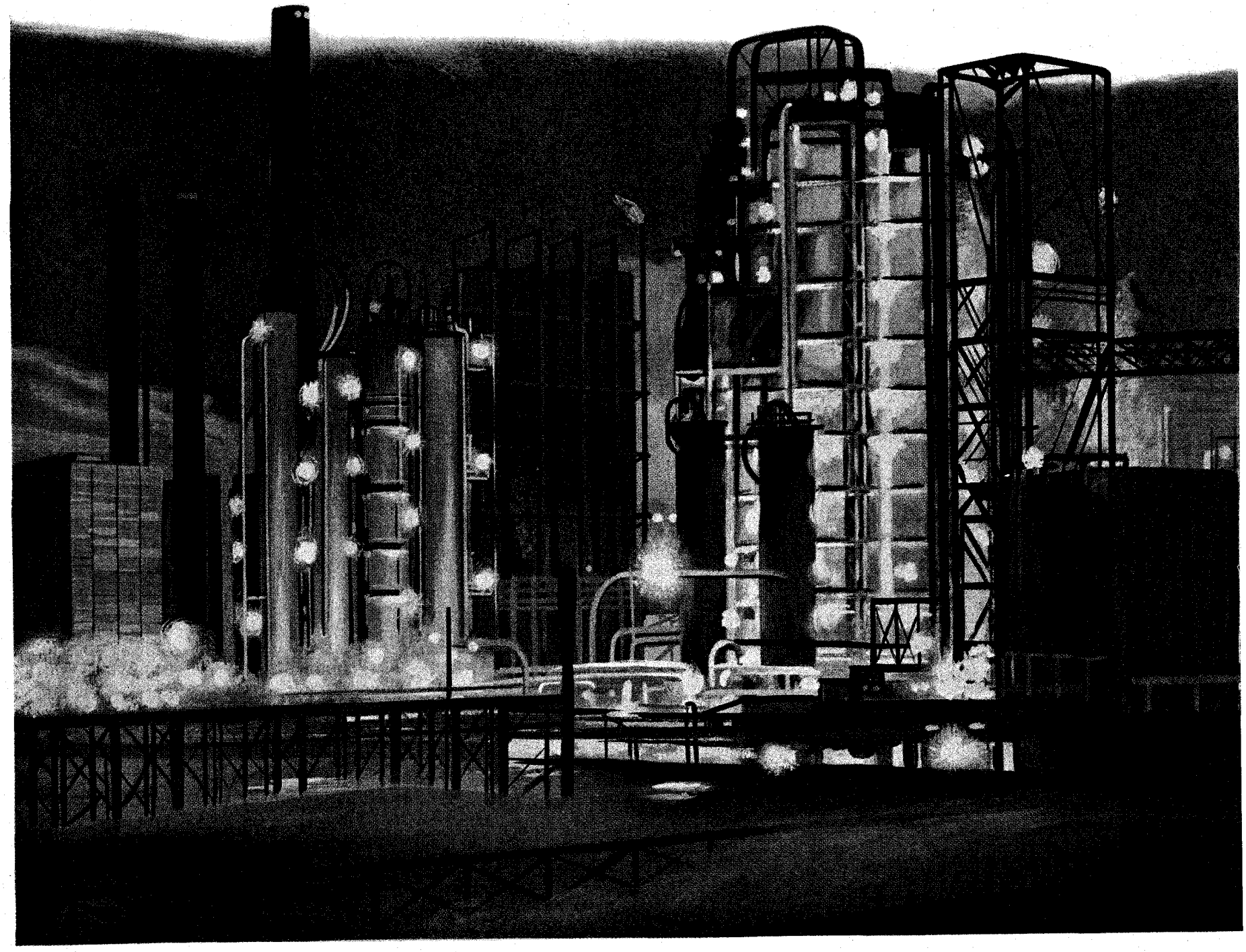
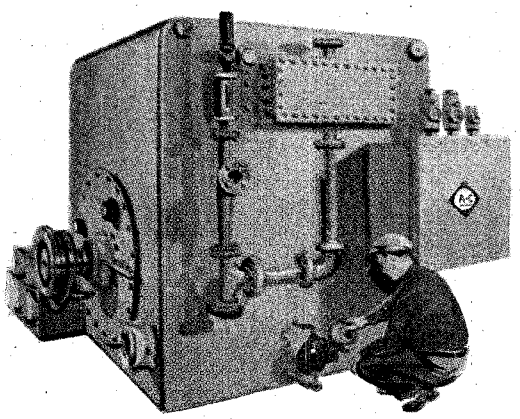
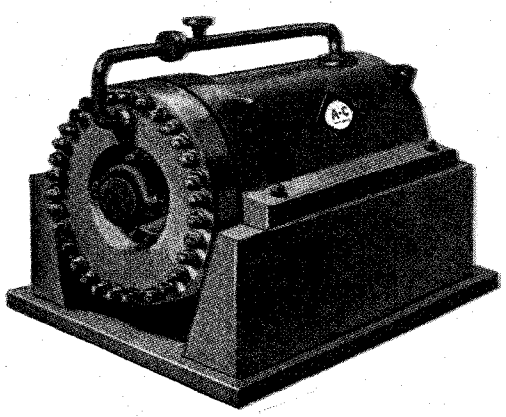
This skyline means more



Allis-Chalmers machines help r



Allis-Chalmers motors furnish power to drive pumps, blowers and other essential refinery equipment.



Allis-Chalmers axial, centrifugal and rotary compressors are used in the processes of converting crude oil into useful products.

TODAY, when you say "fill 'er up" at your favor ite station, you get gasoline and motor oil tha are better than ever before . . . new super-product that have been developed through continuous re search and improvement in refining techniques by the petroleum industry.

Old cars can get a lift from these new fuels anc lubricants, while newer cars, designed to take ful advantage of them, are setting new standards o power and performance . . . and without sacrificing gasoline economy.

ALLIS-C

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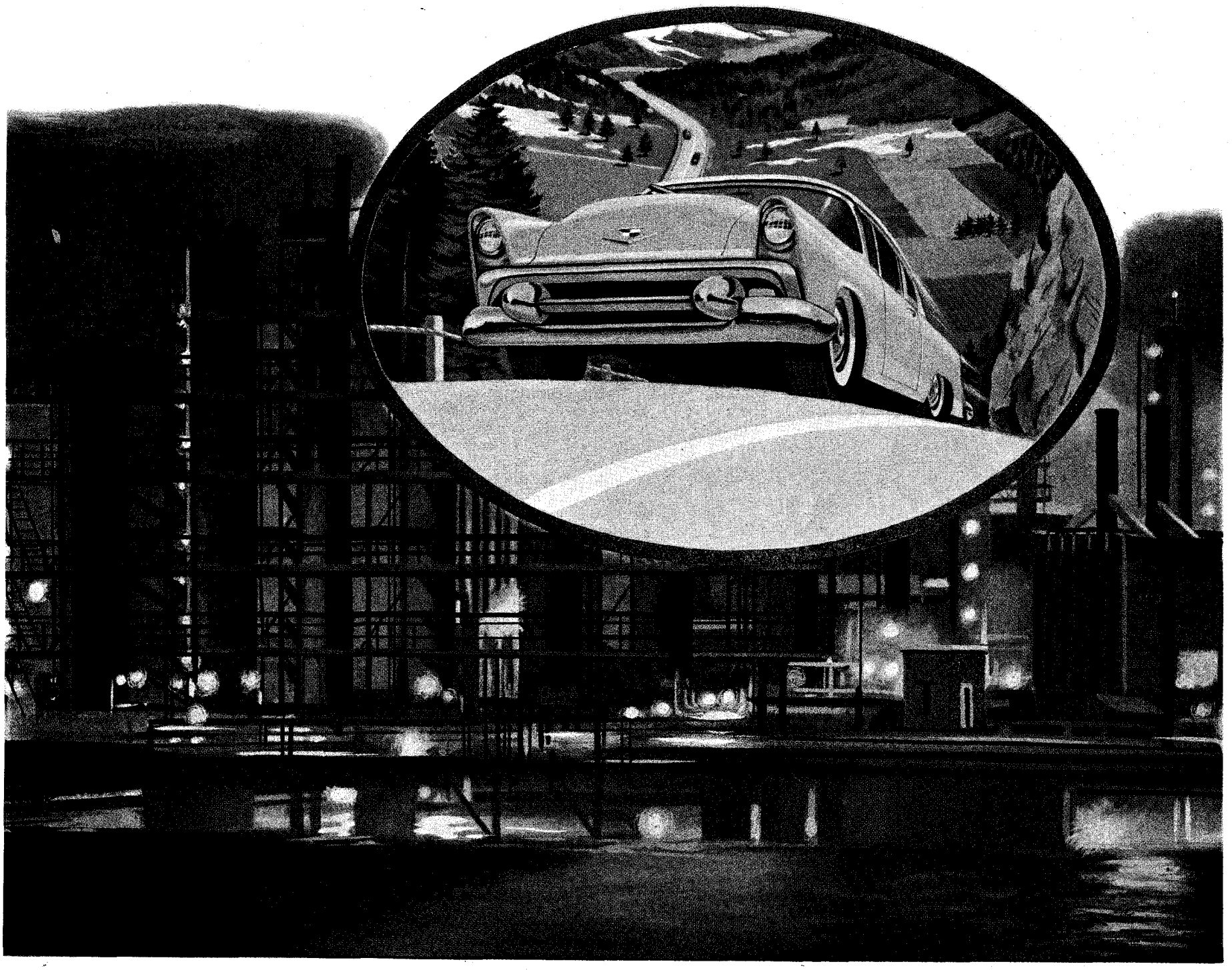
power for your car!

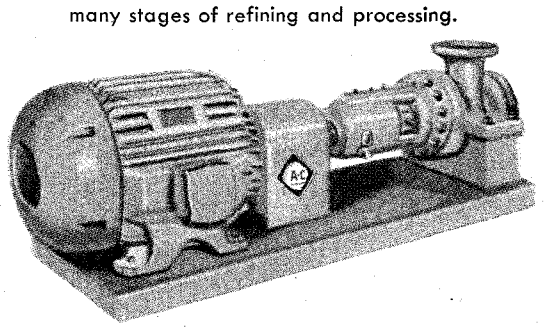


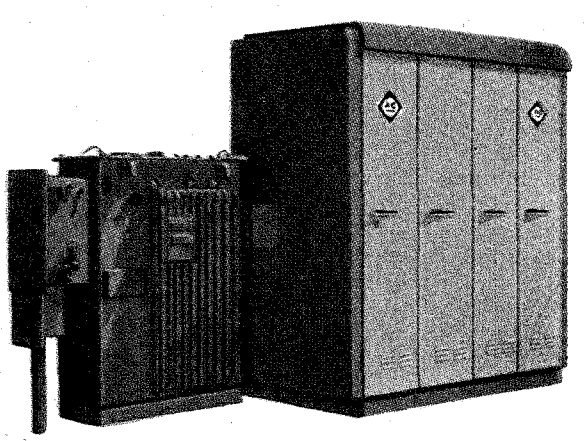
ners produce better gasolines!

Allis-Chalmers machines, like the ones shown here, help the petroleum industry in the advanced techniques of refining modern gasoline and oil; they also help make many other useful petroleum products, such as heating oils, asphalt, waxes, paints and chemicals.

Allis-Chalmers also makes turbine-generators and transformers to supply electric power for all refinery operations. In *every* industry, Allis-Chalmers machinery and equipment help people produce more, have more, live better!

Allis-Chalmers centrifugal pumps move petroleum liquids through the many stages of refining and processing.





Allis-Chalmers load center substations control and distribute the electric power used by this great industry.

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Kiss Me, Sergeant (Continued from Page 25)

Independence. For some time she had been thinking of making one herself.

The fact that she did not share her father's views on American decadence was due to the subtle propaganda of the enemy in the person of one Master Sergeant James Lee Stuart. Lynette had proved a cooperative victim. Their discussions of the finer points of Anglo-American friendship had already reached a somewhat personal level, and there was the possibility of a permanent mutual-security pact.

The one major obstacle had just delivered himself of an interesting sentiment. But Lynette was no defeatist. Her father might be greatly improved by a gentle brainwashing. That he would be completely magnetized by Sergeant Stuart's unique personality, she had no doubt. The problem was merely one of tactics—of weakening her father's resistance and then engineering a suitable meeting between them.

So, with brilliant feminine mistiming she began the softening-up process.

"If the Americans didn't have the airfield, it would be the R.A.F.," she said reasonably. "You should see what the R.A.F. have done over at Whitewater."

"All right," retorted Mr. Beddoes with sarcasm. "If we've got to have planes that howl through the sky, let's have 'em flown by our own boys."

"I have news for you," said Lynette. "There are Americans who share the same views. They would like to go home."

"I'll be hanged!" said Mr. Beddoes, being unable to discover a satisfactory answer.

The trouble really began six months before, one gray January morning when Mr. Beddoes went out to survey his seventy acres. He knew that the adjacent heathland had been taken over by the Air Ministry. What he did not know was that it had been presented in turn to the United States Air Force.

He was, then, surprised when he saw half a dozen bulldozers flattening the landscape with startling rapidity. The men maneuvering the bulldozers with joyful abandon wore caps with enormous peaks, and bulky fur-lined jackets. And being thus sensibly protected against the weather, they were decidedly un-British.

Presently, one of the bulldozers overshot its mark and pushed down two yards of Mr. Beddoes' thorn hedge and a plum tree for which he had some affections.

"Americans," murmured Mr. Beddoes, in the tone of one observing a spearhead of assault upon the traditions of centuries.

Mr. Beddoes decided to make a diplomatic counterattack. He wrote letters of protest to the newspapers, to his Member of Parliament, to the Ministry of Agriculture, to the Air Ministry and, finally, the prime minister.

Meanwhile, the colony of huts less than a quarter of a mile from his farmhouse grew with unprecedented speed while tractors and bulldozers churned acre upon acre into a sea of mud.

Then the infernal Americans had the nerve to ask if they might use his private road while the airfield was under construction. It gave quick access from the main road for trucks, which would make life easier for the construction gangs. Naturally, he said no, but when they contracted to provide a new concrete surface, Mr. Beddoes weakened. His road was getting impassable in the rain. He finally said yes—and during the two days it took for the road to be surfaced, he felt a little more kindly toward the invaders. But all good will evaporated as soon as the traffic began and a hundred hens stopped laying for a couple of weeks in protest.

Then more devastating symbols began to appear. Massive black hangars multiplied themselves like prosperous beetles, causing sunset—since they lay on the west side of the farm—to come half an hour earlier each day. Along the south boundary of Mr. Beddoes' land there sprang up an alarming colony of caravans, which the inhabitants called, impressively, Sabre City.

Mr. Beddoes was shaken to the core of his being at these signs of England's weakness, of her downward paths to obscurity. The greatness of the mother country was indeed fading when the government allowed foreigners—and Yankees, at that—to despoil this demiparadise, this green and pleasant land. Fifty years ago, such a situation would have caused Englishmen to reach for their weapons. Now they merely reached for their tankards. England was definitely finished.

"Yes," echoed Mr. Beddoes for about the tenth time, as he reached sadly for his own tankard, "no doubt about it." It was the

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Tinsel and the Straw

By Richard F. Armknecht

There in the stable
Silence was deep;
The young mother
watching;
Her baby asleep.
No gilded cradle
For the small stranger;
Only the bright straw
There in the manger.

All was so simple;
All was so plain;
No brilliant trappings,
No tinsel skein.
Yet all was fitting—
All without flaw—
Man makes the tinsel,
God made the straw.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

evening before he discovered the carnage in the henyard. It was the eve of war. "Knocked out," he sighed, "by a bunch of renegade colonists!"

He was able to inform the regulars at the village tavern of this sad fact with authority, for that very afternoon nine American aircraft—the first of the many—had landed at the airfield. The noise of their jets as they came down the runway had put Mr. Beddoes' teeth on edge. He realized then why the patch of caravans was called Sabre City. The jet aircraft were indeed sabres—great flat blades beating his head to a sorry pulp.

Elijah, propping up the bar at his employer's elbow, basked in reflected martyrdom.

"Them jetsies put th' old cows into a rare lather," he announced proudly. "Mirabelle, now, she wouldn't go near th' milking parlor. Had to take a bucket to her in the meadows and sit down on my ——"

"America," interrupted the landlord sagely, "is a young nation."

"Tell me they're young!" spat Elijah contemptuously. "But blast it, they're big."

"They're pioneering new frontiers."

Mr. Beddoes snorted. "What do they think I am—a perishing redskin?"

A little man turned aggressively to Mr. Beddoes. "You're a member of a slave nation!" he said. "And it serves you right for growing Cromwell, and putting your big feet in Ireland, and stamping down the poor sweating blacks in India, and ——"

"Finnegan," said someone gently, "any more blathering about Cromwell and I'll kick you all the way from here to Dublin."

But Finnegan's sentiments appealed to Mr. Beddoes' self-pity. "England, a slave nation," he sighed. "Two pints, please!"

Meanwhile, Lynette had taken an evening stroll along a certain picturesque lane bordering the airfield. By an interesting coincidence, Master Sergeant Stuart happened to be exercising his dog, Hobo, at the same time in the same place. Both Lynette and the sergeant were already aware that a sunset improves considerably when observed by two people together.

"Hello, darling," said Sergeant Stuart, in a rich, mellow voice. "I was afraid you might not be able to make it."

"Hello, Jimmy," answered Lynette softly. "Have you been waiting long?"

"Twenty-two hours and forty minutes. Since I last saw you—practically a lifetime ago."

Lynette blushed. "You say the nicest things."

"When you're around that isn't difficult," returned the sergeant.

Past experience had shown that this kind of conversation was almost inexhaustible. But it always sounded just as fresh as the first time. Presently they began to walk slower and slower, until they reached a sort of radioactive standstill.

Hitherto, the dog, Hobo, had been a perfect diplomat. He had learned to accept the spectacle of one pair of inhabited GI boots remaining motionless close to a pair of occupied feminine sandals. Occasionally, he would look up and see two human heads in an interesting proximity. Then he would yawn and settle down philosophically. On the present occasion, however, Hobo was restless. He was indiscreet enough to bark. Also he began to throw his weight about.

"Maybe he's turned into a woman hater," suggested Lynette dryly.

The sergeant grinned. "Not so you'd notice it."

Meanwhile, another paroxysm of barking made it obvious that romance would prosper only when Hobo had gained his freedom.

"I think he looks hungry," said Lynette.

"He is," agreed Sergeant Stuart, bending down to slip the leash. "There was no meat for him today. . . . Steady, Hobo! Now, go lose yourself. Get outside a rabbit or something."

With a delighted yelp, Hobo bounded away and Lynette and her sergeant once more gave their attention to the interesting way that sunset paints a heaven round the stars. Soon, far too soon, she realized that it was time to go home.

"Darling," said Sergeant Stuart, "concerning the small detail of American citizenship, have you made up your mind yet?"

"Please don't rush me, Jimmy."

"There are many advantages," he pursued.

"What's the first?"

"Me. Also, I'm the second and the third."

Lynette laughed. "Then I'm practically convinced. Only that high-pressure sales technique won't work with daddy. You two will have to get to know each other, and like it. We're going to have to work pretty hard for a bloodless victory."

Sergeant Stuart pulled a face. "That hidebound old sour ——"

"Jimmy!"

"Anyone would think he'd collected a sore head at the Boston Tea Party."

"I admit he's a little old-fashioned," conceded Lynette, "but ——"

"Old-fashioned! He's the original thin red line!" exclaimed the sergeant. "You ought to tell him that he wouldn't be losing a daughter, but gaining a nation."

"That's what he's afraid of," sighed Lynette. "Darling, I hope I shall learn to understand the Americans better than you understand the British. . . . I'd better go now or I'll be late."

After a long good-night kiss, she turned back to the farm, leaving Sergeant Stuart with sweet memories and sweeter hopes. Eventually he recovered enough from the blissful anesthetic to remember that there ought to be a dog somewhere.

Far away in the twilight, Hobo pricked up his ears at the faint sound of his master's voice. Then, still concentrating on the scent of a legendary rabbit, he ignored it completely. Unfortunately, Hobo continued to get hungry. Fate, apparently, had determined that he should assume the role of *agent provocateur*. It drove him relentlessly toward that fatal rendezvous with the Rhode Island Reds. To a rendezvous, also, with Henry Beddoes, English yeoman.

The next morning, when he faced the delivery end of the shotgun, Hobo did not understand why such a small frontier incident should provoke an international crisis. But, as Mr. Beddoes squeezed the trigger, Hobo tactfully withdrew to American territory—his prompt departure resulting in one shot-riddled hen flapping its way sadly to eternity. This was Mr. Beddoes' breaking point.

At midday the declaration of war was brought officially to the notice of the United States of America through the person of Private First Class Ray Honneger.

Since the airfield had been finished, American trucks no longer used the private road. But the airfield personnel continued to use it as a short cut, and so far there had been no opposition.

"Hi, pop! How's tricks?" called Private Honneger as he sauntered past the hayfield on his way to the village. "It's a grand life, if you don't weaken."

"Go back!" yelled Mr. Beddoes, pitchfork in hand. "This is a private road!"

Honneger looked startled. "Have a heart, pop! It's another couple miles if I have to go back. Besides, we laid it, didn't we?"

"You laid it to transport building material. The airfield is completed now. As from today, no Americans use my road. Good morning!"

"Nuts!" said Honneger angrily, and turned on his heel.

"Furthermore," called Mr. Beddoes, "tell your C.O. that a representative of the law will shortly call on him to inquire about the ownership of a certain dog—an American dog—mad, needless to say!"

Private First Class Honneger made a rude noise.

Lynette observed the whole scene from the kitchen window. Her father, she decided, was being perfectly ridiculous. And when, at last, he came in to lunch, she took the trouble to tell him so.

"You're being a silly old man," said Lynette angrily. "You're going to make us a laughingstock."

"An Englishman's home is his castle," said Mr. Beddoes, as if voicing an original sentiment. "I shall defend my land and my rights against all comers." He gave his attention to the plate before him, attacking the sausages with relish.

"Maybe," said Lynette helpfully—"maybe you're overworked. Why don't you get the doctor to give you a tonic?"

His only answer was a pitying smile.

After lunch he muttered something to Lynette about fixing the oil heater of the brooder he was using in the barn. It had begun to leak rather badly, which didn't improve the chicks or the surrounding bales of straw at all. But it wasn't the sort of job that held top priority in a state of war. Mr. Beddoes had used it merely as an excuse to go out on patrol. His vigilance was justified, for, as he crossed the yard, he saw three of

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the enemy crossing the runway and walking toward the private road.

Casually, Mr. Beddoes went back to the house for his shotgun.

"Leave that gun here!" commanded Lynette.

"I shall merely display my strength," said Mr. Beddoes. "See, it isn't even loaded."

He pressed the trigger nonchalantly. In the confines of the room there was a tremendous roar. Forgetting that he had inserted fresh shells when he missed the dog, Mr. Beddoes had now accidentally shot the radio.

"You'd better phone for a new one," he suggested calmly. "I've got to attend to these—these invaders."

He went out and away before Lynette had recovered herself.

She watched the meeting through the window. There was much waving of arms and much raising of voices. But presently the three men turned round and went back across the airfield. Mr. Beddoes returned to the farmhouse wearing a satisfied smile.

That afternoon he left Elijah to work by himself in the hayfield, and concentrated upon erecting a barbed-wire entanglement across the weaker parts of his defense line. Surveying his handiwork, Mr. Beddoes decided that he could hold his own. Teatime came without a renewed assault from the Americans. This was rather disappointing to Mr. Beddoes. It seemed as if a promising hot war was becoming quite cold.

At the village tavern that evening, accompanied by a very tired and thirsty Elijah, Mr. Beddoes recounted his exploits. The assembled company, unaffected by the airfield, had no particular grudge against the United States, but they approved of the lone crusade on principle. It was valiant; it was English. They tactfully ignored the fact that it was also plumb stupid.

While Mr. Beddoes related his saga, Lynette supplied Master Sergeant Stuart with a somewhat less colorful account. They had met at the usual rendezvous with—as far as the sergeant was concerned—the usual intentions. But for Lynette, romance was only second on the list.

During the course of the day, a vague suspicion seemed to have grown into a horrible certainty. Of course, there were other dogs on the airfield besides Hobo. But she wasn't reassured when she saw that Sergeant Stuart was alone.

"Where's Hobo?" she asked abruptly.

"Sick," came the laconic reply.

"On chicken feathers?"

"Could be," said the sergeant calmly. "He didn't get back till this morning. What's it to us, darling?"

"My father lost fifteen chickens," said Lynette grimly.

"Holy smoke! No wonder he's steamed up! I heard the old boy was all set for a scalping party."

"If he is, it's entirely your fault, Jimmy Stuart." Her voice was cold. The strain of coping all day with a mildly homicidal father was beginning to tell.

"My fault!" exploded Sergeant Stuart. "Do you think Hobo operates by remote control?"

"You should have trained him better."

"Nobody's perfect," said the sergeant irrelevantly. "And who said Hobo was guilty, anyway?"

"You did. You just admitted it."

"I did not. I said he was sick."

"On chicken feathers," added Lynette dryly.

Sergeant Stuart then made the mistake of being entirely reasonable: "All right, if you think Hobo did the dirty deed, it's easy enough to fix up. I'll write a nice apology and—do you think fifty bucks will buy a squad of new chickens?"

"Has it occurred to you," demanded Lynette icily, "that it is now going to be some considerable time before I can risk introducing you to daddy? At the moment, I might as well say: 'Daddy, I want you to meet Jimmy Stuart. He would like to pay for the chickens his dog destroyed. Also he wants to marry me.'"

"Maybe he needs a little shock treatment," said the sergeant with a grin.

"The United States Air Force has already supplied it," she retorted. "He was perfectly all right before the airfield was constructed."

Sergeant Stuart began to feel that the conversation was getting slightly out of control. The loss of a few chickens needn't be treated as an international crisis.

"This country's full of crazy farmers," he said bitterly. "There's one next door to the Shepherds' Grove airfield. According to the boys, he ——"

"If you need to justify yourself by insulting my father," flashed Lynette, "I'd better leave you to do it alone."

The discussion had by now come under the heading of Lovers' Quarrel. It was maintained by total war strength for a full ninety seconds before the inevitable happened. Seeing that Lynette was on the verge of tears, Sergeant Stuart made a peace move.

"Darling, I've made you unhappy. I'm a heel. I don't deserve you."

"Don't say that," sniffed Lynette. "I felt so tied up inside. . . . Why do we have to hurt each other?"

"We won't ever again," promised the sergeant, encircling her waist with a strong, possessive arm. It encountered a mere token resistance. "I love you, Lynette," he whispered.

"I love you, too, Jimmy."

They very soon forgot all about Mr. Beddoes and the martyred Rhode Island Reds.

When he returned home, Mr. Beddoes was still basking in the glow of acknowledged heroism. But between him and Lynette there was a strained silence. He was thoroughly aware that she disapproved of his conduct, and he was thoroughly annoyed at her disapproval. There were such things as family loyalty and national pride. Could Lynette belong to the passive-resistance school of thought? She would have to be watched!

After supper, he went straight up to bed, determined to get a good night's rest, for who could say what the morrow would bring? As he laid his head on the pillow, Mr. Beddoes gave a deep sigh of satisfaction. The day had not been without its crises, but England had stood firm.

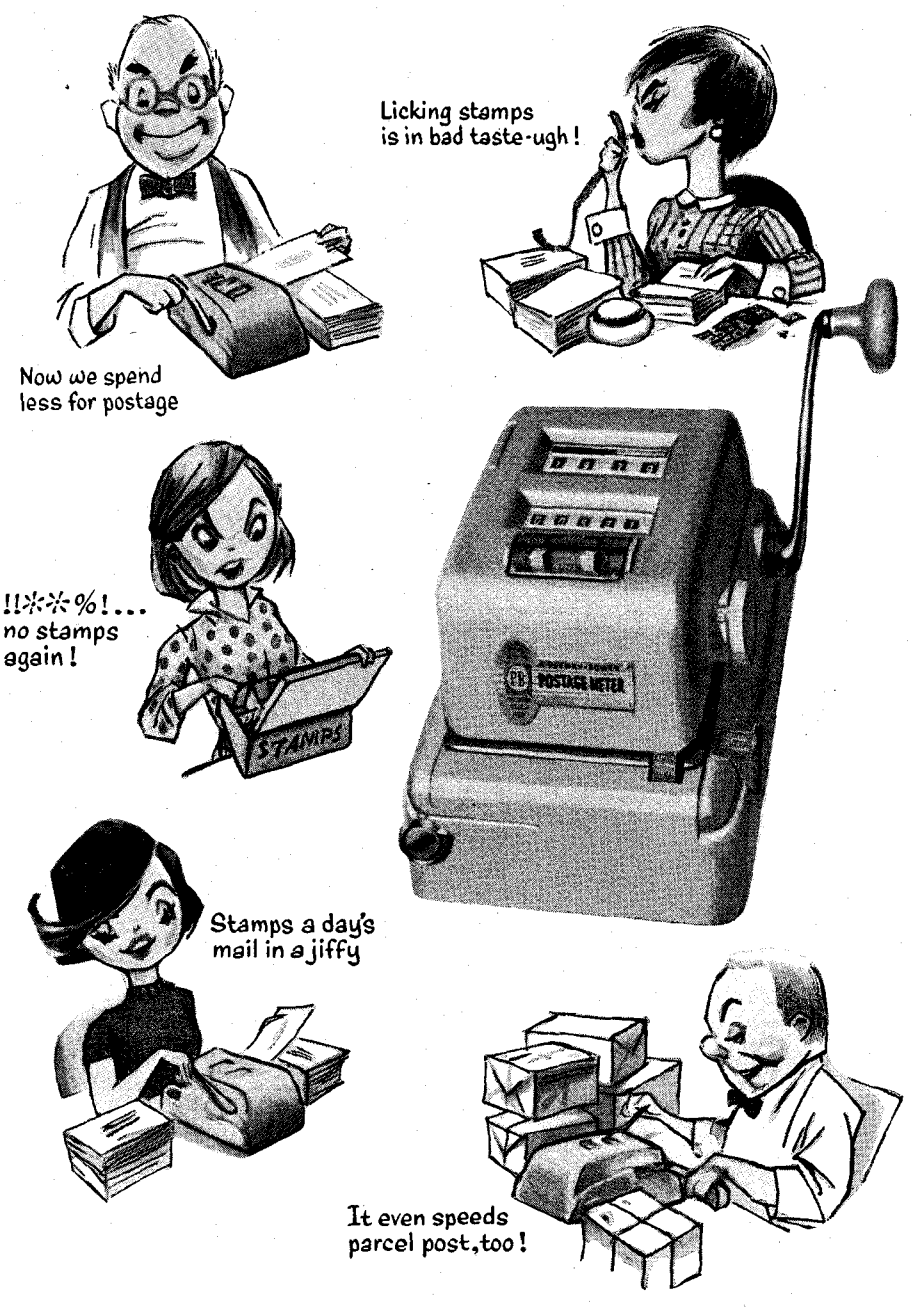
England, however, was not destined for a quiet night. It was approaching one o'clock when Mr. Beddoes' consciousness became dimly aware that all was not well. With a sudden clarity came sudden fury at the cause of the disturbance. In the yard there was a loud barking. There was also much squawking. Not unnaturally, Mr. Beddoes assumed that another mass murder was in progress.

"Thieving Yankee hound!" he bellowed. "Where the devil's that shotgun?" He leaped out of the bed, painfully stubbing his big toe.

At the same time, an urgent hammering at his bedroom door, and then Lynette's voice changing from fortissimo to pianissimo as she dashed downstairs, caused him to forget all about the shotgun and even his big toe.

When her words registered, Mr. Beddoes looked through the window. He saw, across the farmyard, a yellow tongue of flame licking happily at the barn door. Dressing hastily, he arrived at the probable cause of the fire by a lightning process of elimination, and calculated how long it would take the fire brigade to get from the nearest station thirteen miles away.

By the time he had fallen halfway downstairs as a result of neglecting to tie his shoe-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One what? A postage meter! Anybody can afford the little desk model postage meter, the DM. One out of three users spends less than $1 a day for postage.

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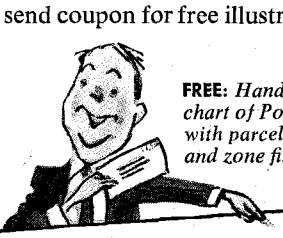

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laces, Lynette had already phoned. Both dashed into the yard, and were met by the joyful crackle of some very costly flames. The dog, Hobo, was there, barking excitedly, but Mr. Beddoes was no longer in the mood for vengeance.

"That blasted brooder!" he gasped. "Its oil heater is still leaking! I should have fixed it this afternoon!"

"You were too busy manning the barricades!" panted Lynette as she sought futilely for buckets.

With sudden inspiration, Mr. Beddoes ran across to the milking parlor and snatched a coil of rubber hose. He rammed one end onto the water tap, turned it on full and hurriedly trailed the hose toward the barn. Mr. Beddoes got as near as he dared, pointed the hose pipe and prayed. A trickle of cold water dripped sadly down to his boots.

And then the devil was let loose. Somewhere out in the darkness, a low banshee moan gathered slowly to a high-pitched wail. Bells began ringing, searchlights swung their blinding beams, brakes shrieked and the voices of men cursing added to the impression of an old-time blitz.

"Night exercise!" snorted Mr. Beddoes. "Trust those Yankees to pick a time like this! They're ——" But he got no further, being forced to dive out of the way of a monster tank, careering through the farmyard.

It rocked to a screaming standstill, disgorging a seven-foot Martian in a neat white space-suit. His thick glass visor flashed in the firelight as it turned toward Lynette. The Martian gave a cheery wave and walked into the blazing barn.

"Jimmy!" gasped Lynette. "Come back! Come back!" But the figure was already enveloped in a sea of hungry flames.

Glancing at Lynette, Mr. Beddoes saw the taut anxiety on her youthful features. He opened his mouth to say something, but the words seemed reluctant to wrap themselves up in sound. Life, he thought, was getting just a little complicated.

Meanwhile, the tank began to throw off more helmeted visitors and long, shiny tentacles. Oddly enough, the voices were familiar.

"Outa the way, pop!" bawled somebody. "This is men's work!"

At that point the seven-foot Martian reappeared. He grabbed a thick hose, turned it on, then calmly went back to the inferno, spraying all around him a smothering white foam. The flames became discouraged. In less than two minutes they had completely expired.

Somebody worked a searchlight, and Mr. Beddoes was able to explore the smoky interior of his barn. The walls and beams were charred, several bales of straw had gone up, and the brooder, together with its hundred chicks, was a pile of ashes. But, incredibly, that was all the damage.

A voice spoke up in the darkness. "Well, that's it. Guess we'd better quit trespassin', boys, before this hillbilly reaches for his shotgun."

Mr. Beddoes took a deep breath. "Gentlemen," he said, "the war is over. Let there be peace with honor."

"What war, pop?"

"Me," said Mr. Beddoes, "versus the United States."

Completely ignoring an audible gibe from Private First Class Honneger, Mr. Beddoes made his grand gesture: "Gentlemen, it is our destiny to be neighbors—good neighbors! Will you kindly accept my hospitality? There is a cask of cider in my cellar—and beer, of course—British beer!"

The tall, asbestos-clad figure laid down the hose and took off his headpiece.

"Before we bury the tomahawk," said Sergeant Stuart gently, "there's the small detail of some chickens which my hound chewed up a little. What's the damage?"

"Think no more of it," said Mr. Beddoes nobly. He regarded the shadowy figures around him. "I trust you have worked up a reasonable thirst, gentlemen?"

The chorus of replies removed all possible doubt. And, as Lynette and Sergeant Stuart quietly withdrew for a short ration of solitude, Mr. Beddoes led the fire fighters up to the farmhouse.

"Jimmy," said Lynette, when they were alone, "you were wonderful. But for one horrible moment I was so frightened."

"It was nothing," said Sergeant Stuart modestly. "I'd willingly go through fire for you."

"I think I would like to be kissed," whispered Lynette.

"I think you think the right kind of thoughts," came the enthusiastic reply.

Suddenly Hobo brushed against the sergeant's legs. There was a sound halfway between a yawn and a wistful sigh. Then he flopped.

"What's he doing here?"

"I don't know—but he certainly warned us about the fire," answered Lynette. "Jimmy, you don't suppose ——"

"I certainly do! We better go count the chickens."

At the farmhouse, English cider was already on its third round of quenching Anglo-American thirst. Mr. Beddoes felt an overwhelming desire to make a speech and considerable inattention failed to curb it.

"Shentlemen," he said, waving his tankard dangerously, "I withdraw my blockade. Let us have peashful co-exishtence. Let us be spiritual ——"

"Sure," said Private Honneger. "Let's have a spiritual."

So they all sang Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.

As the last discordant notes faded away there was a sudden clanging symphony of noise in the yard. Everyone crowded to the window. They saw, against the background of a single searchlight beam, an antique vehicle, a revelation in crimson and brass. Something moved. It was an ax attached to an arm attached to a body wearing an eager helmeted face.

"Where's the fire?" it inquired hopefully.

Mr. Beddoes did his best to explain. Presently, more tankards were required.

Gazing at the multitude of cider-drinking fire fighters, it seemed to Mr. Beddoes that life could hold no more surprises for him. He was wrong.

The next second his hand was taken in a grip of iron and shaken vigorously. Feeling slightly lightheaded, he began to wonder why anyone should want to torture him so early in the morning.

"Daddy," said Lynette, in a voice that seemed very distant, "this is my fiancé!"

"I'm real glad to know you, sir," said Sergeant Stuart tactfully. "I come from farming people myself. Maybe you'd let me give you a hand round about harvest?"

Mr. Beddoes blinked. Suddenly, he felt sober. For one sweet moment he thought of the shotgun and of the choice flow of words to be used on this impudent Yankee. Then he saw the eloquent pleading in Lynette's eyes. And the shotgun faded.

Mr. Beddoes smiled and made the supreme sacrifice. "Nice to have you," he said. "The corn is pretty thick this year!"

A Candle of the Lord

(Continued from Page 15)

warmed him so that he made up his mind then and there that he'd never open his mouth again to complain about soapweeds.

They'd expected real rebuffs, plenty of hard times, trying to homestead the free land. They'd had them, fought past them and were doing fine until the fire. This year he'd just been starting to harvest when the prairie fire, wind back of it, roared up from the east to burn his maize and sweet corn and his big, stand-by bean crop. Other things had burned. Most of his costly farm implements were scrap iron. He might have saved them. But the day had been overcast, earlier wind in another direction, and him without the sense to realize that the haze on the eastern horizon had been smoke. He'd barely had time to plow an extra fire guard around the house and barn.

In April to come, he'd have put in his full time of residence, he'd have title to the land and could borrow on it. With what he might have cleared on the crop and that loan, he'd planned to have a well. For most purposes they stored water in the cistern. It was kept fresh for drinking in airtight ten-gallon milk cans. You dry-farmed the land. But what a luxury, a little water for the garden. What a godsend, when a woman didn't have to scant herself nor caution her children about water. But the loan would have to replace Link's farm machinery.

"Link, don't let it hurt you so," Pearl had comforted. "You're in no way to blame. We can wait for the well. And we'll make it through to spring."

Link had straightened and held his voice steady. "I don't doubt we will. I'll find work to turn my hand to."

But he'd had to leave them. Leave Pearl and the kids alone, and lucky to get that job in the Tucumcari railroad yards so he could feed them these past months. And they'd be glad to see him. Glad he'd be with them for Christmas.

This, Link told the dimly fleeting landscape, *is Christmas Eve*. But he couldn't feel that it was. It seemed only a date on a calendar that had far too many days until spring.

How long would it last, that thin sheaf of bills in his wallet, his last pay? They'd see the fear in him, his family. And when they know a man's afraid, those depending on him are bound to get afraid too.

"Have faith," Pearl had written. He listened to the clackety-clack on the rails, and in the deepened prairie dusk they took shape, those four faces so dear to him. Pearl, her brown hair in braids like a crown, her gray eyes tender, far more patient than he deserved. But her mouth seemed set in sadness, and no vision came of the special smile she kept for him. The children: Evelyn, with her quick learning and her glow, looking like both her parents. And her positive, "Eleven is the very best age to be." Then Elinor, with corn-silk hair, like some of Pearl's folks, and blue eyes. Good at drawing pictures, Elinor, and cherishing her pencil to the last nubbin. And Richard. Almost a miniature of himself, Dick was. A sturdy boy who never had to be reminded of his chores, and even at seven he'd think up new ways to make his mother's work easier. "He takes all that after you, dear," Pearl would say, and sound as though she were proud of him, Link, her husband. But how could she be, anymore?

At the railroad they'd put him on temporarily and had warned him of it. But he'd told Pearl, "I'll make myself so doggoned useful they'll keep me on till spring." Then, the first of December, he'd had word he'd be laid off the twenty-fourth. It scared him to the bone. And he'd had to let Pearl know at once, because she was planning a nice Christmas. "I'm going into town the fifteenth," her letter ran. "We need flour and sugar and canned milk. The cow has gone dry. I'll get some oil cake for her and bran for the team. Some ammunition for my .22 and things for Christmas. Link, we must have Christmas."

On that necessary trip, he'd told her to buy what was necessary and no more. On the twenty-fourth, he said, he'd get the afternoon freight out of the yard and arrive in Nara Visa near five. She mustn't make the needless trip to town for him. He might get a ride out. If not, he could cover the eighteen miles at four miles to the hour afoot. And be home not later than eleven.

It worried him plenty, Pearl having to handle that skittish team of broncs alone at any time. He'd bought them fresh out of a wild herd two years ago, broken them to harness himself, and he could ride Beaut. But she'd thrown him, and his left arm would always be a little crooked. For Pearl's sake, he'd rather have sold them than the mules. But he'd had no choice. Even the kids could ride the one gentle saddle horse. But he'd had to let her go too. And they walked to the mail box now. It was less than a mile, though. The mail buggy passed once a week. And, in answer to his last warning letter, Pearl had said, "We'll make do with what we have for Christmas. Bean bags, out of ticking, with the children's names on them. Aprons for the girls from that old polka-dot dress of mine. I'll trim them with red rickrack. I'll knit a red stocking cap for Dick. And you'll be with us, dear. Have faith."

She'd be ashamed of him if she knew how hard it had become for him to hold on to faith. Since it was so hard, could he say that he still held on?

The freight slowed, rattled to its bumpy stop at Nara Visa. Link picked up his valise, pushed the door wider and jumped down to the dim, gas-lit platform.

He was a big, gaunt man. His dark eyes were tired, his fine, strong mouth showed the discouragement he tried to hide. Wind was raw on his face, tasted a little of snow to come, and it cut sharp through his Mackinaw. He pulled his cap down over his ears. He had no gloves. Stamping his feet to get the numbness out of them, he knew that a certain thin spot in the heavy sole of his left shoe had got very frail.

He saw Pop Hansen come out of the waiting room, swinging his lantern and lunch pail together in one hand, muffler up to his whiskered chin. They called him Pop, but he was an old bach and likable, except that for every cheery thing he had to say, he'd manage, somehow, to inject doubt. He started briskly down to the pump house. He'd be relieving the pumper, who left off at five. He saw Link, squinted, smiled and stuck out a wool-mittened paw.

"Well, bless me! Merry Christmas, Link. Even if you did have to ride the freight in, huh?" And, as they shook hands, "Just your luck, losin' that job at such a time. Pearl was in a couple weeks back, so I knew you was gettin' the ax."

"How'd they look, Pop?"

"Why, say, Pearl looked mighty fine. And frisky as yearlin's, Link, them kids of yours. One thing you can say is you got the best-lookin' family in the county. Must take a whale of a lot of grub, though, to keep 'em fed up like that."

"Oh, not so much, Pop."

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"Smart, all of 'em, I guess. Full o' talk as a barrel of monkeys."

That made Link smile. "We don't hush our kids much. Some do."

"Say they're not goin' to school this winter. Say how they've got a blackboard on the wall and Pearl's substitutin' for schoolma'am. I'd reckon that'd put 'em behind in their grades."

"They're keeping their grades up fine. School's too far and it's too much for Pearl to catch up that team and drive twice a day."

"She's right capable with that team, Link, seems to me. Guess you're glad she's not had to haul water, though."

"We've got good neighbors to thank for that. The Garnett brothers. Heard of any work around here, Pop?"

"No, sir, Link, I ain't. I ain't even heard of a fence-ridin' job in I don't know when."

"Well, there'll be something I can turn my hand to, I'm sure."

"That's sure the right spirit, Link. Keep it up if you can. Maybe when you get home Pearl'll unwrap that fiddle and have you dancin' a jig in no time."

Until the fire, even in winter, kids bundled under quilts in the buckboard, they'd gone to every square dance for miles around. Pearl would often spell the regular fiddler and Link might call a square or two, himself. "Meet your partner, pat her on the head, if she don't like biscuits, feed her corn bread."

"I've sure missed Pearl's music. But I have some doubts about that jig. Tonight, anyway. I may have to foot it home."

"Man can't fool away money hirin' a rig, can he? But, bless me, Link. Shanks' mare clean to your place?"

"Won't hurt me. So long, Pop. Got a few things to do about Christmas."

Link climbed across the freight couplings and started down the cindered path to town. He passed Jones' feed, fuel and lumber store on the right, and the bank. There, in April, they'd give him the loan. He passed the hotel with its brass lamps swung from the ceiling, the long tables cleared and a crowd around the player piano, singing. Their voices came out to him:

"*Deck the Christmas halls with holly,*
Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
'Tis the season to be jolly ——"

And a cinder had worked its way through that worn place in his shoe. One thing, his mind said dully, there was plenty of shoe leather at home. And all different sizes of lasts. Tomorrow, Christmas Day, he'd resole all the family footwear.

At the hitching rail of the saloon were a spring buggy and three saddle horses. From under the wooden awning, light shone on a new red-wheeled automobile. A Velie-Eight, long and low and speaking loud of affluence. Side curtains, fastened down to keep out cold, had a lot of fancy isinglass. How would it feel to own something like that, and Pearl beside him, kids in the back seat, make it plain to everyone that Link Shannon was a man who could take the finest care of his family? A man who'd made it through to spring with confidence, had paid off a loan, brought in a couple of good crops, put down a well on his place and had come in town for a well-earned Christmas celebration? If a man could only believe those things might happen ——

A man hurried out of the saloon, climbed into the Velie, turned on its lights and sped down the street. It was Carl Keplar, the county sheriff. Well, the man who owned that Velie had a way of making things happen that favored him.

Head down against the snow-tasting wind, the hand that carried his valise feeling half frozen, Link neared the big window of Fennel's, groceries and general merchandise. But when he looked up he felt bitterness like gall rise in his throat. And with it, a senseless anger, but so sudden and savage that he could have raised his fist and shattered the heavy glass like thin ice on the washbasin at home.

Bluish lights from mantles in the lamps were shining on the biggest Christmas tree Link had seen since he brought his family to New Mexico. It shimmered there, that tall, haughty cedar from the mountains, and on it there must be at least twenty-five dollars' worth of doodad trimmings. It sparkled and dripped silver, and its tip held a big blue star. *Damn Fennel for this. Damn the man.*

What was he thinking of? Fennel had extended credit to the Shannons and to other homesteaders, and he did not push for his money. He was a kindly man and meant the tree as a kindness to all. Link's bitterness burned away. But he was very near despair. The cinder in his shoe began a nagging torment. He did nothing about it.

Bleak-eyed, he stared at the glittering tree. Maybe he should give up. Take the little money he had and buy tickets to Dodge City for Pearl and the kids, where they could stay with her folks. Start riding the freights in earnest until somewhere, somehow, he found a job and could send for them. Give up the land. Get what he could for the livestock left and the buildings. Forget the sweat and the hard times and the love and the hope for the land. Hell for 'lection out of here. And Pearl —— "Have faith." He could see that in her clear, straight penciling. "Have faith." His heavy sigh came from his struggling heart.

He could see the store was jam-packed. Men, women, kids, some standing in awe before the tree, some at the glass cases, some around the red-bellied stove. Some were at the counter, where Fennel, with his round, beaming smile, a round yellow cheese before him, handed out slices of it on the edge of a big knife.

The door opened and a rush of warmth and good smells—ham, apples, tobacco—enveloped Link and hung for a moment in the cold air. Link knew a sudden sharp desire for his pipe. When word of the lay-off came, his tobacco pouch had been empty. He hadn't refilled it.

Carl Keplar came out of the store, broad face wreathed in the smoke of his fine cigar, badge pinned to the pocket of his sheepskin jacket, .44 bulging on his hip. A short, squat man who ate too much and was known, among other things, for a bad temper. Link had never liked him and never would. A former cow hand, he'd married the boss' daughter, and by her mouth you'd know she was an unhappy woman. There were no children. Keplar had other ambitions and had made trouble for homesteaders. Link noticed the Velie, parked in an edge of light.

"Howdy, Link. Saw you from inside." And under the wide-brimmed hat, his wide, vote-seeking smile, the steam of his breath laced with bourbon. "Hear you lost that railroad job. Got anything in view?"

Link was polite. "Right now, there's this Christmas tree."

"From the look in your eyes, you'd like to take it home. Eh, Link? Got a fur coat here to take home myself. Like to forgot it, having a drink with the boys. Never hear the end of it if I had. Sable," he said, with a careless hefting of the big package. "Had Fennel order it from the East. Look here, Link. Minute I saw you I thought of it. Got a job made to order for you."

He needs a good hand at the ranch, Link thought. And such hope surged in him that he was near speechless. And, all dislike shoved aside, "Glad your wife can have that coat. Rather take a job to mine than anything else. When's it start, man?"

"Well, I'll fix it so you'll start getting paid right away. Be a raft of new settlers in your district in the spring and I'm pretty busy. Need a game warden out there."

"Oh." Link's eagerness went fast away, and he was a little sick at the speed of it. He looked down at the hard-packed sod where a snowflake blew and disappeared.

Someone ought to see that deer and antelope weren't killed too often out of season; that they weren't left wounded and helpless in the sandhills against ranging bobcats or coyotes. Yes, someone should see to that. But a game warden swore an oath. An oath to arrest or inform on his neighbor for what he might see in the cellar or on the plates of hungry children. Link Shannon wasn't the only poor man in this county. And, if it were needed for his table, he'd get a deer out of season. But when a man was desperate, as, in his heart, he knew he was ——

"If you do plan on a crop, remember this won't take too much of your time, Link," said the sly, confident voice of the tempter. "Right off, there'll be enough cash to buy food. And there's ways to add to it, when you've got the nerve to use your brains."

Ways to add to it. Link knew what those ways would be. Never let a homesteader go scot-free even with an illegal quail or prairie chicken. Fine him. Once, twice, three times. And when he couldn't pay the fine, send him to jail. And his crop to hell. The fence, if any, torn down and the man glad to sell out to Keplar for anything he could get. Another quarter section of free land gone back to the trampling feet of cattle. In this case, Keplar's wife's cattle, and so his.

Link's still-lowered eyes saw his heavy, laced, worn workman's shoes, the fine gloss on Keplar's brown custom-made boots. He raised his head.

"I don't much like that look on your face," Keplar said in a hard voice. "If you don't want the job, there's others who will. But you're down, Shannon. And I've offered you a way up."

"I'm down some, I guess." Link drew a long, hard breath. "But not that far down, Keplar." He went up the steps into the store.

Here was warmth from an honest fire and welcome from an honest man. And plenitude; not Link's own, but that he did not view with envy. He paid Fennel a little on his bill and accepted, with grave thanks, a tangy piece of cheese and a cracker. Fennel said that surely he'd inquire of a ride home for Link, marked a wooden bucket of hard candy, the store treat, with the name "Shannon," and didn't mention the railroad. Here, you'd think Link Shannon was a man to depend on.

There were folks in the store that Link knew, and he heartily wished them a good Christmas. *But if I'd taken Keplar's job,* Link thought, *I couldn't've looked Fennel in the eye, or anyone.* And he knew that a gladdening came, a lift to the heart, when you turned away from the wrong thing.

He'd intended to buy the kids only a penny pencil each and three of the thick nickel tablets. But, for Evelyn there was a book, Freckles, by Gene Stratton Porter. Six pencils, for Elinor, in a Japanese-lacquered box. And for his son, always careful when he'd borrowed Link's, a good jackknife. He hunted and hunted, but found exactly the right thing for Pearl. A small bluebird brooch. Always, on their land, she was hopeful to see a Kansas bluebird.

"Not a soul going your way tonight, Link," Fennel told him, as Link stowed the nicely wrapped gifts in his valise. And, of the bucket of candy, which was Fennel's gift, "Too much for you to pack. Clint Brown'll be heading west in the morning. I'll send it along by him."

It was black-dark when Link crossed the railroad tracks again. Back of the little hill north of town, he sat down in the dark, unlaced his shoe, pulled it off with a long sigh of relief and dumped out the cinder. A cinch, there'd not be enough left of that sock to darn. He took the wind-cold prairie road west.

After a few miles, a blizzardy feeling started in the black, icy wind, but walking fast kept a man fairly warm. He held the valise under his arm, tight against his lean ribs, and that way he could keep both hands in his pockets. His ears began to sting and ache with cold.

Coyote howls came down the wind, and now and then, just ahead of him and low to the ground, one would slink across the road and he'd see the baleful glitter of cold green eyes. He tried not to think of the dream he'd had on the freight. Or the trouble he might have with Keplar. But those things were creeping back and back. And finally it seemed that with every long mile he left behind him, he left part of the courage he'd felt in the store.

He neared the eastern edge of his fields. And west, way at the end of those sixty despoiled acres, he saw pinpoint lamplight gleam its welcome from his kitchen window. The children would be in bed. But Pearl was waiting.

He wanted to hurry to her. But it lengthened so, that long stretch past his burned-out fields. His feet grew heavy as lead. And he knew that he could not keep from showing Pearl he was scared. It had come back in chill, full measure. His fear.

Nearing the small window, he thought, *We can't get through to spring. We can't. Before the money's spent I'll have to tell them so.*

Empty of hope, blind with weariness, he stopped now and reached a hand to the window frame to steady himself, to gain strength to face his wife. His eyes didn't lift, but took in only what was nearest him, inside the room. The table, close to the window, was covered with a fresh cloth. The clean-chimneyed lamp was there, shedding its gentle gleam. And in the center was—was a Christmas tree.

Link's breath caught. He thought that surely it would go away, fade from his sight. But it was anchored there by a gold-colored, sand-filled bucket. Trimmed with threaded popcorn and bright red cranberries and strung with cut-out paper angels, and on the tip of its springtime-blooming stem a silver-bright star. The star had been cut, with Link's snips, from a tin can. Every blade on that little soapweed seemed sharp with pride. Every single needle point bristled with pride and joy and faith.

And he'd envied Fennel's tree? This—this was ——

"We'll make do with what we have," Pearl had said. A part of what they had was in this one room. It was as if he hadn't really seen it since the fire. For things here began to renew their lost or forgotten value.

A Kind Word for Fate

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Neglect of her duty is not a fault
That Fate can be taken to task for.
For though we don't always get what we want,
We frequently get what we ask for.

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The blackboard on the west wall, schoolbooks stacked neatly on the big, battered trunk, the corner where grades were kept up. The good sewing machine they'd ordered long ago from the mail-order house. Fuel piled high in the box, and there'd be plenty in the shed, left on the free land by cattle and free for a little work. And the kids made a game of this chore, each eager to be first to gather a gunny sack full. No coal this winter, but cow chips were keeping the kitchen snug with warmth. The top of the stove lids showed faintly pink. And back of the stove, three black stockings hung in a row. Limp, empty now, because Pearl had waited and, as always, they'd fill them together, both having gifts to contribute. And in the morning, sitting before the open oven door, nightgowns over their long underwear, the kids would be happy this Christmas. How thankful, thankful he was that he'd got them all a nice gift. If he'd come home with little else than the heavy burden of his fear ——

His fear. It was gone. Gone as though it never had been. And what had he been mostly afraid of? That they would know he was afraid.

There was no light on the Shannon Christmas tree. It had a glow all its own. Link brushed at his eyes, and saw Pearl step quietly from the room where the children slept, wearing her faded but pretty robe. Her braids fell soft over her shoulders. She looked at the clock above the stove. With a certain anxiety, she listened to the rising north wind. But he'd said he'd be here at eleven.

Link didn't know that he was very cold. Only that he was a rich man who tingled from head to foot with happiness. In a rush, he was around to the north and the kitchen door. "I'm home, dear."

The door flew open. Together they pushed it shut against the wind, and he held her close. And, when he could speak, "Pearl, our Christmas tree. I've never seen such a fine —— It's the finest little ——"

"Now, Link, dear. You warm yourself. Sit right down, now. Here, put your feet in the oven. Now, the tree. You see, Mr. Fennel told us about the tree he'd have in his window. You'd see it and it would set up a yearning, I knew. And on the way home we decided—they are so green all winter, Link. And one of the first hard things you had to contend with, but don't any more. A trouble past and forgotten. And you so patient about it. I didn't dream we'd please you so greatly. Oh, how happy you'll make the children!"

"Pearl, it's ——" Link choked a little. "It came to me outside," he said, "that it's a Candle of the Lord, Pearl. Like Evelyn told us."

They spoke softly then, so as not to wake the children. Link washed up at the bench by the door and threw the water out into the freezing wind. He combed his hair by the glass on the wall. Pearl sat across from him and he drank coffee with canned milk, and it was nectar. He ate fried salt pork and gravy with warmed-up biscuits. There was sirup, too—made of water and sugar and vanilla. A feast for a king. He said so, and told Pearl of Keplar's offer.

Her gray eyes flashed. "Why, the very idea of that worthless scamp thinking you ——"

"Pearl"—Link eyed his plate—"I—I was tempted."

But she, with certainty: "Not enough to hurt."

"He may try to cause us trouble."

"Well, we won't borrow it. Nor fear that harm will come to us through you doing the right thing. I shot a fine jack rabbit, Link. It's down cellar, ready for the oven. I'm going to bake it tomorrow, with dressing, for our Christmas dinner. And there's some left of our sandhill plums. Link, we'll have plum pudding!" Most content, she waited his approval.

"Well, now," Link said. "Where's anyone could ask for more than that? And there's big game in the hills that's yet lawful. We're bound to make it through to spring, Pearl. And it's time I gave more thought to Keplar saying there'd be a raft of settlers. Some will be willing and able to pay for work I can spare from my own. We can't expect them till March, April. But it will ease the wait to harvest, count a little toward the well."

"Oh, Link, you haven't lost a bit of faith." And there it was. His treasured reward. The smile she kept for him.

It was too much. Too much. And before he knew, he was stammering out the truth, "No, Pearl. It's only you and the children who didn't—I almost —— Pearl, I've been afraid."

"But not a moment of it for yourself, Link. And if a man never knows to be afraid for those he loves, he has no call for courage."

He gazed deep into her shining eyes. He tried to speak, to thank her for her wondrous words. He could not, and so hastened to give her the bluebird pin. For him, she had a generous tin of smoking tobacco. At last, he lit up his pipe.

They put more fuel on the fire and the gifts in the children's stockings. First, into the bottom of each toe, they dropped a bright, shiny penny.

Wind beat against the little house and shook it like an angry giant. Flying snow made a curtain on the window to blot out the dark, freezing prairie. Somewhere a coyote stuck his nose toward the black, blowing sky and howled. The Shannons looked at each other and smiled. *Let the wind blow*, said their eyes. *Let the coyotes howl. Together, we'll always make it through to spring.*

THE END

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How to Handle $100,000,000

(Continued from Page 37)

laundresses, refractionists, auditors, lawyers, mining engineers and janitors.

Besides operating Girard College, the board attends to another chore for Stephen Girard. It keeps properly lighted one mile and seven feet of Philadelphia's water-front street, Delaware Avenue, using the income from $500,000 set up by the old mariner for this purpose. You would suppose that a street with an income from $500,000 could afford to be well lighted, and Delaware Avenue is. Not gaudily, though, because the board wouldn't permit that.

The board in pursuit of an honest dollar does not hesitate to slug it out with business Goliaths or that multitentacled giant squid, the United States Government. It is the merest routine for the board to outhaggle such an experienced chafferer as, for example, its neighbor, the Pennsylvania Railroad.

One of the duties of the administrative staff of the board is to scan the death notices in the Philadelphia newspapers to discover the name of any man who may have died in that small segment of Philadelphia which is known as Southwark. This curious duty is imposed by a provision in the will of Thomas D. Grover, a wharf builder, who died more than 100 years ago.

The principal of the Grover Fund today is about $240,000, and a portion of its income, under Mr. Grover's will, must be spent for fuel to be distributed "among white widows of respectable character who are housekeepers or roomkeepers, born within the limits of the United States, whose husbands shall have died within the present (1849) defined boundaries of the district of Southwark."

There was method in this seeming whimsey. As a wharf builder operating in Southwark, Mr. Grover was interested in keeping a plentiful supply of labor in the district, and the fuel provision in his will was his way of expressing gratitude to those who had lived and died where they could have come in handy if he had need of them.

When the names of bereaved ladies whose husbands appear to have died in Southwark are culled from the obituary columns, a letter goes to each of them from G. Curtis Pritchard, secretary of the board and a man of ambassadorial timber. The letter is a blend of tact and infinite cunning, since the board at this stage does not know whether the lady was born in this country, whether she is a white widow of respectable character or whether she needs coal.

"Dear madam," it says. "It has come to our attention that you have recently suffered the loss of your husband. May we extend our sympathy?

"We are, of course, not at all familiar with your situation; therefore, we are writing you with regard to possible assistance which we might be to you, in the event you desire it and would be eligible for it."

The letter then acquaints the lady with provisions of Mr. Grover's will, and suggests, in the event she qualifies and needs some coal, that she make an appointment and come to the board's offices.

Many of the older trust funds which the board administers were created for the distribution of fuel or bread to those who needed them. Some of the early-established fuel funds were to provide "firewood for the deserving poor." In these days, when the price of firewood causes even the deserving rich to check their stocks and bonds, the board has been forced to ask the courts for a new briefing. This is possible through a legal procedure known as cy pres, which, roughly translated from the old French, means "so nearly as may be." Thus, if the condition of a trust becomes impossible of fulfillment through no fault of the trustee the court permits him to do the "next best thing"—in this case, to substitute coal for wood.

It was also the will of Mr. Grover which precipitated the Board of City Trusts into the bread-soup crisis—and here, too, the doctrine of cy pres proved a lifesaver. Mr. Grover left money for soup, as well as fuel, to be distributed in Southwark, and for nearly a century this was easily accomplished. The board distributed Mr. Grover's soup and that left by various other testators through the city's soup kitchens. But these fragrant institutions in late years have been vanishing from their old haunts.

When the Southwark Soup Society sorrowfully packed up its soup kettles, sold its bowls to a secondhand store and merged with the Union Benevolent Association, it left the Board of City Trusts with about $300 a year of Grover income on its hands—$300 which somehow had to be converted into soup and distributed in Southwark. The Union Benevolent Association operates no soup kitchen, but it wanted to be helpful and said it would distribute the soup for the board if it didn't have to cook and serve it. Could it be canned soup?

In this crisis the board consulted its solicitor, a man who can split a legal hair into 1000 slices. After a suitable period of communing with precedents, he gave the green light to canned soup, but wanted to know what the board intended to do about the bread that went with the soup.

Mr. Grover's will, the solicitor pointed out, had distinctly said "bread and soup." How much bread did the board contemplate giving away with a can of soup?

This led to the restaurant survey previously mentioned and the determination that one and five-eighths slices of bread constituted the average silent obbligato to a bowl of soup.

A current headache of the board is the mortal remains of Dr. Bushrod Washington James, now resting in Monument Cemetery, in Philadelphia. When this bachelor Philadelphia physician died a half century ago, he set up hospital and library trust funds, and the Bushrod Washington James Cemetery Fund. In establishing the last, Doctor James was painstakingly Cheopsian in blueprinting his eternal bachelor quarters. His will said:

I direct that my body shall at the proper time be embalmed according to the most permanent embalming process known to science and laid to rest in a hermetically sealed durable stone or metal receptacle (preferably stone) and placed in my walled tomb in my lots numbered 120.137. A. in Monument Cemetery, Philadelphia, together with any photographs, papers, autographs, coins, jewels or jewelry that may be laid aside by me, marked for such purpose, or any relics or other suitable articles which may be deemed appropriate and selected by my friends in charge of my funeral . . . after which I direct that said tomb be properly and securely sealed.

Doctor James' will further provided for "suitable memorials upon said lots" and set up "an additional sum of $1500 in trust" to keep "the said memorials clean, bright and restored forever."

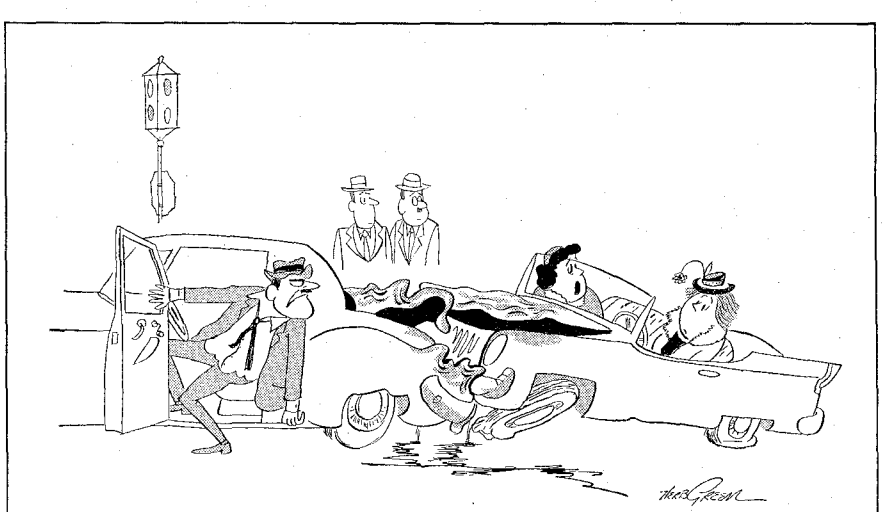
All these things were done long ago as directed and those requiring continuous doing have been continuously done. But few of the present tenants of Monument Cemetery were as good providers for their future as was Doctor James, and the cemetery has a pretty ragamuffin aspect today, so that Doctor James' tomb, resplendent with polish, flashes out like an orchid in a bed of burdocks. Moreover, the cemetery today stands athwart the city's progress. Sale of the cemetery and reinterment of the bodies buried in it were authorized this year by a decree of the equity court. This means that new arrangements must be made by the Board of City Trusts with the court for the reinterment of Doctor James.

The Board of City Trusts was created by the legislature in 1869 to administer all charitable trusts vested in the city of Philadelphia. City Council had administered city trust funds before that. Members serve without compensation, devoting only they know how much time to an exacting job. To be named a member of the board is in itself an accolade.

John A. Diemand, president of the board, is the president of the Insurance Company of North America, the country's largest stock fire-and-marine-insurance company. His creative business mind is of immense value to the board, but of even greater value is his catholic respect for his fellow men and his thoughtfulness for them.

Mr. Diemand is himself a graduate of Girard College, and he has the "old boy's" loyalty to the school which he believes gave him his opportunity in life. Today, if a Girard boy gets himself involved in some intramural impasse, he is likely to find himself in Mr. Diemand's executive offices at the insurance company, talking the whole thing out and usually arriving at a satisfying solution of his difficulty.

The board's finance committee, whose duties include recommendation of all investments made by the board, is a tough-minded group of financial nullifidians. Any investments it recommends could make Caesar's wife look like a Bohemian. The committee chairman is Walter B. Gibbons, a lawyer with an encyclopedic knowledge of subjects as disparate as tunneling mountains and tea growing, who has been vetted by a long list of clients among the powers that be.



"Now don't say anything that'll make him mad."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The other members of the board are Ernest T. Trigg; Herbert W. Goodall and Hubert J. Horan, Jr., bankers; Thomas B. K. Ringe and Morris Wolf, lawyers; Joseph W. Henderson, lawyer and chairman of the board of Bucknell University; Revelle W. Brown, retired president of the Reading Railroad; Dr. Thomas A. Shallow, physician; George F. Norton, assistant treasurer of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Samuel H. Daroff, clothing manufacturer. Mr. Norton also is a former Girard College boy.

Mr. Trigg, the oldest member in point of service, and now in his twenty-seventh year on the board, is a man of many facets and interests. In 1947, at the age of seventy, Mr. Trigg retired, resigning as the benevolent czar of the American paint industry, of which he has written engagingly in a book recently published, Fifty-five Colorful Years. Mr. Trigg's "retirement" is one of the great will-o'-the-wisps of the twentieth century. Actually he has merely moved his throne, scepter and other tools from the paint industry into the savings-and-loan field. Serving, without salary, he is the chairman of the board of the Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc.

Probably no man today is a better candidate for the title of "Mr. Philadelphia" than Mr. Trigg, for Philadelphia, whatever you may think of it, is in his eyes the finest ewe lamb known to world geography.

Glancing a half block up Broad Street from his own office to Philadelphia's City Hall, Mr. Trigg's eyes grow starry as he states his unshakable belief that Philadelphia is the world's greatest city. He can give you documentation of why he believes this, but Mr. Trigg's Philadelphia story is too long a saga to tell here to non-Philadelphians.

Too long also is the story of the Wills Hospital, which is Mr. Trigg's particular project by virtue of his position as chairman of the board's standing Committee on Wills Hospital and Minor Trusts, the minor trusts being the eighty-odd, non-Girard funds which the board shepherds.

In brief, Wills Hospital grew out of a bequest of about $110,000, left by James Wills, a Quaker and wholesale grocer, who died in 1832. Partly through additional bequests, partly through shrewd real-estate deals and investments by the board, the hospital today is one of the great eye institutions of the world, with a plant valued at $1,500,000, an endowment of about $500,000 and an annual operating budget of more than $1,000,000. Since it was founded, the hospital has treated or operated upon nearly 2,000,000 patients.

The board's administrative staff work sparkles, not only with spit and polish but with a remarkable amount of creative thought and planning. Most members of the executive staff have served in one or another of the two World Wars, and the old First Bank of the United States—the oldest bank building in America—which is their countinghouse, is what the Navy would call a "taut ship," its *esprit de corps* and delicate tongue-in-cheek punctilio those of a good wardroom.

W. Henry Gillam, Jr., the board's general manager, is a man of wary but nonetheless soaring imagination. He has envisioned great shopping centers or supermarket sites in some of the most remote and downtrodden sections of Philadelphia. If you wonder how he happened to select these sites, the answer is easy. They were on properties held by the Board of City Trusts. But how he sold the ideas to hardheaded merchants and chain stores without once resorting to hypnosis is his own secret. It is the kind of virtuoso performance which has become routine to him. But he doesn't sell any skinny pigs in pokes. If he causes a shopping center to be built where no one else would have thought a corner store

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could long escape bankruptcy, sure enough it flourishes in a manner to excite the envy of the most up-and-coming green bay tree—and so, of course, does the board's investment.

Mr. Gillam prods inert investments like an imaginative housewife activating leftovers from the refrigerator into a succulent dish. When a new Delaware River bridge was planned between South Philadelphia and Gloucester City, New Jersey, Mr. Gillam was taken with the idea that a 4.25-acre plot of ground owned by the Girard Estate would make the perfect spot for a motor-truck terminal—that is, it would be perfect if it could be filled and graded. When bids were asked on this job they ran as high as $32,000.

Mr. Gillam merely chortled in spirit, bided his time, and about a year later got enough dirt to do the job from a contractor who was excavating a nearby site. Total cost: $1000.

The board's Franklin Fund was created by Benjamin Franklin to implement a daydream which in a less solid character than Mr. Franklin would be called pure Walter Mittyism. Franklin bequeathed to Philadelphia—he did the same thing for Boston—the sum of 1000 pounds "to be let out upon interest of 5% per annum to such young married artificers, under the age of 25 years," to assist them in setting up their own businesses. Loans were not to exceed sixty pounds to one person. The will said:

> And in order to serve as many as possible in their Turn, as well as make the repayment of the principal borrowed more easy, each Borrower shall be obliged to pay the yearly Interest, one tenth part of the principal, which sums of Principal and Interest so paid in, shall again be let out to fresh Borrowers.

It was at this point that Mr. Mitty apparently dropped in for a glass of Madeira and a chat about the future, for the will continues:

> If this Plan is executed and succeeds as projected without interruption for one hundred Years, the Sum will then be one hundred and thirty-one thousand Pounds; of which I would have the Managers of the Donation then lay out at their discretion one hundred thousand Pounds in Public Works which may be judged of most general utility to the Inhabitants, such as Fortifications, Bridges, Aqueducts, Public-Buildings, Baths, Pavements, or whatever may make living in the Town more convenient to its People and render it more agreeable to Strangers. . . .
>
> The remaining thirty-one thousand Pounds, I would have continued to be let out on Interest in the manner above directed for another hundred Years. . . . At the end of this second Term, if no unfortunate accident has prevented the operation, the sum will be Four Millions and sixty-one Thousand Pounds Sterling; of which I leave one Million sixty-one Thousand Pounds to the Disposition of the Inhabitants of the Town and Three Millions to the Disposition of the Government of the State, not presuming to carry my views further.

It was a bold dream and speaks well for Mr. Franklin's heart. Moreover, the substance, if not so grandiose as the dreamer hoped it would be, is substantial, though certain things which Mr. Franklin could not foresee, and of which Mr. Mitty would have been the last to warn him, took place to narrow the blueprint.

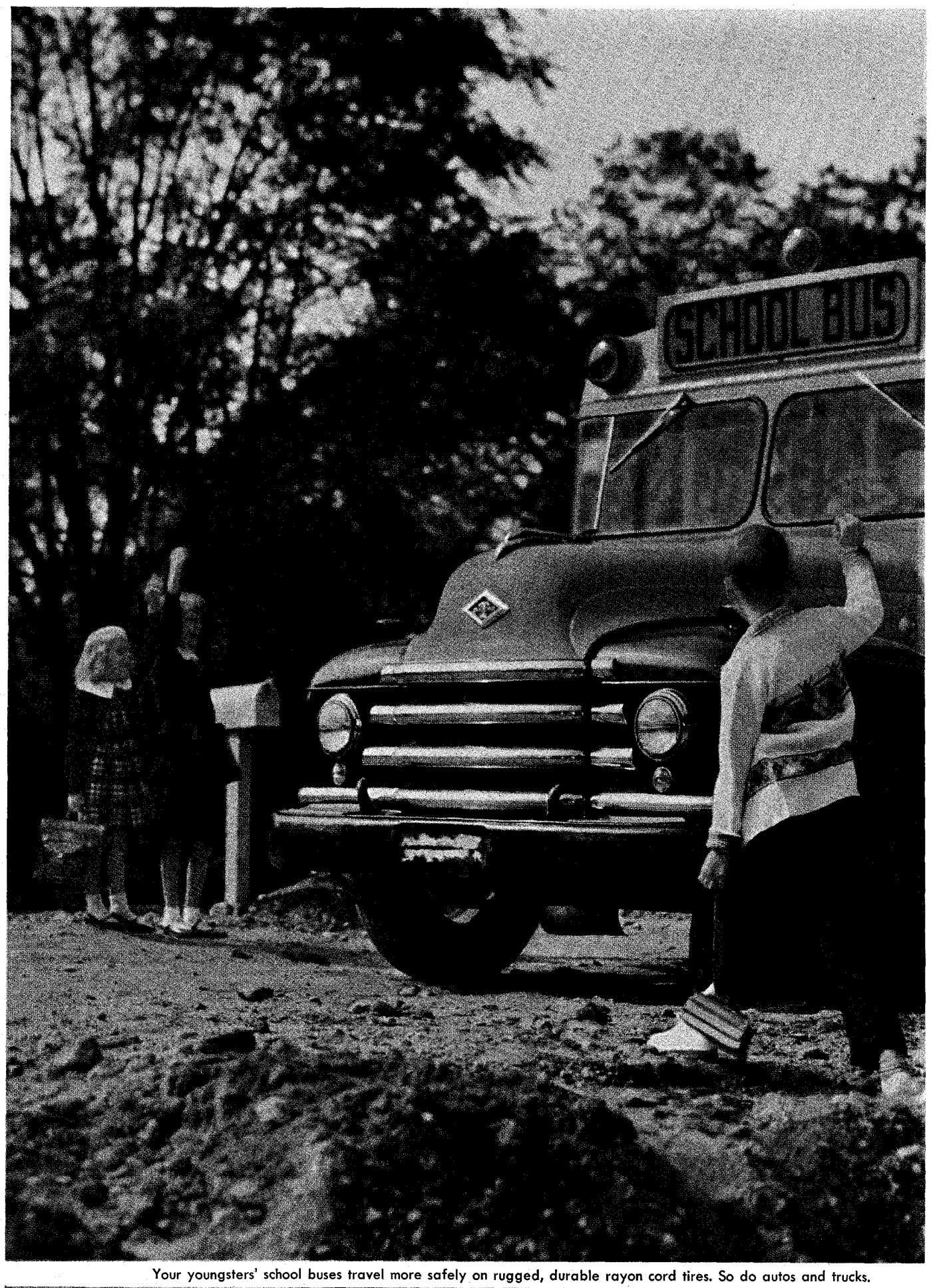
The "young married artificers" failed old Ben by vanishing into assembly lines. In 1789, when the Franklin will was drawn, a young artificer in Philadelphia was a one-man artifactory in himself. But America turned to machines for its artifacts, and the day came when a young artificer, in business for himself, couldn't pay the yearly wages of his office boy with sixty pounds.

The changes came gradually, but they made it increasingly difficult for the Franklin Fund custodians to find qualified borrowers, and much of the fund lay idle a good part of the time. In 1890, at the end of the first 100 years, the principal was about $90,000—not the $650,000 that Franklin had envisioned.

The board divided the $90,000 in the proportion of 100 to 31, setting aside about $70,000 for "public works" and about $20,000 for the continuation of the loan fund. By 1908, the $70,000 had increased through investment to $133,076, which was earmarked for the Franklin Institute's building fund. This sum, together with $220,592 the institute itself had accumulated toward its building fund, the board mostly through profitable real-estate deals, was able to parlay—if it will forgive the word—into $1,522,805, which it turned over to the institute in 1930.

The $20,000 set aside in 1890 for continuation of the loan fund has grown to about $230,000, but not through making loans. Though the court greatly modified and eased the original terms of Franklin's will, few borrowers can be found, and most of the increase has resulted from wise investments by the board. Still, the board isn't pleased. Boston, it says disgruntledly, has done better with its 1000 pounds. The young artificers, it appears, stuck around Boston longer.

You may wonder what the Board of City Trusts has to do with such recondite matters as the invention of the transistor or the single sustaining rotor helicopter. You may wonder what it has to do with the synthesis of the posterior pituitary hormone, oxytocin. Or a method of obtaining distortion-free magnetic recording through high-frequency bias. Or the invention of a color sorter for fruits and vegetables. The board may sometimes wonder itself, but its won-



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der does not prevent it from giving these and scores of other matters just as esoteric its judicious and unruffled attention.

During 1954 the board authorized the presentation of $1000 awards and copper medals to the inventors of each of the processes listed above. In performing this chore the board was working for a Scotsman, dead now for nearly 140 years.

Eighty years before Alfred Nobel by his will set up the Nobel prizes, John Scott, a chemist of St. Patrick's Square, Edinburgh, bequeathed to the city of Philadelphia $4000 with the instruction that the income from this sum be "laid out in premiums to be distributed among ingenious men and women who make useful inventions, but no one of such premiums shall exceed twenty dollars, and along with which shall be given a copper medal with this inscription 'To the most deserving.'"

Apparently "ingenious men and women" were in short supply for a good many years, because the original $4000 fund has grown to $109,000 today. It could have so grown only by failure of the early trustees to use up the annual interest, leading to the eventual capitalization of the surplus. The board obtained permission of the court in 1919–1921 to increase the cash awards, and it is now customary to award $1000 and the copper medal.

There have been many distinguished names among the recipients—Madame Curie, Edison, Orville Wright; Lee De Forest, who invented the Audion used in radio; Marconi; Charles F. Kettering for the invention of the first electrical self-starter; and Sir Alexander Fleming for the discovery of penicillin.

The screening is done for the board by a distinguished advisory committee, of which John W. Iliff, of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, is secretary and executive spark plug. After the board has made its selections, Mr. Pritchard, whose many duties include playing the useful role of Chesapeake Bay retriever, takes over. The board has knocked the genius out of the sky. It is for Mr. Pritchard to arrange for him to receive the award upon a fittingly gala occasion.

When Mr. Scott died, in 1816, Manhattan's Madison Avenue was mere honest farmland, and "packaging," one of its liveliest arts today, had not been thought of. How do you package an award when it is brought face to face with its recipient? The best way is with a dinner, but you can also do it with a national convention or sectional meeting of a society of big brains who are specialists in the same field in which the award recipient is active.

It is Mr. Pritchard's duty to find out to what professional societies the prospective recipient belongs and which of these societies is planning a dinner or a convention, and then ask the society to invite a representative of the board, so that he may present the Scott award to Doctor X.

So, for example, the American Chemical Society, at its annual meeting last November in New York, gave a spot on the program to a board representative to tell it what it doubtless already knew, that Vincent duVigneaud, professor of biochemistry at Cornell University Medical College,

●

The thing that goes best with some Christmas ties is a beard.

FRANCES RODMAN

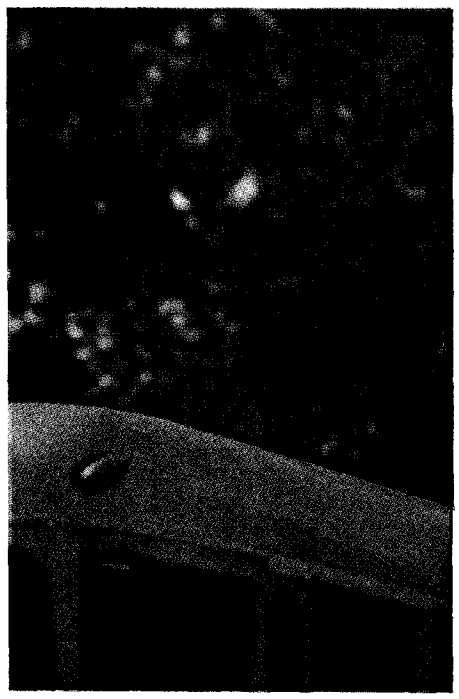
●

had completed the synthesis of oxytocin, a hormone that increases lactation in both humans and animals, a landmark in biochemistry because it was the first time that a polypeptide hormone had been made synthetically. What a polypeptide hormone is we won't go into here.

Whether it is picking a scientist to receive an award or selecting a building on which to grant a mortgage, the board must operate hardheadedly. The court which appoints the board selects men who will be true to their trusts and drive as hard bargains in their behalf as can be driven. No doubt members of the board in their personal lives are men of great ruth, but collectively as trustees they must be ruthless, hardfisted, dedicated Scrooges in the pursuit of the almighty dollar, never forgetting that a nickel is one twentieth as almighty as a dollar. The court expects this of them.

In one way or another, in scores of useful fields, the 105,000,000 golden foster children of the Board of Directors of City Trusts, of Philadelphia are doing their jobs, behaving as well-brought-up money should behave, buying many needed things for many people. In the years to come, thousands of the "deserving poor" will keep warm because of it. Thousands of others will get a bowl of soup with one and five-eighths slices of bread. Hundreds of thousands of persons will be able to see, or to see better. Desirable public works will be built. Approximately 1100 orphan boys will continue to study and live at Girard College. Some of these may grow up to be John Diemands or George Nortons, but all of them—which is important—will have the opportunity to become useful men to themselves and their land. And in some fitting cemetery, snug in a burnished mausoleum, the mortal remains of Dr. Bushrod Washington James will continue to disintegrate at their ease.

Because the kings are in the counting-house. THE END



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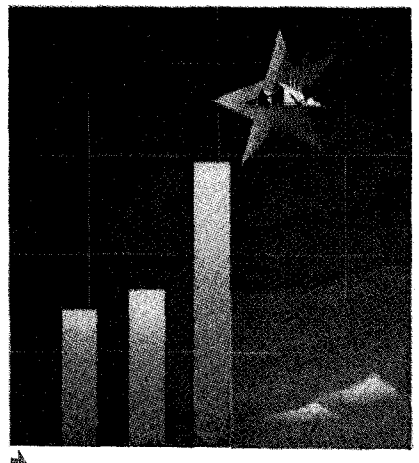

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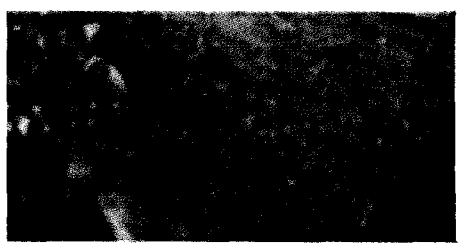

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The Lady Hated Jazz (Continued from Page 18)

showed them a page torn from a magazine. "He shaved off the mustache, but you can't miss him."

"Sure," Clanky agreed. "It's the same guy."

"Gee, Mush," Egghead murmured in awed tones, "think of it. You're working for Buster Franklin!"

"Yeah, countin' scrub buckets," Mush fumed. "What I want to know is, what's he doing in the hardware business? In Westhill. Him."

"Readjustment, you dope," Clanky said. "He was with the Air Force in Korea, remember? And in prison camp."

"Oh, boy," Egghead gloated. "The Boss Man himself."

Meanwhile Ed Franklin, once called Buster, sorted chrome hinges and told himself that Liza's brother reminded him of his former partner, Skid Scudder. Big, ugly Skid, as good-natured as he was clumsy. How were things going for him, Ed wondered.

At that moment Mush knocked over a stack of scrub buckets.

I was right, thought young Mr. Franklin. *I guess I better go downstairs and get acquainted with my future brother-in-law before he kills himself.*

Clanky grabbed Egghead's arm. "Come on, let's scram."

Mush picked up the scrub buckets. "Buster Franklin! He was the greatest. Played the coolest trumpet since Berrigan. What's he doin' in the hardware business?"

Ed eventually locked up and took himself home to the apartment over the store. He burned three hamburgers for his dinner while he outlined a campaign designed to conclude with Liza standing beside him at the altar of the brick church down the street. The store was always open late on Saturday, he plotted, so what more natural than that he should drive Mush home after closing? It would give him a chance to make friends with Liza's parents, even if she was out.

Mush, Clanky and Egghead held another conference at the corner drugstore and voted unanimously to begin their campaign immediately.

Next day, when Mush arrived after school, he found his employer in that part of the basement they called the junk room.

"Gosh." Mush looked around wonderingly. "Old man Murray sure was swap-happy."

"So that was the pitch." Ed chuckled. "I never knew where he got the stuff. I found it here after I bought the place from him."

"Aw, the old man would rather swap than take cash money. Betcha there's things here from back when my granddad used to trade with him."

"Could be," Ed agreed. "Most of it's about as useful as a broken leg, but I found a few things worth saving. Like this cherry table. And there's a pair of brass andirons someplace that'll be beauties when they're cleaned up."

"Say." Mush tugged at something in the corner. "Lookit this old Morris chair. It ain't got style, but it's all in one piece."

"Good. Dust it off and shove it over beside the coalbin. I'll have a place to sit at night while I wait for the furnace to settle down." The only disagreeable element in Franklin's new life was the furnace; it required more attention than a teething baby.

"Ah—Ed," Mush was saying. He had decided this was the time to go into action. "Would you—well, I know I haven't worked for you very long, but could I kinda ask you a favor?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well"—Mush collected himself and poured out the scheme—"you see, we've got a secret club. Me and a couple other fellahs. But we got no clubhouse, like. So we wondered would you mind if we held our meetings down here in your cellar once in a while. We won't hurt anything, honest. All we do is shoot the breeze, mostly. Maybe play some records on Clanky's portable. Could we, Ed?"

Young Mr. Franklin reminded himself that this was the brother of the woman he loved. Besides, what harm could three sixteen-year-old kids do? Aside from wrecking the place.

"O.K., Mush," Ed was in love for sure. "I'll give you a key and you can use the basement whenever you want to. Just turn out the lights when you leave. And no smoking."

"Gee, thanks, Ed! Gosh, I can't tell you ——"

"Skip it." He saw a chance to further his campaign. "And tell your mother not to worry about your being out late Saturday night. I'll drive you home after we close."

Everything worked out just as Ed hoped. Come ten o'clock Saturday evening, when he drove Mush to his door, Mrs. Parker was waiting to invite him inside, and Liza was busy in the kitchen preparing a snack.

Five waffles and three cups of coffee later, Ed worked around to talking about Hitchcock movies and how he hated to see them alone. It was half the fun to talk them over with someone later.

"By the way, there's a new one playing at the Strand. Have you seen it?" He looked at Liza.

"No," Liza admitted. "Have you?"

So they arranged their first date for Sunday afternoon.

Early the following Tuesday a small man in a large overcoat entered Franklin's Hardware. He carried a rusty black satchel.

"I come to tune the piano," he announced.

"Piano?" Ed was inventorying hedge clippers. "What piano?"

"The one downstairs," the little man explained truculently. "Them kids sent me."

"What kids?"

"The Parker boy and them two they call Egghead and Clanky. They made a deal to shovel my walk all this winter and mow my lawn all next summer, would I tune this here piano."

Ed remembered. Prominent in old man Murray's swap collection was a huge old upright piano, marred and scarred, with half its ivories missing. He had classified it as junk, pure and simple. But Mush was Liza's brother.

"All right," Ed gave in. "See what you can do with it."

What Mush intended to do with it remained to be seen.

That evening Ed settled himself at the kitchen table with the monthly bills when he was disturbed by strange sounds floating upward through the hot-air ducts.

"What the ——" Ed wondered. "Mush said they played records at these meetings, but where did they get a platter like that?"

He recognized the tone of a clarinet, only the guy must be using a broken ski for a reed. Then there seemed to be a trained elephant at the piano and a joker on drums who ought to take up carpentry. He went into the bathroom and stuffed cotton in his ears.

Buster Franklin, who had played the coolest trumpet since Berrigan, suffered two more sessions by the Mush Parker Trio. Then the dam broke.

It had been one of those days when everything went wrong; and to finish it off, Liza called to break their date for dinner because of an emergency faculty meeting. He was simmering down, with a pipe and the newspaper, when the trio broke out in a rash of Honeysuckle Rose. It was too much. He took the stairs on the double.

The boys heard him coming and leaned on it. This was the moment they had been waiting for. They finished playing in a blast that rocked the building, and turned, breathless, to greet their hero.

"Cut that racket!" roared Buster Franklin, former idol of the jazz world. "What the devil do you think you're doing?"

It wasn't what they expected. Their faces showed it. In a flash of understanding, Franklin knew the whole story. These kids had recognized him and they had been playing their fool heads off, trying to impress him. He felt like a murderer.

"We're sorry we disturbed you." Clanky got up from the keg he had been using as a piano bench. "It won't happen again."

Mush turned away to hide a trembling lip. "Pack up, Egghead," he croaked.

"Wait a minute, you guys." Ed walked over to the old Morris chair and sat down. "Let's talk this over."

"What's to talk about?" Egghead was wrapping a battered cymbal in a torn sweat shirt. "We stink. So what?"

"I didn't say that." Ed thought fast. He couldn't hurt these kids again, no matter what he had to do. "I didn't say that."

"You didn't hafta." Mush twisted his clarinet apart. "You got through to us."

"Apparently not." It was Buster, the Boss Man, speaking. "I wanted to know what you were doing in that crazy key. That tune's a piano showpiece, and the piano man's best key for it is F." He prayed he could make his idea work. "Listen a minute." He went to the piano. "Can you hear the difference?"

If they heard, they made no sign; they still didn't trust him.

"Come on. Back on the stand and try it again."

An hour later he let them rest. "All right, fellahs; now tell me why this combo has to be kept secret."

"On account of Liza," Egghead began.

Mush kicked him and took over. "On account of Liza not wanting to get on the wrong side of Clanky's dad. He's on the school board."

"Right," Clanky agreed in a hurry. "My folks are death on jazz. They were brought up on Bach and Beethoven."

"Some people make out quite a case for Bach," Ed suggested. "As a matter of fact, if I direct this trio you're going to pay a lot of attention to Bach. But first you've got to learn to read. By that I mean read notes as fast as you read words. Faster."

"What's a drummer wanta read for?" griped Egghead.

"You'll find out," Ed promised. "What would you do if you were sitting in with Kenton? Think you could fake his stuff?"

Egghead subsided.

Buster Franklin, who liked to be called Ed, drove his new combo to their homes with the warning that future sessions must break up earlier. If they didn't finish high school, how could they expect to make college? And weren't most of the big-timers college men?

"So you guys get to bed early and keep your grades up. Understand?"

While he sat beside the furnace, waiting for the coal gas to burn off, he made plans for the Mush Parker Trio. He'd teach them all he could about music, of course, but while they were learning he intended to sneak in a few facts of life in the music business. He'd teach them about drafty rehearsal halls, all-night bus rides, cheerless hotel rooms; about the everlasting knot of tension in the pit of your stomach, for fear someone might cut your style, or draw bigger crowds, or sell more records.

Those were the reasons he had put away his trumpet and bought a neat small business in a neat small town—the town where he hoped to find the girl he wanted to marry. And he had found her. The thought of Liza warmed him like the sun. She would be delighted when she found out what he was doing for the kids. But she mustn't find out yet. When they were ready, he'd let them give her a surprise concert. Ed climbed the stairs to bed, thoroughly pleased with his new hobby.

Before Liza went to bed she told her mother about the emergency faculty meeting. "—— and the principal is simply frantic. He says our entire guidance program has failed miserably. The results of the last career survey were really frightening. More than fifty per cent of the juniors put down that they wanted to be space explorers or ballerinas or something just as impossible. Think of it!"

"By the time they have to go out and find jobs, they'll change their minds, sweetie. Now let's go to bed."

"Mother, you don't understand. And the worst of it is, one of the most serious cases is right here in our own family. I hate to tell you—I thought he was getting over it—but Mush wrote on his questionnaire that he is going to be an orchestra leader. In spite of everything I've told him, he's still determined."

"Well," said Mrs. Parker, "first he'll have to find an orchestra to lead."

"He's got to stop even thinking about such a thing," Liza stormed. "I'd rather see him dig ditches than get mixed up with the horrible people in that horrible business. They're dissipated, depraved, degenerate ——"

"Yes, dear. But I don't think we need to worry. If you'd ever listened carefully to your brother's playing, you'd know he's going to grow up to be a big help to his father in the plumbing-and-heating business."

The morning mail brought Ed Franklin a letter from his old friend, Skid Scudder. It was Skid who had taken over the band when Buster decided to put his horn in moth balls.

We're barnstorming East, Boss Man. Got a TV contract. I booked a split week in your neck of the woods so we could have a bull session. If you won't front the band any more, you slob, the least you can do is make with the fatherly advice. See you February 17th, on or about. If you haven't got an extra bed, I'll sleep on the floor. It wouldn't be the first time. Remember Jamestown?

The Buster part of Franklin remembered Jamestown very well. Their bus had skidded off the road and the band tramped miles through a sleet storm only to find that every room in the town was filled with convention delegates. They slept on the floor of the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium and awakened to learn that they had been paid off for the past week's work with a bad check.

Right then he should have known that he would always love to make music, but that making music was no way for him to make a living. Even the plush days, when he and Skid lived in penthouses and drove custom-built cars, couldn't obscure the memory of Jamestown. Well, anyway, he advised himself, there would be no Jamestown for the Mush Parker Trio. He had other plans for them.

Mush and Clanky and Egghead slaved for their new director. They soaked up harmony and theory, along with hours of drudgery at their instruments, until Ed was hard pressed to find new challenges for them. At last, one night, he told them about Skid's promised visit.

"Scudder should be here in about three weeks," he warned. "So if you're going to play for him, you'll have to get on the ball."

They nodded vigorous agreement.

"If you guys dig technique like crazy for a week," he went on, "I'll write a special for you, with Skid and me in on it too."

"Gosh," said Mush.

"Wow!" said Clanky.

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Egghead had trouble finding words. After a breathless moment, he bent over his drums and treated them to an ad-lib concerto that left no doubt about his sentiments.

When the boys were gone and the furnace had been put to bed, Ed climbed the stairs to his apartment and took his trumpet out of the trunk where he had locked it away. The moment he read Skid's letter he had known how to stage Liza's concert—with Skid on trombone for the feature number and himself on trumpet once again. There was one particular tune that needed everything he could give it.

Ten minutes with the horn in his hands filled him with despair. He had thought, when he first planned the concert, that he would simply polish up the horn for the big day. Now, he discovered, it was Buster who needed polishing. He'd have to practice as hard as the kids if he was to play the special arrangement he had in mind. That added up to quite a schedule, with a business to run and a girl to court, but he had no choice. If he could play Liza's music the way he felt it, she would know he was asking her to marry him.

When the Mush Parker Trio arrived for their next rehearsal they found their coach on the job ahead of them. He was standing beside the old piano, feet wide apart, blowing Arban studies at the rafters.

"Hey, listen," Mush whispered. "We're gonna be in fast company tonight."

"Betcha this is the night we start on the special," Clanky whispered back.

"Yeah," Egghead chimed in. "I just hope it ain't full of press rolls and kick beats."

"It won't be," said Mush wisely. "This special is gonna be strictly Buster Franklin. From the heart."

Skid Scudder strode into Franklin's Hardware & Sporting Goods on the morning of February seventeenth with a shout that rattled the stock.

"Hey, Buzz, you old goat, where are you?"

There was no answer. From somewhere he heard a familiar sound; his one-time leader was hidden in the woodwork, it seemed, playing away sweeter than ever. Skid found his way to the cellar just as Franklin realized there was someone in the store. They met on the stairs.

"Man, I love ya!" Skid bellowed. "You never played better! When can you join us? Make it next weekend when we play Cleveland. That'll give the agency time to get some publicity out and ——"

"Tacit, fellah." Franklin dragged him into the office and shoved him into a chair. "Settle down."

"What for?" Skid waved his long arms excitedly. "This is the greatest. I knew the hick routine would get you, you big fraud. Hey, gimme the phone. I gotta call the boys. This'll do them more good than a hit record. The Boss Man's comin' home!"

"No," said Ed.

"Huh?"

"No. Oh, I've been practicing a little, sure. But I'm not going back in the business, you clown. I wouldn't go back for the keys to Fort Knox. Now will you shut up and let me talk?"

Skid took it like a trouper, which he was all the way down to his socks, when he heard about Liza.

"O.K., Buzz, have it your way." He shrugged his big shoulders. "Your boy Scudder will be delighted to work a guest shot with the Mush Parker Trio. You won't mind my thinking, while I play the music, that an old pal of mine has gone off his cotton-pickin' rocker."

"You'll think about the music," he was warned, "or the Boss Man takes you apart. Got it?"

"Got it." Skid grinned all over his ugly face. "This Liza doll must be quite a dish. What's our big number gonna be? As if I couldn't guess."

Liza dressed very carefully for her date that night. She was not unaware that it was to be a special occasion. Ed had been so secretive, telling her that he had a surprise for her, but refusing to say another word. It might just be the night he planned to ask her to marry him. Of course, she had known for some time that when he did, she would say yes.

Ed pretended that he had forgotten to check the furnace, just as he and Liza were driving past the store.

"You'd better come inside and wait," he told her. "It's too cold to stay in the car."

When they entered the place, Liza decided that her best beau had also forgotten to shut off his radio. She could hear it blaring some dreadful sort of raucous dance music.

The director of the Mush Parker Trio hadn't expected to find them in a real gone session when he arrived, but there was nothing he could do but turn the session into an asset.

"Come on downstairs, Liza." He took her arm. "This is the surprise I told you about."

She allowed herself to be led to the cellar and seated in the old chair. She listened, speechless, while the trio plus Scudder polished off South Rampart Street Parade.

When they finished, Ed took a shining trumpet out of its case and tuned it lovingly. Finally he nodded to Clanky at the piano and they began to play. No shouting-marching music this time, but the far-away blues. They named the tune and talked it over first, softly and tenderly, trumpet and clarinet and piano, with brushes whispering so-so-be-it against the drumhead. The trombone came in to add things not yet said. Then the trumpet took it alone.

Buster Franklin had watched the faces of presidents and princes while he played for them, but he couldn't look at his girl as he told her he loved her. He looked at a roll of chicken wire and saw, instead, the house he wanted to build for her. He played to her about the antique andirons and the cherry table. He played about the way she would look at the altar of the little church. George Gershwin had written Liza, but it had never said so much.

Liza Parker sat very still. Her pretty face was ghostly white and her hands were clenched in her lap. For a long moment after the music ended there was complete silence. Then Liza got to her feet.

"Come with me, Mush," she commanded. "We're going home."

"Liza—wait!"

"Don't you speak to me, Ed Franklin." Her voice was like ice. "Don't ever speak to me again. Do you understand?"

Of course, he didn't understand, but there was no mistaking her contempt. Mush felt it, too; he followed his sister meekly up the stairs.

Skid was the first to recover. "Don't let her kid you, gang. We didn't smell that bad." He put a big hand on Franklin's shoulder. "What happened, Buzz? Where did we goof?"

"It wasn't your fault!" Egghead exploded. "I kept telling 'em she'd blow her stack, but they wouldn't listen."

"Take it over and make sense with it," Skid ordered, not unkindly.

"Our Miss Parker has a complex," Clanky explained. "Or maybe it's an obsession. Anyway, she hates musicians. That's why we had to keep the trio a secret. It wasn't that my dad cares if we play jazz, or anything else, as long as he don't have to listen. But Liza would have murdered the bunch of us."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Ed groaned.

"Mush had it figured that by the time we got to play real good, why, you'd have Liza all buttered up and we'd be over the hump. That goon!" Egghead kicked the piano in disgust.

"Where did she latch onto this complex?" Skid demanded.

". . . .and a fly rod and some golf clubs and a. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Aw, some dame she knew in college." Egghead kicked the piano again.

"The dame was Liza's roommate," Clanky corrected. "She got mixed up with a louse who led a rumba band. It turned out that he had a wife and three kids."

Ed looked up; he was beginning to understand.

"There was a big fat campus scandal," Clanky went on, "and the roommate was busted. She tried to kill herself, but Liza got her to the hospital just in time."

"Thank God it wasn't Liza," said Ed hoarsely.

"Sure," Egghead agreed. "But now she thinks all musicians are bums. Period."

An hour later, Skid and his old leader faced each other across the kitchen table.

"So get through to the agency in the morning," the Boss Man summed up wearily. "Tell them I'll join you as soon as I can sell the store. That shouldn't take long. It's a darn good business."

"Listen, Buzz; don't make up your mind tonight. Wait a couple days. Maybe Liza ——"

"Cut it. You can't drag a decent girl through a cesspool like that and expect her to forget it. The best thing I can do for Liza is to get out of town and let her forget me."

"If that's the way you want it." Skid knew better than to argue. "What d'you say we grab some sleep?"

"Go ahead. I've got to go down and fix the fire."

He didn't see her until he switched on the light over the furnace. She was curled up in the old Morris chair, holding his trumpet across her lap.

"Please," said Liza softly, "will you play my song again?"

He could do nothing but stand and stare at her.

"My kid brother can be quite a Dutch uncle. He gave me the talking-to of my life." She tried to say it lightly, but her voice broke and he saw the tears start. "He told me a lot of things I should have known for myself if I hadn't been such a stupid fool."

"Don't talk like that." He was brusque because it hurt so to look at her. "You were right all the way. I should have known I couldn't scrub off the music business and start over."

"No," said Liza. "You can't scrub off talent, no matter how hard you try."

He had no answer for that.

She lowered her eyes and talked to the trumpet in her lap. "Mush told me why you gave up your band and bought this store. He told me why you worked the trio like sled dogs, trying to teach them everything you knew."

"I should have kept my mouth shut," he said huskily.

"You were trying to teach them music for the sake of music." Liza rubbed the tears away with her knuckles like a little girl. "And you promised that if they study very hard, you'll help them to get jobs at college, playing, so they can pay part of their own way." She looked up at him. "You weren't trying to make a bum out of my brother. You were trying to teach him to be a man. That was what you were going to tell me tonight, wasn't it?"

"That was part of it," he admitted.

"Now will you tell me the other part?" She held out the trumpet. "Please play it again. This time I'll listen."

First he kissed her. Then he took the trumpet and played it again.

In the apartment upstairs, Skid Scudder heard and grinned to himself. He wondered how Westhill would react to his setting up shop as an insurance broker or something. He'd always meant to get out of the racket someday, and if the Boss Man intended to lead the Mush Parker Trio through four years of college, he'd certainly need a good man on trombone. THE END

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Guatemala City (Continued from Page 31)

placid courage of the modern generation is a great contrast to the pained emotion which created their community. For Guatemala City, perhaps unlike any other on earth, was founded from sheer fright.

The fright centered in the august but palpitating person of Don Martin de Mayorga, a grandee sent out from Spain to govern its 1300-mile-long colony of Central America. Shortly after Don Martin arrived in 1773, a prodigious earthquake tumbled his handsome capital of Antigua down around his ears. Rather than rebuild the half-ruined city, then the third largest in the whole Western Hemisphere, after Lima, Peru, and Mexico City, the quivering governor ordered the capital removed bodily to what he regarded as a quakeproof site on a plateau. There he laid out Guatemala City.

Don Martin did not live to see the error of his decision. A kindly Deity permitted him to pass away without further quaking. There were minor tremors later, but not until 1917–18 did devastating earth waves destroy much of Guatemala City. Nearly all tall structures, inluding the twin towers of the big cathedral on the main square, toppled into dust.

Rising from the debris, the capital rebuilt itself in such a way as to minimize the perennial risk of maintaining a city on shaky soil. To avert the sweeping fires that often start during quakes, it banned wooden construction so thoroughly that it now has only two volunteer-manned fire engines and scarcely an alarm a month. To reduce the peril of tumbling walls, nearly all of its buildings are only a story or two high, of pleasant yellow or pink masonry.

Except for a thin scattering of severely straight, tall reinforced-concrete buildings of recent construction, the city outwardly resembles a Latin-American community founded in 1776, as the guidebooks say. Most of its architecture faithfully follows the ancient Spanish design of hollow-square buildings which turn blank walls or iron-grilled windows to the streets and center their inner lives on flowery patios or courtyards. Offices and factories, as well as residences, are only one room deep on each side, with every room opening onto the veranda around the patio.

Whatever the city may lack in the way of Old Mexico's romantic balconies or Rio's tall-storied modernistic apartments, it stands as an undisputed stronghold of patio land. The patio, architecture's handiest sunshine scoop, flourishes in every conceivable form. Its construction seems ideal to give fresh-air seekers from smog-ridden Norteamerica every opportunity to go happily mad on oxygen jags in the crystal-clean mountain atmosphere. Tourists who come to know the town "from the inside" enjoy its colonial patios with flagstones and classical fountains that murmur timelessly, and the garden patios profusely planted to take constant advantage of blooms like orchids and poinsettias. The white orchid, called "*monja blanca*," or white nun, is the national flower, and poinsettias, associated with Christmas in the United States, are known here as the "*flor de Pascua*," or Easter flower.

With a year-round temperature never above ninety-two nor below forty, the city lives largely outdoors on intimate terms with nature. Even the squalls of the rainy season, from May to October, do not drive people inside for long, although antique rainspouts which project from the older buildings like cannon muzzles testify that it can come down in torrents. "The rain," Guatemalans say philosophically, "only makes the sunshine brighter."

Sunshine being free, everyone takes advantage of it. There are unromantic slum patios, overrun with children and chickens, where the watery attraction in the center is far more likely to be a mud puddle than a fountain; playground patios attached to most school classrooms; industrial patios in tiny textile plants where men and women toil at hand looms; and not one but two patios, with tall palm trees, inside the National Palace.

The old-style patio architecture raised an unsavory problem in a city with modern ideas of sanitation: How to collect the garbage from within these fortresslike residences? City garbage collectors lost so much time trying to get in that the city forbade them to enter. It also prohibits leaving garbage cans on the hot sidewalks. So center-city residents patronize their own private garbage service. Its little donkey carts with box bodies resembling peaked tool chests mystify strangers until their purpose is explained.

One pleasure in visiting Guatemala City is its spotlessness. Its spick-and-span streets put to shame those of Philadelphia, somehow chosen as the cleanest city in the United States, and most other United States and Latin-American communities. An early dictator's stiff fine for littering the sidewalks is still enforced. Nearly 2000 street cleaners in blue cotton uniforms, pushing little rubber-tired trash carts, sweep away from dawn until afternoon. If you are walking along with a local citizen and happen to see an overlooked bit of trash, he very likely will apologize for it.

Civic pride reached a new high over Guatemala City's first real international distinction: It is the capital of the only nation in the world to throw off the red grasp of communism unaided by the armed forces of allies.

Still hanging over the city, however, is one of the biggest question marks in the free world: How, in the first place, did a mere 3000 Communist Party members manage to capture control of a conservative capital of 300,000 and with it a predominantly Roman Catholic country of 3,000,000?

The national administration of Col. Carlos Castillo Armas, who led the anti-communist "Army of Liberation" to victory last year, is studying the question in an effort to give the country middle-of-the-road leadership.

One thing that is now clear is the broad pattern of the communist rise to power which so nearly made Guatemala the first Soviet satellite in the New World. Its early stages, following the overthrow of the last of a long line of military dictators in 1944, closely resembled the New Deal in the United States. The first left-wing president, Juan José Arevalo, a bespectacled professor who has been described as a combination of Harry Hopkins and Henry Wallace, preached something which he mystically termed "spiritual socialism." Sincere do-gooders and social reformers rallied to him. So did the local communists, with this difference: Only the communists knew what they were doing and where they were steering the nation.

The inner ring of Reds, operating through puppet government officials, set out secretly to control three things as essential to ruling Guatemala:

Labor, underpaid and badly exploited for centuries; the army, with its slim-salaried professional officers and draftee enlisted men; and the capital itself, which contains not only a tenth of the national population but the most active and articulate tenth of a largely rural land.

To achieve their ends, the Reds used everything from bribery to better housing to the glittering appeal of the automotive age in a country where a majority of the citizens walk barefoot or in sandals.

Infiltrating the new labor unions much as they did the early Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) in the United States, the communists engineered a law providing seven days' pay for a five-and-a-half-day week—and welded the unions into a political implement to serve communism. To appeal to farm workers whose annual cash wages seldom reached $100, the Reds expropriated coffee and banana plantations to give "land to the landless." Instead, penniless procommunists in high government offices emerged as plantation owners and became absentee landlords enjoying the high life of the capital.

In hopes of winning over the professional army officers who led the oversized 5000-man garrison of the capital, the Red regime turned over to them Guatemala City's only sizable modern residential development—smart, two-story homes which manage to combine Latin-American architecture with Frank Lloyd Wright characteristics.

To strengthen themselves in the capital itself, the Reds reinforced the home-grown communists with trained party members from Latin America and Europe and tried a novel tactic. Taking advantage of the burning desire of Guatemalans for automobiles, they commandeered an estimated 3000 vehicles and saw to it that self-important new officials serving their cause rode around in big sedans. "Even their women had at least jeeps," a city official told me. "There was always a traffic jam outside the communist-party headquarters on Seventh Street. It got so that non-communists made a joke of it: 'See, I am an honest man—I walk.'"

Despite all the communist wiles, there were anti-Red uprisings in 1949, 1950, 1952 and 1953.

After communist henchmen assassinated an army chief of staff in 1949 to prevent him from becoming a presidential candidate, rebellious army tanks shelled the elaborate green stone National Palace housing the communist regime. But their light guns failed to bite deep enough, and the rebellion collapsed.

The following year, Col. Castillo Armas led an uprising to seize the capital's key fortress. An informer betrayed him. He walked into an ambush and was machine-gunned and left for dead in a heap of bodies. Found alive and wounded, along with a huge fellow officer who had shielded him by stopping seven bullets, he was imprisoned, but burrowed out and bided his time in Honduras.

Before Castillo Armas' successful comeback, civilians who were fed up with phony Red promises tried a tactic of their own. They blocked the Central Plaza outside the National Palace with a solid wall of bodies in a passive-resistance demonstration. Red-led police ripped into them, pistols ablaze, and blood ran in the beautiful Plaza park.

However, the communists never quite managed to capture political control of the capital. Until the dictator Jorge Ubico was overthrown in 1944, city elections were so perfunctory that a squad of soldiers would be sent to cast the entire vote. Honest elections brought out a considerable vote. To the dismay of the Reds, anticommunist Martin Prado Velez was elected mayor for 1949–51 and his classmate in engineering at the local University of San Carlos, Juan Luis Lizarralde, was elected for 1952–54. The two civil engineers directed a vast street-building program which became a formidable economic weapon against the Reds. It created jobs and demonstrated that the anticommunists could accomplish more for public welfare than the Reds then in national power. Prado Velez paved more streets than all the previous mayors combined. Lizarralde in turn paved twice as many as Prado Velez had done.

"Thanks to our good mayors," a grateful citizen told me, "many streets are now better than the houses on them. Truly, as you say in English, 'They paved the way to throwing out the communists.'"

To counteract communism further, the city raised the pay of its thousands of employees and improved the public markets, which had become centers of anticommunism because of the fervent piety of the market women who run the stalls.

Suddenly in the spring of 1954 a mysterious fire roared through the wooden stalls of one of the biggest and oldest markets. While the flames still crackled, a communist land-allotment committee began distributing smoldering "building lots" to favored left-wingers. It was an obvious move to dispossess the antagonistic market women. Mayor Lizarralde, a hero of the local anti-communists, quickly outwitted the Reds. Although his wife was giving birth to twins just about then, he hurriedly rebuilt the stalls before the Reds could stake their claims.

The nation's leading clergyman, Roman Catholic Archbishop Mariano Rossell y Arellano, whose palace turns a stony shoulder toward the president's on the Central Plaza, issued an Easter pastoral letter urging Catholics to oppose "communism shielding itself under the cloak of social benefits." Then he delivered an anti-communistic Easter sermon. In reply, a left-wing congressman abused him in a vituperative speech on the floor. "Within twenty-four hours that man was dead," devout Guatemalans say with awe. Actually, the congressman, reputed to be a hard liver, toppled over at a gay party. But the pious felt heartened in their anti-communist stand by the belief that he was struck down from on High for insulting their archbishop.

Two months later, on June 17, 1954, Castillo Armas launched his liberation movement northward from Honduras into Guatemala with a few hundred lightly armed Guatemalan exiles. As he pushed through the rain-drenched jungles, recruits swelled his forces to more than 1000. There were desultory fire fights, but no real battles. The communists did not dare to order the big Guatemala City garrison into action, for fear it would go over to Castillo Armas. Instead, they appealed frantically for 50,000 workers and peasants to enlist in a people's militia. Fewer than 1000 responded. Near the end, spasmodic street fighting broke out in the capital. Guatemala City's streets are canyons that cut through solid masonry walls. Bullets cannot roam far in them, but they afford little cover from sudden gunfire. "To be caught in shooting in the streets is like finding oneself standing naked in a bullring," a lawyer told me with Latin vividness. A dentist's wife who ran into a crossfire while marketing said, "You feel every bullet, even though it does not hit you."

On June twenty-seventh, ten days from the start of the revolution, the Reds and their henchmen quit and sought refuge in foreign embassies or abroad.

Today, scarcely a trace of Guatemala City's Red terror and internal agony shows on the community's sunny and serene face. Castillo Armas, duly elected president, walks around town bareheaded and unarmed. Mayor Lizarralde, now Minister of Communications and Public Works, is intent on completing a gap in the great Pan American Highway in Guatemala with United States financial aid. The archbishop, who allowed his residence to become scabrously unpainted while he had communist neighbors in the National Palace, has repainted his abode a bright yellow. Even the huge "32's," daringly daubed on walls and sidewalks last year to remind the Red regime that Section 32 of the Guatemalan constitution forbids meddling by "international or foreign" political organizations, are fading.

If there ever was any real resentment against United States citizens, as the com-

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munists asserted, it certainly is not in evidence now. True, the United States Embassy downtown still wears bulletproof iron shutters at night, but so do some other buildings. Businessmen say the anti-United States street demonstrations of a year or more ago were entirely Red-inspired and far from spontaneous. When I asked directions of three swarthy, poorly dressed workingmen and identified myself as a United States visitor, they insisted on offering me cigarettes as a form of hospitality and we shook hands on parting.

In many respects, including its business stability and tourist trade, the capital is getting back to normal and is preparing to go even better places from there. Dubbed "the small-towner's Mexico City," it has many of the architectural, racial and gastronomical characteristics of the Mexican metropolis—including church bells, Indians and tortillas—plus the high degree of friendliness and cleanliness most often found in smaller communities.

As cities go in this fast-growing urban age, the community has the surge of youth despite its years. Its population growth since 1940 has outstripped that of such United States communities as Fort Worth, Akron, Omaha and Long Beach, California. Thanks to five public-health clinics and improved medical facilities generally, its birth rate has trebled. And nowhere are children more loved and appreciated. A crying child is seldom seen. Whole families assist the youngsters on kite-flying expeditions, a favorite pastime in this windy upland. One polite form of tipping a proud people for menial services is to give the parent money for "*dulces por los niños*"—sweets for the children—and the children usually seem to get them.

A typical Guatemala City family, according to a recent municipal survey, consists of a husband, wife and three children of school age or thereabouts. They live in two to three rooms with running water, a fireplace or charcoal brazier, electric lights and a small radio, but have only the vaguest notions of electric kitchen appliances and automatic washers. The head of the family earns two to three dollars a day, and meals consist mostly of beans, rice, corn cakes, tomatoes and peppers, with occasional eggs, chicken, pork and, very rarely, beef. The father, when he wants a drink, which is often, turns to cheap native rum rather than the excellent local beer that sells for as high as fifty cents a bottle. The father smokes regularly, the mother seldom, the oldest boy whenever he can snipe a cigarette or cigar butt.

But it is individuals, not statistical averages on humans, who make a community what it is. In Guatemala City, I met individuals aplenty—enough, in fact, to restock Greenwich Village a couple of times over. Whatever their origin and station in life, they were almost uniformly affable and charming. Some, indeed, were memorable.

There was grizzled old Arturo Espinosa, third of four generations of oxcart makers, and proprietor of a factory which produces ten carts a month slowly but surely by hand. One of his English-speaking sons remarked: "Pop thinks he has hit on a new idea—solid rubber tires for oxcarts." The old man is most thankful, however, that God has given him sons to carry on his business. For he is certain that there is a future to making oxcarts. Did not his father? And his grandfather? And now—beam of satisfaction—his sons.

There was Ricardo Sosa, energetic and ever-smiling, a Massachusetts Institute of Technology graduate who married a charming blonde from Chicago. They live in a modernistic residence decorated with exquisite early religious images and authentic cup-hilted rapiers and cutlasses of the Spanish Conquistadors. And where did these museum pieces come from? From La Casa Sosa, the ancestral home on the main square of the colonial capital of Antigua. For this M.I.T. architect is descended from Spanish dons who conquered the land a century before the Pilgrims used Plymouth Rock as a steppingstone. Right now, he holds a special grudge against communists: They confiscated his fine heirloom flintlock pistols as "dangerous weapons."

There was the handsome young man in a maroon sports jacket who showed visitors through a fantastically baroque church that his grandfather, a wealthy coffee planter from Spain, erected personally to express his devout thanks for escaping when his limousine ran off a mountain road. A border of eyes, each a foot long, runs around the entire interior to symbolize that God is watching over you.

There were others: Luis Arenas, massive and virile, with a movie actor's smile and the wavy mustache of a medieval Spaniard, still wearing the scars of communist torture inflicted after he harassed the Reds in congress as an anticommunist; Pelayo Llarena, a 1949 engineering graduate of the University of Illinois, happily married to a former coed and happily building a modern public market with eighteen-inch water mains "so big that they cannot be choked up even with coconuts!"; Jorge Sarmiento, sleek-haired young pianist who composed a creditable symphony, using Indian musical themes, before he was twenty-two; and Francisco Tejera, archaeologist and museum director, who is as much at home on a Mayan Indian pyramid as in a modern drawing room.

Then there was the legless little beggar boy who, perhaps best of all, personifies the spirit of Guatemala City's quick comeback. Sitting outside a hotel, he begged for "*un centavo*"—a penny. When a blond tourist angel from the United States suddenly dropped a whole dime in his lap, he leaped for joy—and disclosed a sturdy pair of brown legs that had been tucked under him.

To visitors from the United States, the most exotic people in Guatemala City are the Indians in colorful tribal attire: The men in broad-brimmed straw or peaked felt hats, heavy wool shawls, loose knee-length cotton breeches and sandals, and the women barefoot, bejeweled, in rainbow-colored skirts and with their latest baby slung on their backs between two long beribboned plaits of lustrous black hair. Guatemala City is the capital of the most Indian nation in the Western world, two thirds of the country's population being of pure aboriginal Mayan-Quiché stock. At last count, there were dwelling or camping in the city itself a fifth as many redskins as in the entire United States. When a United States tourist in a crowded market place said jokingly to his guide, "This is like being among a tribe of Indians," the guide saw no joke. "*Sí, señor*," he replied, "there are four tribes represented here."

Eight public markets, seething centers of commerce and gossip, supply almost every imaginable community need. In a semitropical city where most inhabitants do not have even iceboxes, the lady of the house or—if she is wealthy—her maid goes to market almost every day. The city has its department stores, but not even a Gimbel's or Macy's could encompass the weird variety of items on sale in the market stalls.

In addition to luscious tropical fruits and vegetables and rather poor meats, one can buy leather sandals at two dollars; Mexican-style embossed-leather saddles, made right behind the counter and virtually fitted to you if you can sit still long enough, for about twenty-five dollars; heavily embroidered women's jackets at six to ten dollars, men's fancy cotton sports shirts at four or five dollars; woven baskets, silverwork, pottery dishes and water jugs, stone mortars and pestles for rolling out the native cornmeal tortillas, assorted oil lamps of tin and pottery, native dishes cooked over charcoal while you wait, donkey harness, machetes, tall lilies at a dozen for a quarter—or a dime, if you drive a bargain—and almost everything a person can eat, wear or otherwise enjoy. Guatemalan money is valued centavo for cent and quetzal for dollar with United States currency, so that United States tourists meet with little financial confusion.

In a changing world, Guatemala City clings to centuries-old customs so strongly that Pan American World Airways, in its global guidebook, comments that the place "is for the traveler who is seeking atmosphere rather than gay night life, local color rather than chic resorts."

At five o'clock of a faintly golden dawn, the slow, assured tolling of a single church bell summons light sleepers among the worshipful. By five-thirty, the bells of Guatemala City's twenty-eight Roman Catholic churches are pealing and thundering in such an insistent clamor that even a heretic sleeping with a pillow over each ear must give them momentary heed.

The fresh, crisp ozone of morning at 5000 feet rewards early risers. The city lies as tranquil as in the early days when Spanish night watches tramped its silent streets. Somewhere in the suburbs, off toward the purple mountains, one of Guatemala City's 500 buses rasps into high gear in a noisy reminder that this is the twentieth century, not the seventeenth. The next minute, in rebuttal, a herd of goats clatters around the corner to deliver the morning milk at your door. All stand patiently while the young Indian goatherd milks one into a copper pitcher. Pasteurized cow's milk is also available, but old tastes and old practices die slowly in this semitropical clime.

Across the street from a tall building being erected of the reinforced concrete in which the earthquake-shaken community puts much faith, I watched laborers building a one-story structure of primitive sun-baked-adobe blocks. More than 1300 oxcarts and donkey carts ply the streets almost to the exclusion of trucks. The oxcarts, their wooden wheels as high as a man, move heavy freight. Donkeys haul lighter freight at a brisk clip. Several thousand large pushcarts, manned by running Indians, do the rest.

All of this, citizens solemnly assure you, represents progress. "Once there were *barrancos*—ravines or gulleys—twenty feet deep in the dirt streets and nothing on wheels could pass. Now, with modern paving, the carts can go anywhere. As for the pushcarts, in the old days the Indians carried the whole load on their backs."

Three widely used systems of public communication are as elementary as early Indian smoke signals. A sudden display of red flags, far from meaning a communist uprising, announces that the *tiendas*, or neighborhood shops, with the flags have fresh meat on sale. Red lanterns beckoning on Saturday night are a come-hither for nothing more alluring than hot tamales, a thick Spanish-American corn cake. To herald the start of religious processions on holy days, the devout explode small black-powder bombs outside the churches where the processions form. The flat thuds are a signal to line the curbs and watch.

Change of any kind, when it does come to Guatemala City, is likely to come as fitfully as a convulsion.

A surprising result of one sudden upheaval is that there are twice as many Protestant churches in the community as Roman Catholic ones. The Reformer, Barrios, while president seventy-five years ago, confiscated much church property, exiled the Jesuits and other orders, and invited in Protestant missionaries to offset what he regarded as the excessive political influence of the Roman Catholic church. As a result Protestant clergymen of a dozen denominations now preach in Spanish at well-attended services. A businessman confided to me, however, that "the Catholic churches do the volume business."

In another abrupt move, Gen. Jorge Ubico, the thin-lipped dictator who ruled until 1944, decreed that a cultural and recreational center be built on the city's outskirts at Aurora. There now arise on the spot the National Archaeological Museum, with its superb displays of Indian relics; the National Historical Museum, with the double-edged sword of the Spanish conqueror, Don Pedro de Alvarado, and a genuine Spanish treasure chest; the Museum of Natural History; a horse-racing track, and an amusement park, complete with Ferris wheel and swimming pools, where you can skip the musty centuries and buy a fresh hot dog "with or without."

In a sudden fever of construction a few years ago, an unsightly midcity ravine which served as a refuse dump was turned into a convenient park with a 50,000-capacity stadium, used mostly for soccer; a fieldhouse and a big swimming pool, all built to Olympic standards. Nearby, beneath a frowning old hilltop fortress which once awed the citizenry into submission, the new civic center is going up. Its seven-story concrete City Hall is so modern that it has no patio at all. Tax offices are thoughtfully placed on the first floor for the convenience of taxpayers, who formerly were prodded into paying up at bayonet point.

For anyone who develops a choking feeling that Guatemala City is becoming "too modern," there is always a handy refuge. Twenty-seven miles away over one of the nation's few good roads, the once-abandoned capital of Antigua lives on as a drowsy market town. It has dozed so long amid its romantic ruins that it is now recognized as the Williamsburg of Spanish America. Its captain general's palace, 277-year-old university, hall of justice and many picturesque old churches and chapels are still intact and original. Modernization has been outlawed. A recent law forbids altering buildings or even the cobbled sixteenth-century streets. Everywhere, there is the tranquillity of timelessness.

A Guatemala City citizen, eying a shiny, glass-front store next to a double-feature moviehouse on his community's busy Sixth Avenue, said to me half jokingly: "If Guatemala City ever gets to be like New York, we shall give it to the United States tourists and move back to Antigua. There we shall truly live—not fast, but long and happily."

THE END

To the Children's for Christmas

By Edith Roles Jacobs

I never thought of Christmas
any way
But centered in our house.
Whatever track
Had led our children off, on
this one day
Must turn and bring them and
their children back.
Yet now *our* house is closed.
This year, before
Their fires we learn a sharing
that we tried
To teach: a gay son greets us
at his door;
A daughter has her new
housewifely pride.

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What Happened to These Children?

(Continued from Page 27)

miller's wheel and iron bar, and the stolid burghers of Hamelin preferred to be known as good millers, good tradesmen. A reputation for having too many rats is not good in the daily grind of the milling business.

But today in Hamelin the Piper is a very popular fellow again, for the local bureau of tourism has discovered that his silver flute has become a golden horn, a cornucopia overflowing with tourist dollars. From early May until late in September several thousand tourists pass through Hamelin every week, and each Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, in the town square, there is a moving little drama in two acts. A local postman, clad in a motley coat with red-and-yellow scarf, plays the Piper. (He uses a clarinet instead of a flute, since he cannot play the flute.) Seventy-five of the handsomest children in Hamelin, who have been chosen in keen competition and rehearsed all spring, are in the cast. Thirty-five play the small fry of old Hamelin, cast in the costumes of that day, and forty don moleskin costumes and play the rats. All the younger kids prefer being rats, which solves that problem.

The little play is hard to beat for plot, action and suspense. Performed in the shadows of the gabled houses, on an open wooden stage over the cobblestone street, by real Hamelin children, it has a charming realism. On the stage, as the playlet opens, are the mayor and city aldermen—acted today by minor city officials—and they have a harassing problem, the plague of rats. Most of us in the English-speaking world recall the story from the dramatic, bouncy poem by Robert Browning:

Rats!
They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

Now onto the scene comes a strange man, tall and thin, "his queer long coat from heel to head was half of yellow and half of red," blond hair and swarthy complexion, eyes now blue, now green, and with lips where smiles go out and in. He claims to be a wandering troubleshooter, and for 1000 guilders guarantees to rid Hamelin of all its rats. Agreed, pledge the mayor and city council. And they watch in happy amazement as the stranger flutes his way up one street and down another, the rats dancing attendance on his eerie melody, until he tricks them on down to the Weser River and death by drowning. Save for one stout rat who swam across, bringing the message to his brother rats to stay out of Hamelin and all similar rat races.

Arrives the moment of truth, Act II, Scene 1, back in front of the town hall. The Piper comes to collect his 1000 guilders. But the mayor, unaware that at precisely this moment a memorable proverb is being born, refuses to pay the Piper. The Piper, mumbling something to the effect that those who put him in a passion will find him pipe in another fashion, leaves town.

In the final scene the Piper returns, and now he plays a different tune. This time the children follow him, not down to the Weser River, but off in the other direction toward Koppelberg Hill. This magic little mountain suddenly opens, and within it disappear the Piper and his band of 130 children.

Here we have the essential story, the variants come later, and it is interesting to note how Browning, like everybody else who has had a go at spinning this tale, is intrigued by what teasing historical truth may lie behind it. Browning was a great traveler, and on one of his voyages in Germany in the mid-nineteenth century, he picked up a hint of what may really have happened:

And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people who ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

Browning pulled the long bow on this one, and shot truer than he knew. The children of Hamelin did not arrive in Transylvania, which is in Rumania, or any other part of Rumania. But they did go east.

The story of modern research into the Piper legend begins in the year 1934, the 650th anniversary of the event, when the city of Hamelin decided to lay on a Jubilee Year. Although a vast pile of documents by now existed in local archives, and earlier scholars had spilled plenty of ink in attempts to elucidate this or that phase of the legend, there was no Pied Piper museum as such. Six weeks before the opening the jubilee sponsors engaged Heinrich Spanuth, a sixty-four-year-old retired Hamelin high-school principal, to assemble all possible source material pertaining to the legend. Spanuth pitched into his research with such glee, and uncovered so much material, old and new, that this museum display became a permanent institution, and in Hamelin today he presides as a kind of curator emeritus.

Spanuth was already in retirement in 1934 because Hitler, the modern Ratcatcher, had just come to power, and Spanuth, a liberal democrat of the old school, had been sacked. The city fathers, partly as a gesture of charity, but mainly because of his reputation as a researcher, managed to retain him in this quiet and innocuous job. The choice was a happy one all round, for almost twenty years later, years loaded with persistent inquiry and study, Heinrich Spanuth was awarded his doctor's degree, *magna cum laude*, at the University of Göttingen. The achievement of the Ph.D. by a man in his eighties was unique at Göttingen, in Germany, and probably anywhere in the world.

Recently I talked to Doctor Spanuth in his quiet study here in Hamelin. He is now eighty-five years old, his mind still sharp and as bright as a new penny. He is the epitome of the world's conception of the old-fashioned German scholar, precise, meticulous and devoted to research as an end in itself. He told me that when he first began his *magnum opus* in 1934, there was not one popular solution of the Piper puzzle, but several, all with their partisans, and a review of these previous attempts to identify the Piper shows the mountain of speculation Spanuth had to plow through.

The Battle of Sedemünder: Many scholars, aware that legend is often born in folk memory of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago," looked for such a battle in the history of Hamelin itself, and they soon found one in the year 1260. In that year the citizen-soldiers of Hamelin, several hundred strong, marched out through the city gates to do battle against similar forces from the city of Minden, and most never returned. They were slaughtered in battle before the small, nearby town of Sedemünder. They were probably piped into battle. Hence scholars, and natives of Hamelin in particular, favored this theory of the origin of the legend.

Spanuth himself had been brought up to believe that the Battle of Sedemünder was the most plausible version of what really happened. But now he cocked a more skeptical eye, and for several reasons. Firstly, the battle took place in 1260, and not 1284. Moreover, it was a known historical event, precisely chronicled, and memory of the battle had never died out. Finally—and here Spanuth established a rule for himself that governed all his later research—the Piper does not play the leading role. The Hamelin troops may have been piped into battle, but the obvious and known leader was the first magistrate, the mayor.

The Children's Crusade: In the year 1212 there took place one of the most frightful and ghastly events in the history of the Middle Ages or of any age. Inspired and steamed up by chivalric derring-do, some 50,000 children of France and Germany set out, on foot, to liberate the unredeemed Holy Land. The Encyclopædia Britannica, which rarely waxes indignant, records how "these boys and girls were persuaded, by some pestilent dreamers, that their childish innocence would effect what their immoral fathers had failed to accomplish, and so left their homes on an expedition to capture the Holy Land." The vast majority never returned; the happiest of them were drowned in the Mediterranean, the rest were kidnaped by slave dealers and sold into Egypt.

The Britannica also states that the Children's Crusade was the likeliest origin of the legend of the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Doctor Spanuth believes otherwise. From 1212 to 1284 is quite a stretch, three whole generations. Moreover, the German leader of the juvenile Crusade was a known historical figure, a crackpot peasant kid named Nicolas, from near Cologne on the Rhine. There is no record that Nicolas ever preached near Hamelin—125 miles northeast of Cologne—or that any Hamelin children left on the ill-fated expedition.

The St. Vitus's Dance Craze: The German philosopher Leibniz, himself a native of Saxony, was the first to suggest that this medieval jitterbug epidemic might lie at the bottom of the Hamelin legend. St. Vitus's Dance, a kind of "insanity of the muscles" which modern medicine knows as *chorea*, did afflict whole bands of children, and they often danced wildly from town to town, looking for a chapel of Saint Vitus. But these convulsions were never led by a piper, the known epidemic outbreaks were in the earlier part of the thirteenth century, and usually in Swabia, in Southern Germany. There is nothing to connect the dance mania with Hamelin.

The False Emperor Frederick: Still another event, which helps recall to our modern minds what a tumultuous century the thirteenth really was, was the appearance of several impostors claiming to be the Holy Roman Emperor. The true and great Emperor, Frederick II of Hohenstaufen, had died in 1250, after a prosperous reign. The interregnum that followed was a time of troubles, and several charlatans sprang up claiming to be the one true emperor, not dead, just sleeping. In the year 1283, one of these demagogues, named Tile Kolup, did show in Central Germany, but he was promptly hanged by the legal emperor, Rudolf of Hapsburg. It is easy to see what attracted some scholars to make the otherwise far-fetched connection between Tile Kolup and the Pied Piper—the close proximity of the dates.

The Plague: Finally, among the persistent theories down through the centuries, the exodus of the Hamelin children was interpreted as a visitation of the plague, Black Death. While it is true that in the Bible and other ancient literature mice and rats are the most common symbols of pestilence, Doctor Spanuth rejected this solution for two reasons. There is no such plague recorded in the city records of Hamelin, nor would there be any sound reason for covering up the event. Secondly, he was chary of all symbolic interpretations. Once the door of symbolism is open, anyone can walk in, including the Freudians with their insistence that the Pied Piper is a whopping father symbol.

Curiously, one really important political event of medieval Europe, which got only cursory notice from earlier researchers on the trail of the Pied Piper, was the stepping up of mass emigration to the east, the steady march of German colonists beyond the Elbe and into the sparsely settled areas of Eastern Europe, the mighty *Drang nach Osten.* During the Hamelin Jubilee of 1934 there arrived on the scene—by pure chance he came during the festival itself—one Wolfgang Wann, the archivist of the city of Troppau, in Moravia. Wann himself was a descendant of those early German colonists, and his official mission to Hamelin was to trace and complete the record of the founding of Troppau by settlers who came from the Weser land. Troppau, about 300 miles east of Hamelin, lies in what was once known as Austrian Silesia, or Moravia, later became part of Czechoslovakia, the German part best known as the Sudetenland.

Sudeten-German Wann first planted in Heinrich Spanuth's mind the germ of what later became the leading idea of his research, the strong chance that there was some connection between the birth of the Pied Piper legend and the German eastern emigration. The two scholars entered into a friendly pact and division of labor. Spanuth was to pursue the literary history of the legend backward, in an attempt to discover its earliest origins. Wann agreed to continue his archivist's research in Troppau with special attention to Hamelin and its legend.

It was on a second junket of Wann's to Hamelin, two years later, that the two men made a joint and important discovery. Spanuth, who by this time had ransacked hundreds of libraries and pored over a thousand dusty manuscripts, seemed up against a stone wall. The earliest printed version of the Piper legend he could discover dated only from the mid-sixteenth century. This seemed to confirm the belief of many skeptics that nothing important happened in Hamelin in 1284, but that the story was made up, out of whole cloth, three centuries later. But Spanuth had come across a note, in a diary kept by the philosopher Leibniz, referring to a fourteenth-century Piper manuscript in the archives of the town of Lüneburg, a city some ninety miles northeast of Hamelin. This was a thin clue, Lüneburg authorities denied that such a manuscript existed in their vaults, but Wann and Spanuth set out for Lüneburg to make sure. It was a needle-in-the-haystack search, but with great good fortune old Spanuth, thumbing through a dusty chronicle called The Golden Chain, written in Latin in 1370 by the monk Heinrich of Hereford, turned it over, and on the back of the last tattered page spotted the magic word "Hamelin."

This was real finger luck, in the fourth hour of a search that might have lasted weeks. Here, printed in English for the first time, is the earliest extant version of what was to become a world-famous legend:

In Hamelin in the year 1284, and on the feast day of Saints John and Paul, there occurred a wondrous event. A young man of about thirty years, handsome and well-clothed so that all who saw admired him, entered Hamelin by the Weser Gate. He began piping through town on a magic silver flute. And all the children, to the number of 130,

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followed him out the East Gate. There, by Calvary Cross, they suddenly vanished. . . . This story I found in an old book, and the mother of the deacon John of Luede saw the children leave town.

Literary detectives really love a find like this, and Spanuth used it as a kind of academic Geiger counter. Here clearly we have a story, partly a factual story, but making the first jump into the realm of saga; already it has become a "wondrous event." When was it written? Obviously after 1370, the known date of The Golden Chain. The last sentence is written in a distinctly different monkish hand, but it contains the important reference to a still earlier book, and to the mother of the deacon. Thus not an eyewitness account, but a hearsay account identifying a quite probable eyewitness. Assuming the earlier and lost book to have been written about 1350, in the time of the known John of Luede, his mother could well have been a young child in Hamelin in 1284. And, as befitted the future mother of a deacon, too prim to follow an unknown piper out of town.

Several other important conclusions flowed from Spanuth's discovery of the lost Lüneburg manuscript. Now our Piper emerges not as a daemonic or evil character, but as a quite charming fellow, well-dressed too. He is about thirty, has a silver flute, and the date of his performance in Hamelin now seems beyond dispute, June 26, 1284. Moreover, this terse account resembles, sentence by sentence, the verse-rhyme versions one finds today carved on the Ratcatcher's House and the Wedding House in Hamelin, although the latter are even simpler. Invoking the sound principle that the simpler version of any story is usually the earlier one, and by the same logic more accurate, Spanuth concluded that these house descriptions, always dismissed before because carved in the sixteenth century, are valid sources. They must have existed on earlier houses, torn down to make place for the present, fancier buildings.

Assuming these verse rhymes to be authentic, and now knowing the Lüneburg manuscript account, Spanuth cleared up a mystery that had long puzzled many natives of Hamelin. For, in reality, there has never been any such place as Koppelberg Hill. *Koppen*, plural *Koppeln*, was local medieval dialect for a "rolling meadow." Old maps reveal that such a place did exist east of town, and that the stations of the cross were erected there, hence the references to Calvary. But later German writers, not from Hamelin, and assuming the stations of the cross would be on hills, changed *Koppen* to *Koppenberg*, or Koppen Mountain. Thus, through a linguistic boner, the idea of the magic mountain, a persistent theme in genuine fairy tales, was embodied in the Hamelin legend.

But the modern reader must have noted another, more glaring absence from the rediscovered Lüneburg manuscript—there is no mention here—none whatsoever—of a plague of rats, nor is the Piper a ratcatcher. As Spanuth had long suspected and was later to prove by the uncovering of a second document, this Ratcatcher theme was tacked on much later by religious writers. The sixteenth century was a time of great theological disputation, and the devout found it difficult to accept that God in his mercy could punish completely innocent children. But the Bible does say that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, hence the broken pledge to the Ratcatcher introduces the theme of crime and punishment. That the Ratcatcher motif is a distinct separate legend is also shown by its existence in several other countries.

While Doctor Spanuth was busy stripping all the literary layers off the Pied Piper story, and had succeeded in pushing it back to within a century of the actual event, his colleague, Wolfgang Wann, plunged directly into the history of the thirteenth century itself. To contact Wann personally, I had to travel from Hamelin to Würzburg, in Bavaria, for by one of history's ironies Wann, who had spent a lifetime studying the trek of Germans to the east, was himself a part of the reverse trek in 1945, when the Sudetens were given a westward heave-ho by the Czechs. He was allowed sixty pounds of hand baggage, and thirty consisted of documents with which, in 1949, he won his own doctorate at the University of Würzburg.

Today's Pied Piper, a postman, uses a clarinet because he can't play the flute. Hamelin small fry vie for the privilege of playing the roles of rats.

Wann had been the city archivist of Troppau, and it is important to explain just where Troppau is. It lies in an important strategic valley of Eastern Europe known as the Moravian Gate, one of the great and few natural crossroads of Eastern Europe, along the medieval amber route from the Mediterranean to the Baltic—the only natural passage from the great plains of the Danube to the plains of Northern Germany and Poland. Troppau sprang up as a town in the thirteenth century, under the auspices of a doughty German military bishop, born Bruno, Count of Schaumburg. Bishop Bruno, who was to found more than 200 villages and thirty market towns in the Moravian Gate, knew precisely what he was doing. He wanted to secure this strategic gap, which the Mongols had threatened as late as 1241, by importing immigrants, peasants to work and hold the land.

Bishop Bruno's birthplace, Schaumburg, was a castle on the Weser River, less than ten miles downstream from Hamelin, a town he must therefore have known well. To get his colonists, Bruno would most naturally think first of his native Weser land. He sent back labor agents, known as *locatores*.

These recruiters were vigorous young men on the make, and they came back to sell emigration with the message "Go east, young men; go east." These labor agents were rewarded sometimes with money, sometimes land. To Wolfgang Wann, as he uncovered more and more documents on the activity of the bishop, the picture of the Pied Piper as one of these agents, a *locator*, began clearly to emerge. Here surely was the most valid explanation of the Piper's enticement motive, his silver flute, his colorful clothes, his arrival and departure. Departure through the East Gate of Hamelin, not with children, but with young men and women of Hamelin who had bought his colonizing zeal and spiel.

Slowly, Wann built up corroborating evidence. The bishop was most active in the period 1250–1285, precisely the time of the Hamelin exodus. He sent back several *locatores*, and always to his native Lower Saxony. In and around Troppau, Wann found evidence of since-forgotten villages with names like Hamelinkow. He located a score of modern families with such names as Hamlinus, Hamler and Hamel. But the clincher was his discovery of duplicate thirteenth-century names in the archives of old Hamelin and new Troppau, quite rare names like Leist, Rike, Fargel, Hake, Ketteler. Since in that day even family names themselves were rare, this duplication was most convincing evidence. It was already a known fact that the original settlers of Troppau were Saxons from the Weser land; now it seemed clear they were Hameliners.

Why did the Piper have such recruiting luck in Hamelin? In the evidence Doctor Wann uncovered of similar treks, the number of immigrants was usually from thirty to fifty, a group large enough to defend itself, small enough to handle the logistics of food on a journey that would last at least one month. Herewith Doctor Wann's explanation:

"Hamelin in 1284 was a social pressure cooker, a walled town of 2000 residents and growing fast. But to be a citizen one had to be a *bürger*, a property owner, and a few grasping patrician families held everything. They owned the crowded housing, and refused to expand the town walls. They owned all the woods around Hamelin, and reserved for themselves cutting privileges, fuel for the cold winters. Moreover, in land speculation, they had bought up all the open fields around Hamelin, thus driving into town many dispossessed peasants, an angry proletariat. These uprooted farmers, or, more likely, their land-hungry sons and daughters, were natural volunteers in the Piper's offer of a new deal."

Why the conspiracy of silence in Hamelin?

"An exodus of this magnitude, probably sixty able-bodied men and sixty young women, was a jolt to the economics of medieval Hamelin, a great loss of cheap local labor. The mayor and aldermen, tools of the patrician class, could not prevent the exodus without a bloody revolt. But they could try to smother all record of it, fearful that it might happen again. Since these gentry were the only ones in town who could write, this was not difficult. But the wrathful common people of Hamelin, including the families that had lost their sons and daughters, kept alive the memory of the dread departure, by word of mouth."

This seemed to tie most of the loose ends together, but Doctor Wann was not quite finished with his own tale:

"Let me tell you my most recent surmise. The date of June twenty-sixth that has come down to us through the centuries may have a double importance. For the last week in June is the time, in Germany, of the *Johannistag*, or summer-solstice celebrations. Even today, in Saxony, peasants perform the ancient pagan rite of rolling fire wheels down hills. This cultism is a good excuse for another old Teutonic custom, a three-day boozing binge. Now the Piper, who probably stayed in Hamelin several weeks to organize his great expedition, would normally choose a long June day as the best day for departure—long summer evenings would shorten travel time, and would allow for the planting of a late crop when the colonists arrived in Troppau or the harvesting of crops of earlier emigrants.

"But those who were about to depart, the sixty wanderlusting young men, would want to shake the dust of the old town from their heels in one long farewell carousal. My hunch is that there was a mass nuptial, a marrying-up with their sixty local sweethearts before shoving off for the unknown east in their covered wagons. Evidence of this custom exists in accounts I have found of other treks. First the mass marriage, then the *Johannistag* binge, then church the last Sunday morning, and off through the East Gate, behind the triumphant Piper.

"Tradition is a binding thing. When a bride is married, today in twentieth-century Hamelin, the wedding procession is silent when it passes down the Street of No Noise, literally 'The Street of No Drums and Trumpets.' Perhaps ——"

I left Doctor Wann on that note of perhaps. Let doubting Thomases, who won't follow the tale this far, go write their own theses. Doctor Wann's speculative vision of the hot time that last night in old Hamelin town really ends an old, old story on a brand-new upbeat note. And if it isn't true, it should be.

THE END

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The Warmhearted Polar Bear

(Continued from Page 23)

cute act. Properly handled, the captain's wife was always ready to pet him, and the crew was always ready for games or wrestling matches. There were endless things to upset or take apart; they all ruined his palate with cooked meat and sweets, softened him up with warm places to sleep, developed his ear for harmony with accordion music, taught him to dance in a clumsy, shuffling fashion, and indoctrinated him with the notion that life was an endless, heedless picnic so long as he behaved himself and looked cuddly. Then they went off and left him with nothing but darkness, cold, trouble, hunger, monotony and the horrid crashing and roaring of the ice.

When he recalled these things—the captain's wife, the bearded young Frenchman, Armand, and his accordion, and all the rest of it—he was filled with moral indignation, and then rage. On the anniversary of their perfidy he gave way to his feelings, roaring, throwing the cold rocks around and tearing up everything within reach.

Later that afternoon, hoarse and weary from his tantrum, he sat down on the cold rocks, stared at the basin, empty of everything except frigid water and rotting ice, and considered his prospects for the future. He had often tried to do this before, but he wasn't the concentrating type and his mind soon wandered off the subject. This time he was more disgruntled than usual and managed to stay on the subject a little longer; long enough, at least, to decide that he should get out of the country, as his friends on the Bonadventure had done. There must be, he thought with an unusual flowering of logic, a better place to the south if they went there; food must be easier to come by, the way they treated it, and there was probably plenty of warmth and music. He might even see them again, especially the captain's wife or Armand.

When he reached this point he began to get restless, for he had thought a lot already, and the questions of how to get south without walking and how to eat on the way were complicated and the answers were singularly elusive. It made no difference whether he approached them directly or tried to creep up on them in a roundabout way; they failed to develop, and presently, weary of it all, he decided to think some more on another day, and got up and wandered up the shore.

An hour or so later, muddy and wet from all the swollen streams he had crossed, he saw a spot of white far ahead and watched it for a time. It was moving; it vanished and reappeared among the rocks and, making sure that the wind was right, he turned inland to get a look at it from cover. He had encountered several old he bears in his wanderings, and wanted no more of them, for they invariably took a dislike to him at sight and he'd had to put his best foot forward to get away from them. His dimly remembered mother, and the captain's wife, gave him more hope for females.

Some careful maneuvering and the wind settled the question; it was a she bear, and with her scent was combined the delectable smell of seal. She had meat. Whitey started for the beach at a lope. The she bear and her seal were near the water, and she stopped eating and looked up as he paused a few feet away. Her expression was alert and noncommittal, but at least there was no immediate hostility in it. Whitey lowered his head and wagged his rear; he had often ingratiated himself in such a fashion with people, and he hoped it would work again. The she bear looked at him, still chewing, but when he wagged even harder, she stopped chewing and stared at him with increasing doubt and puzzlement.

Neither of them said anything. The she bear stared at him for a moment longer, grunted and fell to eating again. Whitey began to drool; still wagging, he inched a little closer, stretched out his long neck and licked up a little blood. The she bear looked indecisive; most of the gentlemen she knew would have cuffed her off by this time and had the seal. The taste of blood made Whitey tremble with anticipation; and, very slowly, he moved a little closer still, rolled up his eyes beseechingly at the she bear, and then got his teeth into a corner of the meat. This brought the she bear to a decision; she took a sudden, full-armed swing and caught him on the ear.

He sat up with his head ringing, six feet away, and looked groggily at the she bear. She was eating again, and there wasn't much left. Things hadn't gone the way he'd expected, but he wasn't finished yet. He looked very pathetic and began to whimper.

"Please," he moaned. "Please give me some. I'm starving."

"You don't look starved to me," the she bear said, between bites, "nor crippled either." She gestured toward the basin. "Go on out there and help yourself. There are plenty more where this came from."

Whitey collapsed on the beach and whimpered more loudly. "I can't catch them!" he wailed. "I never learned how. I'm an orphan—a poor deserted orphan—and I'm hungry."

He began to inch forward again. "Stay there," the she bear said, and finished up the seal. She licked her chops and sat up. "Now then," she said. "If the welfare state has arrived, I haven't been advised of it yet. You might have been an orphan once, but it's perfectly obvious that you've been shifting for yourself for at least a year. I'll give you a word of advice: don't try that cute act on the next bear you meet or you might get your teeth knocked down your throat." She got up, shook herself and started off.

After a momentary hesitation, Whitey started after her. He admitted to himself that he had made a tactical error in handling the matter of the seal, but he was already beginning to have a few other ideas. Flattery, now, was usually useful with females of the age of this one; and besides, he was lonesome.

"And don't try to follow me either," the she bear said over her shoulder. "You look like a juvenile delinquent to me."

Whitey watched her out of sight, and hoped that the next walrus she met would get a tusk into her liver. She was an old harridan, and it was bad luck that he'd happened across her instead of a softer-hearted creature. The memory of watching her eat and the lingering smell of seal had sharpened his appetite to the point where he was willing to face the water to get a meal. With distaste, he got into the basin and swam out among the floes.

He cruised around until he saw a seal asleep on an ice pan; lying close to its escape hole, it awoke every few minutes and raised its head to look about, and he knew that he was too clumsy to get up on the pan unseen and stalk it. He would have to go through the other routine, which he abominated.

He sank lower in the water, until only his eyes and ears showed; when he came to the edge of the pan, he dived under it and swam toward the escape hole. It was dark under the ice, and it gave him horrid feelings of claustrophobia; he paddled his way to the edge of the hole and rapped sharply on the under side of the ice. The startled seal awoke and plunged through the hole. It should have landed in his waiting arms, but he had got out of position somehow, and it wiggled frantically past him and vanished into the dark water.

He made three more tries before he caught one, and by that time he was half drowned and almost too exhausted to eat it. He finally fell asleep before he finished it, and while he slept the little arctic foxes crept in and finished it for him.

When he awoke again and discovered this, he was too depressed to fall into another rage. It was the last straw. He sat for a while looking at the gnawed bones that were left, stood up and started along the shore of the basin toward the south. He didn't know how far he had to go or what he would find when he got there, but he was on his way.

For a day or two, while he moved in the direction the ship had taken, he knew that he was going the right way, but presently, what with the turns and twists of the coastline, he began to have fearful doubts. The long arm of Foxe Peninsula, thrusting out to the west, confused him still more; it didn't seem to go in the proper direction; he spent two days in indecision, running to and fro, trying to decide whether to cross the land or follow the coastline. He finally decided to follow the coast, because he couldn't remember seeing the ship try to get up on land, and so made his way around to the peninsula's western shore.

He would probably have walked all the way around Baffin Island and continued on to the Pole if he hadn't blundered into a party of Cape Dorset Eskimos who were out looking for the wife of one of their number, by name Kikortaloriak, who had disappeared the day before. As Whitey walked out from behind one end of a rock fall at the base of a cliff, the Eskimos appeared from behind the other, about a hundred yards away. Whitey would probably have tried to join them, inasmuch as they were men, but they had a few Huskies with them which started roaring for him as the first rifle bullet sang off a rock close to his head.

It had a malignant and bloodthirsty sound, and if Whitey was still inclined to harbor his delusions after hearing it, the Huskies, pouring over the rocks around him, soon dispelled them. They were big, vicious and hungry, and their single ambition at the moment was to take him apart. They were all over him before he realized what they were; their teeth were long and sharp, and their jaws were capable of cracking caribou leg bones at a bite. They did shield him from more rifle fire, because the Eskimos were afraid to shoot into the melee, but they were far from an unmixed blessing. Whitey was soon shaken from his hopeful frame of mind, and fighting for his life.

He rolled and roared and raked about him, finally driving them back for a moment; and, as he was facing the water at the time, he ran for it. It was the best thing he could have done, for in the water he soon outdistanced the dogs, and they straggled back to shore. The firing began again and bullets tore up the water about him, but he dived and swam under water and got an ice pan between himself and the Eskimos. He kept going until he came to a great iceberg slowly and majestically moving down the channel.

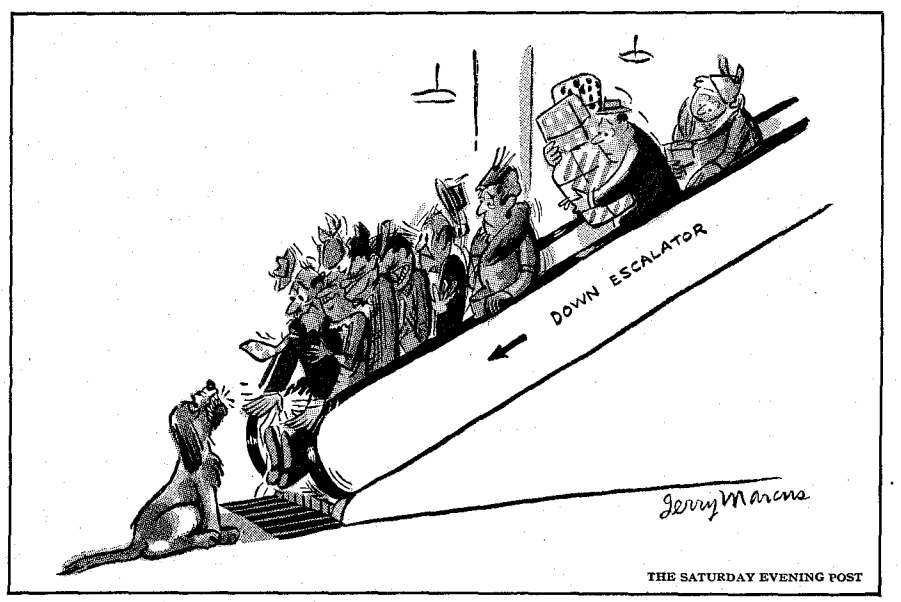
It was a beautiful thing, long, high and fantastically carved, white on top and lime green and rosy pink along the cleavage planes where it had broken off the mother glacier; he crawled up on it and flopped down to rest. He was lacerated, stiff and weary, and he remembered now that his mother had told him to stay far away from Eskimos. After a while he climbed to the top of a pinnacle of the berg to see if they were following him, but the berg had drifted past them and they were not in sight.

As he thought about them, the evil way they'd treated him and his battle with the dogs, he began to feel a stirring of something akin to pride in himself. At first the feeling puzzled him, for he had never felt it before. He had had many fits of temper, but this affair was different; he had never been attacked and fought back, and he remembered the blows he'd struck with an awakening satisfaction. The more he recalled the fight the more blows he seemed to have struck, and presently, in his mind's eye, he was pursuing a great pack of very large dogs all over the place, knocking them about at will. It was a fine thing, and soon his chest swelled so much that it was almost uncomfortable.

In this pleasant frame of mind he decided to explore the rest of the berg, and set out, mumbling happily to himself. He climbed higher still, to the summit of it, and from there could see that its shape was roughly rectangular. He was not far from one end, and started for the other.

He stayed on top for a little while, rejoicing in the view and in the fact that he was being taken somewhere at no cost to himself, and then got a bit bored with it. He went down one side and continued along near the water line. That was better; there were many caves and irregularities along the sides, and the waves broke just below him. He found a dead fish and ate it, but its small size brought to his mind the fact that he was hungry. His happy mumble changed a little and became slightly peevish, and his pace picked up. He found no more fish, but as he approached the other end the berg flattened out and suddenly, near the end and not far from the water line, there appeared a most splendid sight—the huge bulks of two dead walruses.

This was eating for a long time to come, and he started at a run for it. He was within fifty yards of the corpses when the figure of an Eskimo moved into sight around one of the walrus' heads; the Eskimo saw him, stopped and stood staring. Whitey also



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stopped, so quickly that he fell over himself. He bounced up again and stood staring back, shaken and dismayed, and his belly began to yammer desperately at him.

The Eskimo, who was the lost wife, Kikortaloriak, had been left to watch the walrus while the hunting party moved on, and was marooned when the berg broke from the glacier. She shook the skirt of her woman's parka at him in the ancient gesture of peace between women and bears, but Whitey hadn't been instructed in that matter. All he saw was an Eskimo standing between him and the meat; his belly filled his head with its clamor, it knotted and writhed within him, and his caution was overborne by these things and his new warlike picture of himself. He started anew, purposefully, for the Eskimo.

Kikortaloriak had little hope for her life, except to prolong it with the meat. She ran behind the walrus, picked up the heavy shaft of a spear from which the point had been broken, ran back, swung the shaft and by luck hit Whitey square on the nose with it. He fell over backward; lights exploded before his eyes, and pain filled him all the way back to his tail. He rolled about, howling, and, when the anguish diminished somewhat, retreated farther and presently sat up. Kikortaloriak stood by the walrus, holding the shaft, and for a moment Whitey, seeing the tons of meat once more through his watering eyes, thought of going for her again, with more care. But his head was throbbing, his nose was on fire, and he discovered that his taste for combat had evaporated. He remembered that there were easier ways to get a meal. He moved closer; Kikortaloriak picked up the shaft. Whitey at once abased himself; wagging his rear, he slowly crept closer, and the closer he crept the more rapidly he wagged himself.

Kikortaloriak for a moment was nonplused, but as Whitey rolled up his eyes, panted supinely and eyed the walrus, she got the idea. She had fed Huskies all her life and had often seen such antics. She watched him for a moment, took a knife from her belt and cut him a great wedge of meat. Still wagging now and then, he ate it and sat looking happily at her. Her relief was so great that after a bit she began to sing. She had a voice like a crow, but it had been a long time since Whitey had heard any music. He was ravished by it; he sat for a bit with his head canted and his eyes closed in ecstasy, and then, unable to bear the joy of it quietly, stood up and went into his clumsy, shuffling dance. Kikortaloriak laughed with pleasure and renewed hope, and sang on. When she was tired, she stopped; Whitey sat down again, and they beamed upon each other while the berg moved majestically on.

And so they were carried south by the currents that move out the arctic's ice, through Hudson Strait, out into the Atlantic, down the coast of Labrador and around Newfoundland. The berg slowly diminished as the water warmed, and the walrus diminished with it. Kikortaloriak was content to be drifting south, having heard in summer camps around Cape Dorset that there were many people in that direction, and Whitey didn't care where he went.

They got on together very well until they came to the limit of drift ice below Nova Scotia, where the current swings east, away from the coast. Kikortaloriak didn't want to go east; she knew vaguely that there was a lot of empty ocean that way; she was determined to go south, and so she became possessed by a minor devil. First she sat brooding, and then she ran about, saying, "*Pin-ung-nak! Pin-ung-nak!*" which means "South! South!"

Then a brilliant idea occurred to her. She took Whitey to the end of the berg, got into the water and began to kick with her feet. She indicated to Whitey that he was to do the same thing. He stared at her, amused, and she began to scream at him. He was amused no longer, and wandered off, whereupon she ran for the spear shaft and pursued him. Whitey finally had to give in and start paddling.

Whatever minute propulsive effort Whitey was able to exert would ordinarily have done nothing but increase his appetite, but an odd and uncharacteristic wind came up. For a time it just equalized the current; and so Whitey's energy, like the fabled straw which broke some camel's back, started them south again.

The wind held, and well out off Nantucket a Navy plane spotted them, circled the berg and saw Kikortaloriak. Presently a helicopter came out and hovered like a huge bird of prey. It frightened Whitey, who hid in the last remaining cave and watched them take off Kikortaloriak to unimaginable horrors. Before she went, she argued and even struggled with the man who came down the ladder, crying, "*Nahnook! Nahnook!*" The man didn't understand Eskimo, and couldn't comprehend that she wanted to save her bear. He was anxious to be gone, so Kikortaloriak was finally bundled, weeping, up the ladder and the bird flew away.

Boredom would have descended upon Whitey again if he'd had time for it, but the berg was rapidly melting now and breaking up. Its center of gravity shifted several times as it melted, and occasionally it would roll over, catapulting him and his larder into the sea. When this happened, he would have to struggle desperately to save himself from a watery grave and drag what was left of his rations back onto the ice again. These affairs kept him moderately busy, and in the quiet intervals the force of habit sent him to the end of the berg, where he paddled away. Kikortaloriak would have been delighted with this tribute to the force of her personality if she had been able to see him.

Aircraft occasionally came out to report on the location and drift of Whitey's ice menace to navigation, but otherwise he was left pretty much alone; the Coast Guard had ordered all boats to stay wide of it because of its unpredictable rollings. It shrank to the size of a football field, then an auditorium, then a house, and then a split-level cottage; Whitey's efforts and the wind combined to bring the berg between the Gulf Stream and the Florida coast, until late one afternoon it stood off Miami Beach. By this time the last of the walrus was gone and the berg would just hold Whitey up.

The lights ashore began to come on; they sparkled in their myriads up and down the beach and glittered high in the air. The world was filled with lights, and the sepulchral blues and screeching reds of neon, in counterpoint, flashed off and on to remind the dwellers of the place of the delights of chewing gum, whisky and somebody's matzoth.

Whitey was enthralled; it seemed to him much more intimate, friendly and exciting than the northern lights. The ice rolled a little under his feet and he decided to go ashore. He got into the water—the deliciously warm water—and struck out. It was like being gently enwrapped in summer, without the maddening nuisance of clouds of blood-sucking mosquitoes and flies. He basked in it and paddled on, bemused, finally coming ashore in front of the Roney Plaza.

He ambled happily across the beach, and as he came, big and white and dripping, to the sidewalk, into the glitter of the lights and crowds of people, there was a rippling gasp, a storm of yells and screams, and then a stampede. The noise died away as a passing wind dies, and in the following silence he stood confused a moment until he heard somewhere in front of him the lively and wonderful singing of an accordion. He started for it, through the Roney Beach Club. The caged monkeys and parrots screamed at him and thrashed about, but above the uproar he could still hear the accordion; he increased his pace and lumbered into the bar.

There was another stampede, the accordion stopped, and after a moment of whirling confusion, he was facing Armand across the overturned tables and chairs of the empty bar. Armand stared at him in disbelief; Armand didn't know whether to stand or flee; they stared at each other for a long minute and then Whitey, in his joy, began to wag himself furiously. Armand struck a chord tentatively, then another, then several more. Whitey stood up and began to dance.

"Whitey!" Armand shouted. "*Ah, mon vieux, mon ami!*" He dropped the accordion and ran across the room, throwing wide his arms. "*Ah, pauvre petit! À mon bras!*" They embraced, crooning, wagging, talking; stood off to admire each other, and embraced again. Armand, with his jacket and shirt in tatters, sat Whitey down and fed him with what solid refreshment he could find in the trampled place.

He was still doing it when the sirens came wailing, and a hastily gathered detail of police with riot guns moved rather gingerly in. They stood staring until one of them recalled their mission and shouted to Armand to get out of the way. Armand jumped up and stood in front of his new-found friend, spreading his arms.

"No! No!" he said. "You cannot shoot him! When I was a sailor at the North Pole I caught him! I trained him! He is fond of people! He came looking for me! He is my friend! I sue anybody that hurts him! Look! He wags himself! . . . Wag, Whitey!" Whitey wagged. "He dances!" He ran across the room, got his accordion, and began to play. Whitey got to his feet and began his clumsy shuffle. He was the center of attention, everyone was looking at him, and he gave it all he had.

The police detail relaxed and even began to applaud. Presently the manager stuck his head fearfully around the edge of the door and saw what was going on.

"Shoot him!" he screeched. "Shoot him! I should be having one of my acts playing house with bears while the customers all run to the airport? Shoot!"

Armand ran furiously up to him. "*Ah, cochon!*" he said to the manager. "Ah, stupid pig! He is mine! He is tame! Comprehend how much money will come in if we have him in the Garden Zoo, the only bear of the arctic that comes to Miami Beach. And where does he come? To the Roney Plaza, *naturellement*. Where else?"

The manager emerged a little from behind the door and looked at Armand. "H'm," he said; and then again, "H'm. A pool we'll get for him, hah? A pool and a nice big place to have his picture taken. So. I raise your pay, and take more publicity men on the payroll. One or two maybe."

"I have the little house," Armand said. "I take him there until you have this arranged, yes?"

"H'm?" the manager said, his mind busily engaged in framing his newspaper release. "Sure. I get them started now."

He ran out, and Armand and Whitey soon followed him. Practically arm in arm they emerged into the street and set out for Armand's little house. The air was soft as cream, there was a rustle of palms on the wind; the world was full of delightful smells, and Armand began to play softly a happy tune on his accordion as they marched. Whitey ambled along beside him, touching him frequently, bemused with bliss. He had come home; it was characteristic of him that he never thought of Kikortaloriak, who had brought all this about. THE END

THE TRAVELER'S FRIEND

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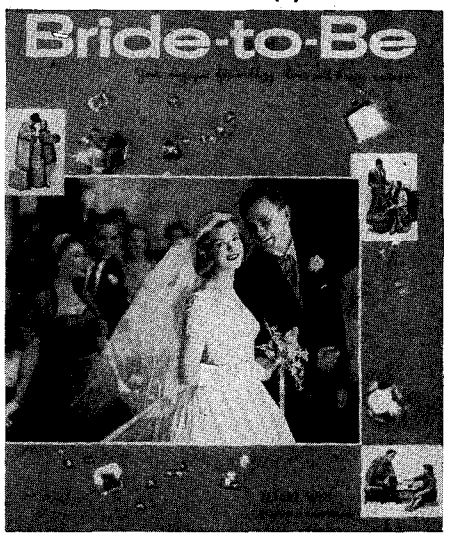

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This is My Story (Continued from Page 21)

Washington I got myself involved in flying gliders, which are a wonderful craft in which to learn the fundamentals; and pretty soon Bob Ashburn, one of the old-time airport operators who sweated out his career the hard way, was teaching me a lot about single-engine flying, especially in seaplanes. The two of us racked up hundreds of hours in the air. (Bob, who is now on the aviation faculty at The American University in Washington, is one of the best instructors who ever lived, and a grand gent.) After the automobile accident which smashed my hips, I was flying again long before I could walk or drive an automobile. There were other instructors along the way who taught me about instrument flying and larger airplanes, and eventually the time came when I could own and fly my own planes, and I was wedded to aviation for life.

In the meantime, I had tried several times to get into the Army Air Corps and the Naval Air Service, but was always turned down because of my crippled hips. By this time the big war was approaching, and although I knew little about fighters and bombers, I did have enough sense to realize the tremendous role military aviation was to play. As an old Navy man, however, I turned my attention to naval affairs. Then, in September of 1939, Hitler struck, and the shape of things to come began to be pretty clear. In my programs, I plugged Navy recruiting and talked constantly about Navy problems.

About this time, I applied for a commission in the Naval Reserve and, as usual, was turned down because of my physical disabilities, but a good friend of mine, Lt. Comdr. Leland P. Lovette, brought up the matter one day at one of President Roosevelt's White House conferences on naval affairs.

"You mean Arthur Godfrey," the President said, "the man we hear on the radio in the mornings?"

"Yes, Mr. President," Lovette answered.

"Can he walk?" F.D.R. asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Then, of course, give him his commission," the President said, with the well-known Roosevelt twinkle in his eye. "I'm the Commander-in-Chief, and I can't get out of this chair."

Leland Lovette is now a vice-admiral, retired—gosh! I must be getting old—and is the author of a very fine book, Naval Customs, Tradition and Usage, but, so far as I am concerned, the grandest thing the guy ever did in his long and distinguished career was to edge me back into the Navy that day in the White House. And, as I soon found out, I was just edged in—just barely—at first. The physical waiver was granted on the basis that I would be assigned to "intelligence work," but I was given to understand that, once in, it wouldn't be too difficult to get myself transferred to line duty. I could get up and down ladders on a destroyer or cruiser as easily as the next guy, and it doesn't take much legs to navigate a ship. I finally did manage to get transferred to the line, but I might as well have spared myself the trouble, for the old medical record was right there, and every time I put in for some sea duty, I was turned down. And, of course, naval aviation was out of the question.

So I busied myself with public-relations work for the Navy, and, although I couldn't officially join the outfit, I also spent a lot of time with the organized Naval Reserve unit in Washington, teaching seamanship, navigation and small-boat handling, which I knew pretty well. As a matter of fact, I have one unique distinction: I am probably the only naval officer who, without resigning his commission, ever enlisted in the United States Coast Guard Reserve. During the battle of the Atlantic, the Coast Guard Reserve called in many pleasure craft to do submarine patrol duty, and they needed experienced small-boat skippers to teach the crews. I offered to help with this job but they said I was wearing too much gold braid; it seemed a little incongruous, they complained, for a two-and-a-half striper to be commanding a fifty-foot motorboat. So I enlisted as a chief boatswain's mate and everyone was happy—mostly me.

And here I want to make a point, for it is one of the central facts in my crusade for air power. Those B-29's flew to Tokyo, dumped their bomb loads with devastating effect, and most of them came back, despite everything the Japs could do. That is typical. The thing to remember is this: No American bombing mission in World War II, once successfully launched, was ever turned back short of its target due to enemy action. Planes were shot down, sometimes whole groups were destroyed, but the mission was accomplished. I'll return to this thought later because it is vital to the safety of our country.

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One of Godfrey's most prized possessions is a citation from the Air Force.

And that's as close as I ever got to sea duty during the war. By 1943, Leland Lovette had become a four-striper and was assigned to command the new cruiser, Guam. I wanted to go along as navigator, and I boned day and night under his tutelage to prepare myself for the job. Then, at the last moment, I was again turned down because of my physical defects. The services are right, of course, in demanding physical perfection, but at that time their attitude was a bitter pill for me to swallow. I gave up in disgust, got myself accredited as a Navy war correspondent, and in November of 1944 made a flying trip to the Pacific with Dick Swift, as I have mentioned earlier in this story.

We arrived in Saipan on the eve of the departure of the first B-29 raid on Tokyo, and those scores of big planes taking off for Japan fired my enthusiasm. I itched to be at the controls, and I determined then and there that I was going to learn to fly multi-engined aircraft.

After the war, when gasoline again became available, I returned to my own flying career in earnest, and pretty soon I was logging up some four-engine time with my Eastern Air Lines buddies on various test hops, inspection flights and ferry trips to Florida and New York. Since 1945 I have averaged at least 350 hours a year in all types of aircraft, civilian and military. In 1950 Brig. Gen. "Rosie" Grubbs, of the Air Force, invited me to fly in a two-place jet trainer with Lt. Dick Bull—who later was lost in Korea—and I never enjoyed anything so much in my life. No noise, scarcely any vibration, speeds previously undreamed of! Flying conventional planes isn't in it with jets. Afterward the Air Force boys ribbed me a bit.

"Why don't you quit the Naval Reserve and come on in here with us? We'll let you fly anything we've got."

Despite the fact that I was a Navy man at heart, I was tempted, and I began to talk a little on the air about that invitation. The first thing I knew, Secretary of the Navy Matthews was on the phone. "What's all this I hear about you wanting to quit the Navy?" he asked.

And that's when I gave him the business—in a respectful way, of course. I mentioned my thousands of hours in the air and that I recently had flown an Air Force jet. He protested that I was too old and that I had bad hips. I uttered some incredible thing such as "Hogwash, sir!" And, to make a long story short, it was arranged for me to fly down to Pensacola to meet Vice-Admiral John Dale Price, now retired and working in Hollywood as a consultant on Navy pictures. I told him I wanted to take the cadet training course and earn my wings.

"How old are you, Arthur?" he asked.

"Same as Jack Benny," I said. "Thirty-nine, sir."

"Horse feathers," he said. "I've got your record here in front of me. You're forty-nine."

Ah, me! The evil men do always catches up with them. When I had joined the Navy in May of 1920 as an apprentice seaman, I was only sixteen and I had lied about my age to get in. Now I confessed my sins to the admiral.

He said, "So, O.K.; you're forty-seven. And the average age of the cadets who go through here is around twenty-five. You couldn't take it, Arthur. It's too rough on an older man."

Finally he gave in, reluctantly, on the matter of age, but then he wanted to know how much time I had to take the course. Two weeks, I told him.

"You can't learn anything in two weeks," he protested. "Even our instructors' refresher course takes six weeks."

"How many hours a day do those fellows fly?" I asked.

"About three," he said.

"All right," I challenged. "With your permission, sir, I'll fly nine hours a day and cover the six weeks' course in two."

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed. "Nobody could do that." Then he paused and added thoughtfully, "But if you're serious, go ahead and take as much as you can stand; then come back and finish some other time. Remember, however, we're pulling no punches. If you want those wings, you'll have to earn them."

I told him I wouldn't want it any other way. "I have wanted Navy wings all my life," I added, "but I want to earn them just like everybody else."

Well, I went to work, and I flew and I flew and I flew until I couldn't sleep at night for the buzzing in my ears. My instructors—God bless 'em—once they saw that I was deadly serious, entered into the spirit of the thing and did everything they could to help me. When my tour of duty ended on September 23, 1950, I gave a dinner party for all the officers connected with my training and their wives; and, as it turned out, Admiral Price, without my knowledge, had invited my wife, my friend and attorney, Leo DeOrsey, and Admiral John Cassady, then deputy CNO. The admirals presented me with a certificate designating me as a naval aviator, and my sweet wife pinned the wings on my starched white uniform.

It was the proudest moment of my life, and to make the evening even more perfect, I was now wearing the three full stripes of a commander, as my promotion had come through just as I was beginning my training at Pensacola.

I told Admiral Price that I wanted to return later, perhaps in February, and continue my studies of naval aircraft, and he agreed. Later he wrote me, saying that when I came back he wanted me to learn to fly jets.

"We're getting a lot of letters," he explained, "from irate mothers, wives and sweethearts, giving us hell for turning these

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lads loose in jet planes. People seem to think jets are lethal—that only supermen can fly them. But if they find out that an old phoof like you can fly jets, they'll think anybody can do it."

So I qualified for jets in February of 1951, and, believe it or not, the critical letters stopped coming. It made me pretty happy, and I even forgave the admiral for that crack about an "old phoof."

The following September I went back again and qualified as a carrier pilot on the USS Monterey, and in February of 1952 I went through the Navy Instrument School at Corpus Christi, Texas, and received my so-called "green ticket." In October of that same year, I returned to Pensacola again and completed a course in helicopters, and later that fall I took a quick whack at blimps at Lakehurst, New Jersey.

One day during the summer of 1954, at the invitation of Jim Smith, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, I flew a Marine Corps helicopter from my farm in Virginia to the naval air station at Anacostia, D.C.; thence a twin-engined Beechcraft to the Navy field in Atlantic City to inspect some new radar units; then a Navy jet trainer back to Anacostia; and finally the same helicopter back to the farm. I was on crutches, which made it a little awkward, but it was a great day—a thrilling day. And it was the last time I ever flew naval aircraft.

That, in very brief form, covers the highlights of my own flying career, and now I must go back a little way, to 1951.

Sometime in the summer of that year, I had occasion to attend a banquet at which I heard a high-ranking naval officer sound off about the "dangerous propaganda being foisted upon the American public by the U.S. Air Force." In his rage—and I mean rage—he said that the B-36 bomber was the biggest flop ever perpetrated on the public and that the Strategic Air Command, under Gen. Curtis E. LeMay, was the most horrible waste of time and money and man power ever seen in the history of our country. He was bitter about it, and it troubled me. How come, I mused, the high brass is at each other's throats like this? I thought we had "unification."

I decided to find out for myself about the B-36, the Strategic Air Command and the Air Force in general. I laid the matter candidly before a friend of mine, the late Gen. Hoyt Vandenberg, who was then the big boss of the Air Force, and a month or so later it was arranged for me to meet General LeMay when he came to Washington. Five minutes after I had shaken hands with him, I formed an opinion of the guy which has never changed. There is a man!

I have often said that the history of our country shows that the good Lord has always helped us place the right man in the right job at the right time, beginning with George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and all the others. And I now firmly believe that the Russian communists would long ago have overrun all Western Europe but for one thing: their completely justified fear of SAC under General LeMay. Sure, no man is indispensable, and someday Curt will retire, but through his foresight and ability to organize and train, there will be others to take over. And the fact remains that LeMay will go down in history as the one man who had the vision and the understanding and the know-how and the sheer guts to whip SAC into shape at the crucial time when it was so desperately needed. That time was every moment of the past five years and will be every moment of the next five—at least.

Some of my badly misinformed friends had told me that the B-36 was such a monstrosity that the crews manned them only at gunpoint, that they often mutinied rather than take off in one, that they were rarely able to get them into the air, that the planes were slow and cumbersome, and so vulnerable to fighter attack as to be absolutely useless. You may think this sounds fantastic, and it was. None of it is true.

To be sure that I could speak authoritatively on these matters, I flew B-29's, B-50's and B-36's. Then I went to Wichita and flew the then-new B-47 all-jet medium bomber—which since that time has replaced all of SAC's B-29's and B-50's. I had once been told by a Cabinet officer that it cost $18,000 for JATO—jet-assisted take-off—alone to get a B-47 off the ground. Yet I took that ship off the field at Wichita, climbed to an altitude of almost eight miles, approached a speed of Mach 9 and landed without ever using anything but the throttle. It goes to show you.

The B-36 is also quite an airplane. Perhaps it is big and cumbersome as modern aircraft go, but it has a lot of virtues, including the fact that it has the lowest accident rate of any of our bombers. It flies very high, having an effective operational altitude higher even than some jet aircraft, and it has such tremendous firepower that it can be a highly dangerous proposition for attacking fighter planes. Yet the plain fact is that the B-36 should have been patted affectionately on the fanny long ago and retired. It is obsolescent, and has been for some time, but it is the only intercontinental bomber we have in quantity, and we'll have to make do with it until we get the B-52's we so urgently need. And there is the rub.

The best and most efficient bomber we have today is the remarkably fast, long-range, nuclear B-52. The vexing problem is that the number in actual service is so small as to be pathetic, and at the rate they are being produced today it will be twenty-four years before we have the number required to provide the minimum protection this country must have. Are you shocked? I hope so.

We actually need something like 1200 B-52 jet bombers in our offensive striking force. These aircraft, with their crews of six highly trained men, can carry and deliver the modern nuclear weapons with deadly accuracy, and they can fly where they have to go and get back. In the face of such a force—which, incidentally, wouldn't cost more than $10,000,000,000 a year to maintain—no enemy in his right senses would dare provoke a war. And that, of course, is what I'm talking about, what I'm crusading for—a powerful striking force to keep the peace. We don't want war. We want a striking force so awesome that there won't be any war.

But we also want to be ready if some power-mad dictator takes leave of his senses and decides to conquer the world, including us. Let's be more specific. The current friendlier attitude of the Russians shouldn't fool anybody. Soviet Russia is still a deadly and constantly threatening danger to our country, and that danger is pinpointed in the Soviet long-range bomber force. Unquestionably, the Soviet is building intercontinental bombers faster than we are. They couldn't possibly have got as many into the air as they did last May Day unless their program was well advanced. Remember how fast they built all those MIG's? And now, to show you how smart they are, they're junking their MIG's.

All the Russian Navy and 1000 divisions of Russian foot soldiers—if they had them—couldn't hurt our homeland, but one even inaccurately placed nuclear bomb could make rubble of New York. A Russian air attack could so cripple and devastate this country that it might never rise again, *and we couldn't stop the attack once it was launched!*

The next major war, if we have one, will open with a battle of long-range bombers, and we must be able to get the upper hand in this battle, fast and conclusively. Our first targets must be the enemy force that can bring atomic bombs to this country. We must smash at it with everything we have, wrecking their air bases, their combat airplanes, their atomic stockpiles, their whole capacity to make air war upon America. We must prevent as much of their bomber force from leaving the ground as is possible, reducing the number of enemy planes our Continental Air Force will have to deal with.

And here I return to one of the central facts of this matter, which I mentioned a while back. No American bombing mission, once launched, was ever turned back short of its target by enemy action. It is therefore only reasonable to assume that any first-class bomber force would have the same success. Despite anything we can do in the way of continental fighter defense, some enemy planes will get through. And, since nowadays one horrible H-bomb is all that's needed to wipe out an entire city, we can't afford to allow even one plane to arrive over target. So . . . we must never let the enemy get off the ground!

Actually, I believe our Air Force should be completely reorganized. There shouldn't be any Tactical Air Command or Strategic Air Command, or anything like that. There should be only one air force consisting of two branches—an offensive striking force and a defensive force—both under the direct command of the Air Force Chief of Staff.

What I propose is an immediate, thorough and public investigation—by elected representatives of the people—of the Soviet long-range, nuclear-bombing capability and of the means by which it can be countered or destroyed if necessary. It is my contention that we, as a people, are badly confused about our military situation. I think we have failed to understand the terrible potential of the SOVAC—Soviet Strategic Air Command—and therefore fail to realize that the only answer to it is a long-range nuclear-bombing force, not only as powerful as theirs but far superior. As a matter of fact, anything short of this is a witless waste.

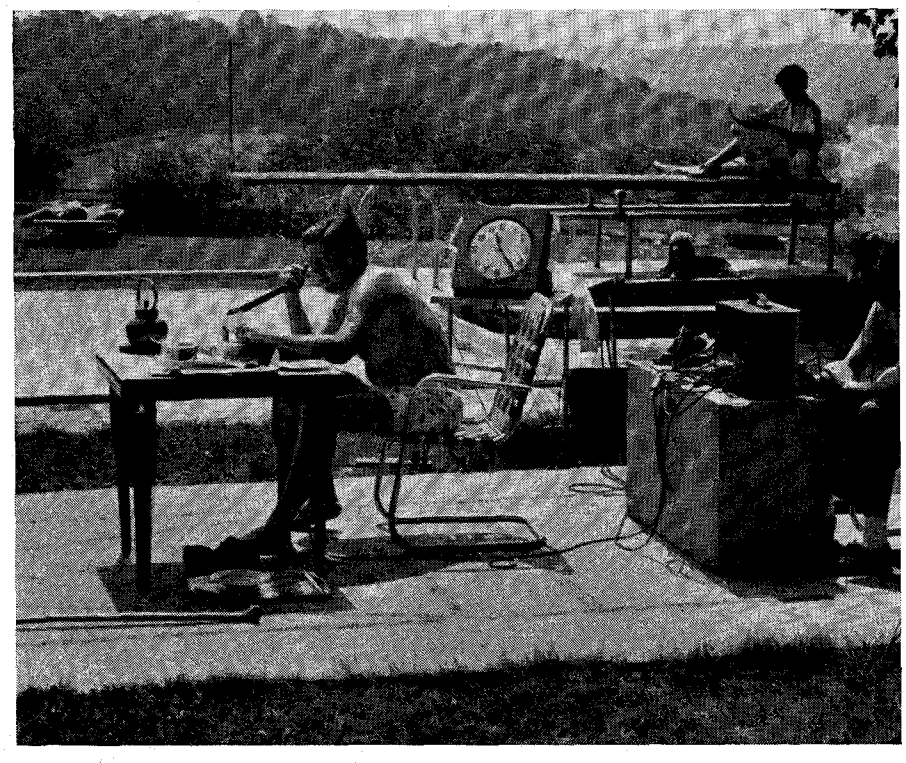
Now and then, somebody tells me with a touch of scorn, that I am not a military authority. Of course, I am not, and I don't pretend to be. Neither, except for my knowledge of flying, do I have any information about these matters that isn't available to everyone. The plain fact is, however, that I have personally investigated this problem far more intensively than the average citizen—perhaps even more carefully than most newspaper and magazine writers—and I do know what I am talking about. Moreover, I launched this crusade for air power on my own, simply because it is the consuming conviction of my life; I wasn't egged into it by Air Force brass. I say this plainly, because everyone knows of my close friendship with Curt LeMay.

I want to make it plain also that, in urging a full public investigation, I certainly don't want to see air power become a political football. But I am convinced it is only through an investigation that we will get the needed action. One thing that is sure to come out in such an investigation is that guided missiles, radar screens and fighter planes are no substitute for long-range bombers, and another is that air reserve units do not take the place of a regular Air Force. This is a full-time job for the best men and the best planes we can get. Moreover, we must pay these men enough to get top-notch personnel who will stay on the job. After all, we can't expect patriotism to take the place of decent wages.

Another thing: It was recently announced that our military inventory amounts to 124 billions of dollars in the U.S.A. Yet we have far less than 10 billions in SAC—the only outfit we've got *in being* that can deter an enemy long-range bomber attack. Something is obviously wrong, and it doesn't take a military genius to see it.

These are the things I believe about air power, and I feel them so strongly that last spring I resigned my coveted commission as commander in the Naval Reserve, because I wanted to be free to speak my piece. I intend to go right on speaking it in my programs on the air. I have violated no security rules here; in fact, the Russians know this story far better than I do. They not only know it but they are doing their damnedest to try to excel us, and if we don't get off our pudgy thighs and start being realistic about this thing, they are going to take command.

And now, in concluding this autobiography—gosh, what a word!—I want to tell you just a little about my wonderful family, and the farm where we live, near Leesburg, Virginia. As the years pass, I guess I'm getting closer and closer to the day when I won't crank up that airplane any more on Sunday afternoons and take off for



Arthur Godfrey, with engineer Ralph Schultz, does a radio show from his 2000-acre Virginia farm. The rest of the cast is in New York.

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New York. Mary and I have built ourselves a little paradise in those lovely Virginia hills, and one day when I reach the point where I feel I can no longer do any good for the millions of people who have been so kind to me, I just want to ride over those fields and through those woods and listen to the hounds in full cry.

My week in New York usually ends about midafternoon on Thursday when I go out to Teterboro Airport and get into my airplane. Usually, that will be Nan One Mike, the DC-3 I bought from Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, chairman of the board of Eastern Air Lines. Eddie is an old friend of mine, and a few years ago, when his line was getting rid of its DC-3's, I bought one at junk price—the write-off value on the books. I sent the ship to the shops and had her torn right down to the core and rebuilt. By the time we'd renewed everything that showed wear and tear, she was practically a brand-new airplane.

I get to the airport at four-thirty or five o'clock, sometimes later. Frank LaVigna—pronounced LaVeena—my copilot, is waiting. Frank is a No. 1 citizen, a fine professional pilot and a good navigator. In addition to the DC-3, I have a single-engine Beechcraft Bonanza, Nan One Jig, which we often use. But whenever the weather is doubtful, we take the DC-3 because it's one of the most rugged and dependable all-weather airplanes ever built. Mine has the finest instruments available, including a Lear Auto-Pilot and a Bendix Weather Radar, and in six years we've been canceled out by weather only four or five times. The ship cruises at 175 knots true airspeed. It has a little galley and a lavatory—and even a tea table back in the tail—in case anyone gets pneumonia! My wife chose the colors and materials of the cushions and couches.

While a DC-3 is easily flown by one man, it's a full-time job for a skilled professional to keep the airplane in first-class condition, and that's where Frank comes in. I do about 98 per cent of the actual flying myself, including all landings and take-offs and instrument approaches, because it's so much fun. I am the captain and Frank is the first officer, and we cross-check each other continuously. But he is the professional and I am the amateur. We have a standing agreement that he'll be fired immediately the first time he fails to give me hell when I am in error. And, if I may say so again, *we don't violate any safety rules.*

I usually fly nonstop from Teterboro to Leesburg, Virginia, but sometimes I land in Philadelphia or Washington to pick up a guest. It's amazing what that flight does for me. By the time Thursday comes I'm a dead duck, thanks to all the headaches with which my job is booby-trapped. Because I'm tired and nervous, and probably irritable and obnoxious, too, Frank LaVigna is very tactful. By that I mean he's not the chatty type.

Frank tells me that he sits there and watches me change before his eyes. It's relaxing to be up there in the sky, away from the studio, with nothing but airspeed, course and altitude on my mind. Frank even claims that by the time we get to Philadelphia I have usually turned into a right nice kind of gent, and if he has anything to say he starts talking. He always has some tea aboard, and somewhere along the way he makes a hot cup for me. I used to eat a sandwich going south, but I've cut that out because I'm trying to lose weight.

Usually my wife is waiting for me at the Leesburg airport. Most of the time she brings our daughter, Pat, with her, and when our boy, Mike, is home from school, he comes along too. We drive to the farm, bringing Frank LaVigna with us. Once we're home, I sit down and have a Scotch mist and relax in a house which Mary keeps lovely and lived in. I'm home again.

After dinner, Mary pours coffee in the living room by the fire. I drink a half-dozen cups of tea during the day, but at night I like a demitasse, scalding hot, and after that a properly aged cigar. To me that's solid comfort.

After that, if we've got four people on hand, we play hearts or gin. Then I go up to bed about eleven o'clock, because the past week is still riding hard on my back, and I sleep right through to eight or eight-thirty. It's a different kind of rest from the sleep I get in New York. It's quiet in the Blue Ridge country and the air is sweet and fresh.

Any time between May first and about November fifth, I stumble down to the pool as soon as I wake up and fall in. In May and November, and even the last half of October, I usually fall right out again too—for that water gets mighty cold. Even so, it starts the circulation going, and I face the day in good spirits. It was years before I could get my wife to join me in that early-morning plunge, but she loves it, too, now. In winter, Herman or Jean—our couple—brings a pot of tea to the bedside, and I sip it while reading the morning papers and try to get my mind on the radio program that goes on the air from my studio downstairs at ten o'clock. Now and then I oversleep and stumble downstairs just in time to growl a sleepy greeting into the microphone. Funny thing: people say those are always the best shows.

Since the Friday-morning show is pure radio, no TV, there's just Ralph Schultz, my engineer for many years, and myself. The rest of the cast, the orchestra and the audience are all in the New York studio. If that seems complicated, it really isn't. When I'm in New York, I sit at my desk with the phones on my ears; all I do on Friday is sit at another desk in my home in Virginia, in front of another mike, wearing another pair of phones. In the summertime, we put another mike outside to pick up the bird songs and the sounds of the locusts, bees and animules. Our urban listeners, especially, seem to enjoy these country background noises.

After the show—and another short swim when I can—I go out to the riding hall for my dressage lesson. Almost two years ago, we brought the great Hungarian Prof. Arthur Konyot and his wife and family to Virginia, installing them in one of the lovely old tenant houses on our farm. The professor, who is sixty-seven, and who has three children under four and another on the way, is one of the three or four really great high-school riders and trainers in this country today. They are a vanishing cult. Dressage, a French word meaning training, is little understood here in America, but horse lovers everywhere enjoy watching it. I've been studying under Konyot for less than a year. The horses—especially Goldie, the palomino stallion I've been exhibiting this year—are far more advanced in training than I, but I'm determined to master the art before I quit.

I ride the three or four horses we have in training for about two hours every day that I am home. Afterward, mounted on my hunter, Chief, and with Mary on her Bucky's Pride, off we go across country to look over the farm. By midafternoon lunch, Leo DeOrsey usually drives out from Washington to look over the farm accounting books and discuss possible savings here and there with our farm manager. Farming 2000 acres here in the East is a big operation, and it's easy for a man to lose his shirt if he doesn't keep tab on things. We raise beef cattle and a few horses, with about 1500 acres in pasture or under cultivation. The rest is woodland, and I have endeavored to make the place a refuge for game of all kinds. By building a couple of dams, we were able to stock our own ponds with bass and bream. Ducks and geese sometimes visit us too. We have a few quail and doves, but the darned pheasants just don't seem to like this part of the country.

Occasionally, when weather permits, we dine outdoors—sometimes with friends, sometimes just ourselves. Mike and Pat usually have overnight or weekend guests, and we love to hear the house tinkling with their gaiety. I'm glad the kids so obviously enjoy the home we built, and I dread the day when they'll grow up and leave.

Pat is a beautiful bundle of boundless energy who rides to hounds like a great lady and loves to exhibit her pony at the horse shows. She'll be fourteen next July, and, like all girls her age, can't grow up fast enough to suit herself. I wish she'd never grow a day older. She swims like a seal, sews a fine seam and bakes a grand cake, and the kitchen looks like a bomb had hit it when she gets through. She has a keen mind, misses no tricks, and spots a phony as quick as a flash, and she's pretty lazy about her school work too. She practices her piano lessons with all the patience of a wild sparrow in a canary cage, yet she loves music. She and Mike, both, for that matter.

Mike's two years older than Pat. He's a better student—always was. He rides a little, and rides well, but he doesn't love the horses as Pat and Mary and I do. I think he rides only because he knows it pleases me. He swims beautifully and plays a good tennis game and is an excellent shot and a good hunter and fisherman. He's an honor student at school and has more good-looking girl friends than I have freckles. He works on the farm all summer and runs the machinery like an old hand. Both he and Pat learned to drive cars and tractors on the farm when they were six and seven.

Farming, riding, hunting, swimming, fishing and boating occupy us all weekend, with most of the talk leaning toward horses. Our show horses are purebred Arabians, of which the most outstanding are Alyfar, a beautiful gray stallion bred on the Kellogg ranch in California; Hunzukut, a lovely chestnut mare with which Mary has won many ribbons; Sarab Al Sahra, a big chestnut stallion with four white stockings; and Sunsan, a speckled gray stallion which will one day be a terrific high-school horse. We have a band of Thoroughbred brood mares whose weanlings and yearlings are galloping over nearby pastures, and we have some hunters, Thoroughbreds and half-breds, and some quiet saddle horses for occasional city-bred visitors to ride without fear of being thrown. We haven't had too much luck yet, as you probably know, on the race tracks, but we'll keep trying. It's fun, it says here.

I gave Mike a .22 rifle when he was ten, and taught him how to use it. Later I gave him a .22 Hornet. Nowadays he's so good with a gun that when I go hunting with him he shames me. When he went away to school he made the rifle team. This year it's football, but shooting gives him a sport at which he can excel all by himself; not as Arthur Godfrey's son, but as Mike Godfrey. That's important.

Luckily, when I met my present wife, Mary—her maiden name was Mary Bourke—we had something in common, radio. In 1933 we were both working for NBC in Washington, I as an announcer and she as a stenographer. To everybody else she was just one of the more attractive and intelligent girls around the place, but for me she was something special. I even remember what she wore the first time I saw her—a blue knitted dress. It was some time before we had any dates, except hurried ones at lunch. Then I found out that she loved horses, so I took her riding in Rock Creek Park. And we went canoeing. I did some of my courting in a canoe on the Potomac River. We were married in February of 1938.

People ask me: "Why don't you put your lovely wife on TV with you? Why don't you show us your children?" The answer is that I have learned the hard way, and they have learned from observation, that there is nothing so priceless as the privilege of being just "one of the crowd." What happened to my first son, Dick, is a case in point. It began in school. If you're the son of a guy who is well known, it makes you "different," and that's the most horrible thing a kid can be. He can't be one of the group, and he's asked jeeringly, "Who do you think you are, a big shot?" Dick was so

"Well, well. To Ed from Ed."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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fouled up that it's a wonder it didn't lick him.

But it didn't. He has turned out to be a grand lad. He was graduated from Middlebury College in Vermont, and he married JoAnne Malmrose, a beautiful girl from Binghamton, New York. My granddaughter is a lulu. I keep hoping there'll be more.

On his own, Dick got a job with the Goodyear Rubber people in Massachusetts, and his employers never knew whose son he was until just before he quit. About that time, he came to me and said, "I've got to get into radio."

"I thought you would eventually," I said. "O.K. I'm going to send you out to a man who knows this business better than anyone, Arthur Hull Hayes. He's the CBS vice-president in charge in San Francisco."

I called up Art and told him about Dick. "Send him out," he said. "I'll start him in as a page boy." Dick was twenty-four years old and a college graduate, but he delivered the mail, swept up and placed the microphones. He asked questions and tried to figure things out. After he'd been in San Francisco for a while, he came East one Christmas and told me he wanted to do sports in radio. Dick is now a good sports announcer, and remembering the hard row he had to hoe, I'm doing my best to keep the handicap of being "Godfrey's son" from touching my younger boy, Mike.

One never knows, of course, which way one's children will go. Mary and I have tried as hard as we know how to give Mike and Pat a normal childhood. When they were babies, there was a nurse to help out, but after that Mary did the job herself. Until they reached the higher grades a year or so ago, they both went to public school and romped and played with the children of the neighborhood, most of whom live on farms much like ours. All the children they were brought up with have horses to ride, creeks to fish in and barns to dance in.

I am a nut about soil conservation and grass farming, and I take great satisfaction in improving these old acres. There are some 400 or 500 head of beef cattle—mostly white-face Herefords—roaming the fields, and we have conducted some interesting experiments in cross-breeding Brahman bulls with Hereford cows. But the horses remain our great love.

Mary is the daughter of a United States Cavalry doctor and learned to ride as a child. I bought my first mare in 1935, with nothing in mind other than using her as a cross-country hack. Then I made the mistake of breeding her to a famous old stake horse named Chilhowee—and once you have seen a foal born on your place, you are a lost soul. In our case, pretty soon we were up to here in foals, then weanlings, then yearlings, then two-year-olds, and our original twenty-eight acres had grown to 2000.

Somebody once said that the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man, and I swear it's the gospel. I wish it were possible for every young man and every young woman to ride his own horse, to care for him and to train him. A horse, like a dog, is a reflection of his master, and when you look at that reflection, it does something to your innards.

Mary and I have found that it makes people happy to watch us work the horses through the various gaits of *haute école*, and we are now working out a little routine in which we can appear together with two horses. In that way we hope to encourage a renewed interest in the pleasure horse. Actually, when you come right down to it, if I can leave our soil in better shape than when I found it, if I can make some people happier, and if I can help build the air protection this country must have, that's really all that matters. The rest is for the birds.

This is the last of eight articles by Arthur Godfrey as told to Pete Martin.

Rebirth of a Great River (Continued from Page 19)

as a result of an experience that began a couple of years ago. A friend, Clay Littick, of the Zanesville (Ohio) Publishing Company, asked me to make an industrial survey of that city and its surrounding territory. The object was to compile a catalogue of the area's resources which might be used in a campaign to bring more industries into the community.

Standing, as it does, astride the junction of the Licking and Muskingum rivers, Zanesville has an ample supply of industrial water. But the people do not drink the Muskingum. Their household water comes from eight deep wells, and inevitably the question arose as to how much additional population these wells would supply.

I had heard of an engineering firm which had proved time and again that it could increase the volume of water taken from existing wells. So I asked them what they could do for Zanesville. Their answer was quick, brief, and to the point: "Nothing."

Their method, they explained, consisted of equipping each well with a series of perforated pipes which extended outward from the well casing into the underground water-bearing strata like spokes from the hub of a wheel. Each of these pipes had the effect of leading more water into the central chamber of the well, thereby increasing the amount that could be pumped out. But the Zanesville water, they went on, contained an unusually large quantity of calcium chloride, a chemical compound that has an extraordinary capacity for absorbing and holding moisture. Its presence meant that the holes in the perforated pipes would quickly clog up thereby making the installation a useless expense.

The next question formed itself: "Where was the calcium chloride coming from?"

Before long I found out. At Barberton, Ohio, there was a large chemical plant engaged in the manufacture of soda ash from salt, limestone and other ingredients. In the process some of the chlorine in the salt combined with calcium in the limestone to make calcium chloride as a by-product. Actually there is a substantial market for the compound. It is widely used to help prevent skidding on icy highways in winter, and to hold down dust on unpaved roads in summer. But in this plant the combination occurred in industrial waste water, and a special factory would have been necessary to make it fit for marketing. Since this company had no interest in the calcium chloride, it was allowing 1600 tons of the stuff to flow into the Tuscarawas River daily. This river, in turn, flowed into the Muskingum and thence to the Ohio at Marietta.

It was here that the eye-popping fact began to emerge. By the winding route the two streams follow, it is more than 200 miles from Barberton to Marietta. Yet, throughout this entire distance the waste material from this one factory has created for many municipalities and industries a problem identical to the one obtaining at Zanesville. Not only has the calcium chloride polluted the surface streams, it has seeped from them down into the underground reservoirs. What astonished me even more was the information that this was only a sample of what stream pollution can do, and far from being the most important one, at that.

Once my eyes were opened, the desire to know more about pollution became almost obsessive. So I began asking questions. I wrote letters by the tens and scores to various recognized authorities. I collected and read cartons of books, pamphlets and reports. And, now that I have pieced together the Ohio River story, the same urge makes me want to tell it to all who will listen. For the Ohio is only one of many great basin areas in this country. In its story there is both a warning and a lesson for all.

Fortunately it takes a long time and a colossal lot of abuse to kill a big river. The Ohio began to exhibit symptoms of poor health more than half a century ago. But the parochial attitudes of those days inhibited effective action. Few cities and still fewer industries were willing to spend large sums to clean up the filth they discharged into the river until the fellow up the stream had done so first. And since the fellow upstream saw no reason why he should spend money to decontaminate water for the benefit of the downstream user, nothing got done. Obviously the situation suggested that the most reasonable attack would have to be a concerted one, but it took the better part of a half century of debate to lay the groundwork for that.

Meanwhile, in 1924, the river had become a cause for public alarm among health officers. Aided by the United States Public Health Service a group from affected states came together and worked out a co-operative deal with a few industries for a concerted attack on one aspect of the problem. They concentrated on the phenol discharged, mostly, by the coking plants serving the steel mills. Despite purifying processes, it gave drinking water taken from the river an alarming odor and a still more disagreeable taste. As a result of this initial effort the steel industry, since 1928, has voluntarily spent millions of dollars acquiring the know-how and creating the equipment to remove phenol from its waste water. They have learned how to capture and hold back from 95 to 99 per cent of all their phenolic wastes, but the 1 to 5 per cent that still trickles through makes trouble.

Phenol, however, was only one of many pollutants, and virtually nobody did anything about the rest. As the population increased and industry expanded, the river grew more and more ominously dirty. By 1930 almost anyone with a sense of sight and smell should have known that the Ohio River was definitely dying. By that time, among the 15,000,000 people inhabiting the 155,000 square miles drained by the river and its tributaries, no fewer than 5,700,000 dumped their daily output of raw human wastes into its waters. Along the banks of the streams more than 1000 manufacturing and processing enterprises hourly took enormous gulps and spewed them back contaminated by an infinite variety of industrial garbage and poisons. Ground and surface water coursing through hundreds of coal mines annually carried into the Ohio 2,500,000 tons of naturally formed acids—mostly sulphuric. These corrosive agents ate up the intake pipes and pumps in water systems supplying cities, factories and power plants; they made colanders of barge and tug bottoms and nibbled away the metal piling of bridges and trestles. In a sample survey it was found that between Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, or about half the river's length, the damage from mine acids alone was $2,071,000 a year. The sum of it all was that for long stretches of its 981-mile length, the Ohio turned black and sirupy with concentrated corruption.

One of nature's miracles is the ability of a healthy stream to police itself. The police force consists mainly of countless millions of microscopic creatures called aerobic bacteria. Some eighty-five varieties of these little living things have been identified, and to the microscopist's eye they appear mostly as minute bugs, worms or polliwogs.

Under normal conditions these minute forms of life attack and devour the pollutants, converting solids into water and harmless carbon dioxide. But in order to live they demand the presence of dissolved oxygen in the water. What happens, then, is that as the quantity of polluting substances goes up, the available supply of oxygen goes down and, like men in an airless chamber, the beneficial bacteria become inactive and die. As they disappear the river also dies.

This, actually, is what took place in various areas of the Ohio River. The worst spots were behind the dams built by the United States Army Engineers to keep the river navigable. In such places human and industrial wastes piled up against the dams like silt, reducing the oxygen below the point necessary to keep the aerobic bacteria alive. Then, in the severe droughts of 1930 and 1934, when the volume of water sank lower than usual, the areas became nothing more or less than disease-breeding, open cesspools. Along 400 miles of the river and its navigable tributaries, from Charleston, West Virginia, to Louisville, Kentucky, severe epidemics of stomach and intestinal inflammation involving thousands of cases occurred.

Significantly, it was only in the communities that drew drinking water from the streams that people sickened by the hundreds and thousands. The river had become so badly polluted that even the most careful purifying and chlorinating processes were not adequate to render it entirely safe for human consumption. Then, in 1935, 1936 and 1937, came floods that flushed the accumulated, disease-bearing filth from behind the dams and, in many cases, right into the intake pipes of the municipal water systems. Once again water-borne illness was epidemic in the Ohio Valley.

In the short view, the floods, though brutally punitive to the river communities, were a blessing in the guise of disaster. By washing away millions of tons of backed-up pollutants, they gave the aerobic bacteria another chance to live and multiply, and so restored life to the river. However, unless something was done to prevent it, what had happened once inevitably would happen again. Only, next time the action would be faster and more menacing because the steady growth of population and industry also meant a steady increase in the amount of filth dumped into the streams.

Here was a condition that threatened the health and property of literally millions of people. Yet, it fell to a handful of individuals to set in motion the chain of events that led, ultimately, to remedial action.

One of these was Hudson Biery, of Cincinnati, a patient, persistent and determined man. During 1935, Biery, who was the director of public relations for the Cincinnati Street Railway Company, also served on a Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce committee that had undertaken a drive to tidy up the city. At the end of a successful campaign, a great many members of this group had become so fired with a zeal for cleanliness that they began looking for new places to purge. While this mood was upon them, they were asked to

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endorse a proposal to have the Federal Government spend $11,000,000 to build dams and lakes to conserve the water of the Little Miami River, which flows southward into the Ohio at Cincinnati. Someone on the committee suggested, however, that the first thing to do would be to spend at least $1,000,000 cleaning up the river so that its water would be worth the cost of saving, and in this form the endorsement was enthusiastically voted. Then Biery offered still another motion. He proposed that copies of the committee's resolution be sent to civic organizations throughout the area, asking them to take a similar stand. This, too, was done.

At that time the late William F. Wiley was publisher of the Cincinnati Enquirer. For many years Wiley had been a continuous editorial thunderer against stream pollution, but, on the whole, the public response had been so meager that he must, at times, have felt like a man whistling in a wind tunnel. Now, to his surprise, he began to see in his own newspaper one small item after another reporting that this or that organization wanted something done to abate the filth in the Little Miami. To a less experienced man it might have seemed as if the great awakening, for which he had so long and publicly prayed, had at last arrived. Wiley, however, put little stock in public spontaneity; suspecting that all this outcry had a central inspiration, he made a few inquiries and so, inevitably, came upon Biery.

Concurrently, Wiley was serving a term as president of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce. In the personality of Biery and the inspired outcry over the Little Miami he glimpsed an opportunity to launch a campaign far greater in scope and consequence than anything to do with the Little Miami. His next step was to pay a call on Walter Draper, the president of the Cincinnati Street Railway, and Biery's boss. Wiley explained that he wanted to appoint a Chamber of Commerce committee to try to do something about stream pollution in the entire Ohio Valley, and that he wanted Biery to serve as chairman of that committee. The job, he pointed out, would take a lot of any man's time. Would Draper, as a public service, be willing to contribute as much of Biery's services as was necessary to get the task done?

Draper's first reaction was incredulous. "What," he demanded to know, "does the operation of a street-railway system have to do with cleaning up a hundred and fifty-five thousand miles of watershed scattered over eight states?" Then, before Wiley said anything more, Draper answered the question for himself: "If we don't conserve the health of our passengers, we may not have any. Go ahead."

Wiley did so, naming a group of fifty men—lawyers, doctors, industrialists, engineers and public officials—with Biery, a press agent, as their chairman. The task that this committee undertook was made extremely complex by two broad factors, one geographical and the other political.

Geographically the Ohio River borders five states—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky and West Virginia. It also flows through part of Pennsylvania, being formed at the foot of Pittsburgh's Golden Triangle where the Allegheny and the Monongahela rivers meet. Through the Allegheny it receives substantial quantities of water from New York State and by way of the Kanawha River, Virginia is also an important contributor. The meaning of this geographical distribution was simply that in all eight states there had to be uniform controls over what people would be allowed to dump into their streams.

At this point the geography shaded into politics. In each state there was a sharp division of opinion as to how the controls should be applied. Many argued that the only effective agency had to be the Federal Government, since it alone had the power to send its police across state lines. An equally large number, alarmed by the creeping extension of Federal power, firmly opposed every such suggestion even when they had no workable alternative to offer.

Against this background of seemingly irreconcilable differences, some middle way had to be found. Gradually, people in both camps came to accept a proposal that the eight states involved set up their own central agency. To be effective, such an organization had to have the power to force public officials and corporation executives to comply with its regulations. The whole thing was experimental, as no similar agency of such scope and authority had ever before been created in the United States.

While this concept slowly evolved, Biery carried on the work necessary to prepare both the public and the politicians for its acceptance. Throughout the area he induced local chambers of commerce and other agencies to create committees similar to the one in Cincinnati. At public meetings arranged by these groups Biery and other speakers used shock tactics to arouse the people. "We in Cincinnati," Biery would say, "can always tell when the people in Pittsburgh have had asparagus for dinner."

There was method in the crudeness. Nauseating though they might be to many who heard them, such deliberate shockers had the effect of awakening people to the situation that confronted them, and of stirring them to demand that something be done. The inpouring resolutions from civic clubs, women's clubs and other groups emboldened the political leadership to take steps the leaders might otherwise have preferred not to take. For there was powerful opposition to the movement all the way. In West Virginia the coal operators were determinedly against it. In Pittsburgh, after the executives of the local chamber of commerce had enlisted in the crusade, a group of important businessmen rose in wrath and compelled the C. of C. staff to reverse itself.

Nonetheless progress was made. The first definite break came in the summer of 1936 when the United States Congress enacted the necessary permissive legislation. In the next move the state of Ohio, through its governor, invited the other states to send delegates to a preliminary conference in Cincinnati. Under Wiley's chairmanship, this conference appointed a committee to draw up the articles of agreement. Begun in November of 1936, this document was not completed until October 11, 1938.

For all the travail that went into its writing, the compact proved to be a relatively simple document, as legal papers go. Its aim was summed up in its first article, which said: "Each of the signatory states pledges to each of the other signatory states faithful co-operation in the control of future pollution in, and abatement of existing pollution from, the rivers, streams and water in the Ohio River basin . . . (and to) maintain the waters of said basin in a satisfactory sanitary condition, available for safe and satisfactory use as public and industrial water supplies after reasonable treatment, suitable for recreational usage, capable of maintaining fish and other aquatic life, free from unsightly or malodorous nuisances due to floating solids or sludge deposits, and adaptable for such other uses as may be legitimate."

But writing an agreement was only a beginning. The next step was to get it ratified by the legislatures of all eight states. Although in some states the legislators showed a marked reluctance to approve, they were afraid of the political consequences of refusing to do so. Thus, state by state, they began to enact the compact into law. By the middle of 1940 only Pennsylvania and Virginia were needed to complete the roster. Then World War II intervened, postponing Pennsylvania's approval until 1945. In Virginia a special situation existed. In order to be effective, the compact had to be buttressed by a pollution-control board in each state, and Virginia had no such agency. The state's political leaders therefore determined to create their own state department before submitting the interstate arrangement for action. For this reason three more years passed before, on March 13, 1948, Virginia added its final O.K. With that, the Ohio River Valley Water Sanitation Commission became a living reality. After thirteen years of effort, Biery could report to the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce that his committee had completed its assignment.

The commission consists of twenty-seven members, three from each state plus three representatives of the United States Government. It has a budget of $130,000 a year, provided by the eight states, and most of this goes to maintain a permanent staff consisting principally of outstanding sanitary engineers. For its staff chief the commission chose Edward J. Cleary, an internationally recognized authority who was, at the time, executive editor of Engineering News-Record. And for their first chairman, the commissioners picked Biery.

It is doubtful if, at the outset, Biery, Cleary or anyone else had a clear conception of the magnitude of the job they faced. In the Ohio basin there were 310 cities of more than 5000 population, and 205 of these had no sewage-treatment plants at all. There were also some 1200 big- and medium-sized industrial plants discharging waste water directly into the streams. While many of these did have treatment plants of some sort, the adequacy of most was simply an unknown factor.

The control of municipal pollution is a relatively simple matter. Processes by which all settleable solids and a high proportion of the suspended solids can be removed from sewage are well known and pretty much standardized. So that the task in this field was primarily one of getting the cities to install treatment plants. But treatment plants are expensive—running from $300,000 or so for a small town to $85,000,000 for Pittsburgh and its adjacent communities in Allegheny County.

Faced with such outlays, city officials found an almost inexhaustible variety of excuses to postpone action. In its second annual report the commission bluntly called on them to quit stalling. Noting that the "crisis" of the Korean war had suddenly become popular as a reason for inaction, the commission recalled that the previous "crisis" had been one of high construction costs, which had been preceded by the "crisis" of World War II and, before that, the "crisis" of the depression. The report warned that "the only crisis with which the Ohio River Valley Water Sanitation Commission is gravely concerned is that of the continued discharge of water-borne filth into the basin streams."

In the five years since that warning was issued, real progress has been made. In 1948 there were 8,330,000 people living in the basin's sewer-equipped cities and towns, and of these the raw wastes of more than 5,000,000 were being dumped untreated into the streams. At the end of 1954 the population of these communities had jumped to more than 9,400,000. Yet, despite this very considerable increase in the total number of people, when construction now authorized or under way is complete, the number of people discharging untreated sewage into the streams will be reduced to fewer than 2,000,000. After a field trip made in June of 1955, there was an unmistakable note of joy in Cleary's report to the commission—"much swimming in the Monongahela and a vast amount of boating in the Allegheny."

But, while the reduction of human pollution has largely been a matter of prodding and spending among the municipalities, the purge of industrial waste is a far more troublesome, and frequently baffling, affair. Though not necessarily true in every instance, it can be generally stated that every different process industry uses creates a pollution problem all its own. And for many of these, men have yet to learn how to clean up the waste water.

In recognition of this stumbling block, one of the first things the commission did was to invite the co-operation of industry. By groups the steel industry, oil producers, oil refiners, metal finishers, distillers, chemical manufacturers and others formed committees of technicians to work with the commission. Out of these groups research problems have been referred to organizations such as the Mellon Institute, the Kettering Laboratory, Johns Hopkins University and other scientific centers for investigation. Currently, individual corporations and group bodies such as the American Petroleum Institute are financing pollution studies to the tune of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Obviously, all this effort is bound to lead to some answers that will help the commission get its job done. But no matter how much progress the researchers make, there will be still other kinds of problems that have, up to now, proved too big or too costly to cope with.

For example, mine acids are still flowing into the Ohio at the rate of 2,500,000 tons a year, just as they were twenty-five years ago. Since it is the chemical action of water upon minerals in the mines that creates the acid, this flow could be reduced or possibly stopped if some means were found to prevent the water from getting into the mines and thence into the streams. Given enough manpower, money and time, the mines, including the abandoned ones, might be waterproofed. But the Ohio basin contains nearly three fourths of all the coal diggings in the country and, while it is impossible to estimate what the cost would be, it is easy to guess that it would be prohibitive. Therefore mine acids probably will continue to flow indefinitely.

Even where indicated solutions are relatively simple, they are frequently very difficult and costly to effect. For a sample we can go back to the point of beginning—the calcium chloride in the Tuscarawas and Muskingum rivers.

The Barberton, Ohio, industry involved in this particular instance of pollution is the Columbia-Southern Chemical Corporation, a wholly owned subsidiary of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. In order to abate its discharge of pollutants the company is now building a $4,500,000 plant which will extract 500 tons of calcium chloride from its waste water daily. This will reduce the daily tonnage of waste by slightly less than one third. The rest will be poured into settling pits, and the land necessary for the pits has cost the company an additional $1,600,000. Hence, though it may expect some return from some part of its expenditures through the sale of calcium chloride, this one company has obligated itself to spend more than $6,000,000 to help make the Ohio a cleaner river.

Since this is only one plant among 1200 which pour a variety of wastes into the streams, its example is merely a token of the staggering size and complexity of the whole clean-up campaign. Those of us who know the Ohio basin and who recognize the problems know that it will take a long time and a lot of money before we can finally say that we have rescued our queenly river from her filthy distress. But we are proud of the progress that is being made, and we shall be prouder still if, in making it, we shall have shown other areas of the nation how they may do likewise. THE END

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The Burning Hills (Continued from Page 39)

nevertheless on the mend. Not even the grueling ride across the desert could keep his strength from rebuilding. Such life had now been his for a good many years.

If she had not been with him he would have turned back and begun to hunt the hunters. He would have been carrying the war to them, rather than running and hiding. Yet he must think of Maria Cristina first.

They were fortunate in their hiding place. There was enough grass and water for the horses, and there would be enough to fill their canteens when they left. Also, it was not at all a likely place for any searchers to look. From the outside desert it seemed to offer nothing.

"Better get some sleep," he advised, when she returned from the edge of the brush. "I'll keep watch."

"You sleep. I watch." She looked at him with level eyes, aloof, remote once more. "I call you."

He was dead tired, but he hesitated. Yet she was obviously wide awake and apparently in no mood for sleep. He walked to his bed roll and stretched out, and almost at once his muscles let go and he sagged into sleep. The last thing he remembered was a little gust of wind stirring the leaves.

A hand on his shoulder awakened him to pitch darkness. He sat up, realizing there were no stars. The night was wild with wind and heavily overcast. The brush whipped hard, and the horses stood with their backs to the wind, obviously uneasy.

"I see nothing. I rest now."

"All right." He pulled on his boots, got up and stamped his feet into them. "Feels like a storm."

"Yes, I think so."

Blown sand stung his cheek, and he pulled his hat low to keep it on his head. Reaching for his gun belts, he slung them about his hips. She moved past him in the darkness and he put his arm out and pulled her to him. Swiftly, she struck down his hand and started to move away, but seized by a sudden hot gust of desire, he caught her and drew her into his arms.

She fought desperately, wickedly. Her body was suddenly a bunch of steel wire. She drew back, struggling to free herself. He caught her face and twisted her lips roughly toward him.

Distant lightning flashed and he saw her eyes were wide, her lips parted. He bent his head toward her, and suddenly she caught the hair on the back of his head with both hands and crushed her mouth against his with fierce intensity. Then suddenly she tore at his hands and jerked free, slapping him wickedly across the face. She sprang back then, like a cornered cat, standing against the brush, half crouched.

"Don' touch me! Don' come near me! I kill you!"

For an instant he felt like taking her back into his arms and keeping her there whether she liked it or not, but he let his hands fall. What she had said was no wild statement. If he tried to force himself on her, she would kill him if she could.

"Have it your way." He picked up his rifle and started through the brush, then stopped, and grinning in spite of himself, he said, "But I'll always remember you liked it—for a minute, anyway."

"You are animal! I think I hate you!"

"You're animal, too," he said, chuckling, "and I like it that way."

"You think I am cheap woman."

"I don't think anything of the kind. I think you're a mighty fine woman, but you're balky as a mustang."

"You are a fool."

The night was black and wild. Distant lightning weirdly lit the desert, turning into a pale moonscape this ash heap from the world's creation. Thunder rumbled and muttered in the far-off canyons. The wind cuffed and slapped him, thrusting hard against his shoulder. If it grew worse, there would be no reason to remain longer, for the horses were not resting and it was doubtful if Maria Cristina would sleep.

It was raining in the mountains, and soon the washes would be running bank full, and the canyons would be twenty feet deep in roaring water.

A spatter of rain fell; then another. He went to his saddle for his slicker, and from Maria Cristina's saddle he got her poncho and spread it over her. At the moment he spread it over her the lightning flashed.

She was apparently sleeping soundly, her face in repose, as lovely as a madonna. All the fierce anger, the sudden aloofness, all that was gone. He reached down and touched her hair. So black—so very black. Like midnight caught in a web. For a moment he held a strand in his fingers; then replaced it gently and got to his feet. He took up his rifle and started back to his place at the edge of the brush, and he did not see her hand come up and touch the strand of hair he had caressed. Nor did he see her eyes, wide open in the darkness.

There were scattered dashes of rain and gusts of wind. He watched the lightning-lit desert for an hour and then another. And then it was suddenly colder and in a lightning flash he saw a solid wall of rain advancing across the desert. Swiftly, he came to his feet and turned toward the camp.

Maria Cristina was up, rolling her bed. She glanced around at him, her words torn by the wind, "We go, yes?"

"Better. Horses might stampede. Anyway, we can't rest, and they won't."

He saddled up in a driving, pelting rain and they started north. All night they drifted before the storm. Twice they crossed deep washes only minutes before rolling walls of water swept down.

Suddenly, ahead of them they heard a vast roar. Then they saw a canyon running with a tremendous rush of water which no horse living could swim.

Lightning flashed and Trace Jordan caught Maria Cristina's shoulder, gesturing toward some rocks. They rode toward them and found an overhang with its back to the storm.

Once under the rock, they were out of the rain and away from the wind. He swung down and lifted her from the horse. Then he led the two horses deeper into the cavernlike overhang and tied them to a limb of cedar that stretched into the gloom.

Rain swept by the opening, and the wind was cold. He glanced at Maria Cristina and she was shivering. Her legs from the knees down were wet. Heedless of risk, he gathered dry sticks and built a fire. The horses were restless and frightened by the storm, but a fire would calm them. Most horses accustomed to campfires enjoy their presence, and all night long will feed closer and then away from the fire, liking its friendliness and assurance of companionship. There was a pack rat's nest that offered a liberal supply of dry wood.

How far they had come he had no idea, but the storm would have wiped out their trail completely. There was a good chance they were free at last. Not even Lantz could find tracks where there were none.

With daylight Trace should recognize this country. Now they were again in an area with which he was familiar. North of them, not too far away now, was the San Bernardino Ranch, and he had visited the place, had covered all that country north to Tucson and even to Prescott and Congress.

Shivering, they huddled near the fire. The big red horse stamped and there was a momentary lull in the storm.

"Tomorrow, we will be safe. I know the man on this ranch. He is a hard man, but a good man."

"I hope."

"He is—his name is Slaughter."

"He has kill men."

"Yes, when they needed it." He added fuel to the fire. "So have I."

"Before this?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Four—five, maybe."

They waited out a blast of wind. Some rain whipped into the overhang and the fire hissed and spluttered.

"You never tell me. Why you kill Bob Sutton?"

Taking his time, he explained about Johnny Hendrix and the horses. He told her of working through stampede and storm, through the dust of long cattle drives and the smell of burning hair around branding fires. And then, of their months of effort to catch, brand and tame the horses, of this struggle to become something more than mere cow hands, to begin a business of their own. Then he told of his return from Durango and of finding the body of his friend.

"Jack Sutton," she said, "that was like him. And Mort Bayless, I think. He is another."

Trace Jordan looked out into the morning. Without their being aware of it, the sky had grown lighter. Outside the overhang the brush and trees bent stark and black before driving sheets of rain. Water stood on the desert in scattered pools that reflected the vague light.

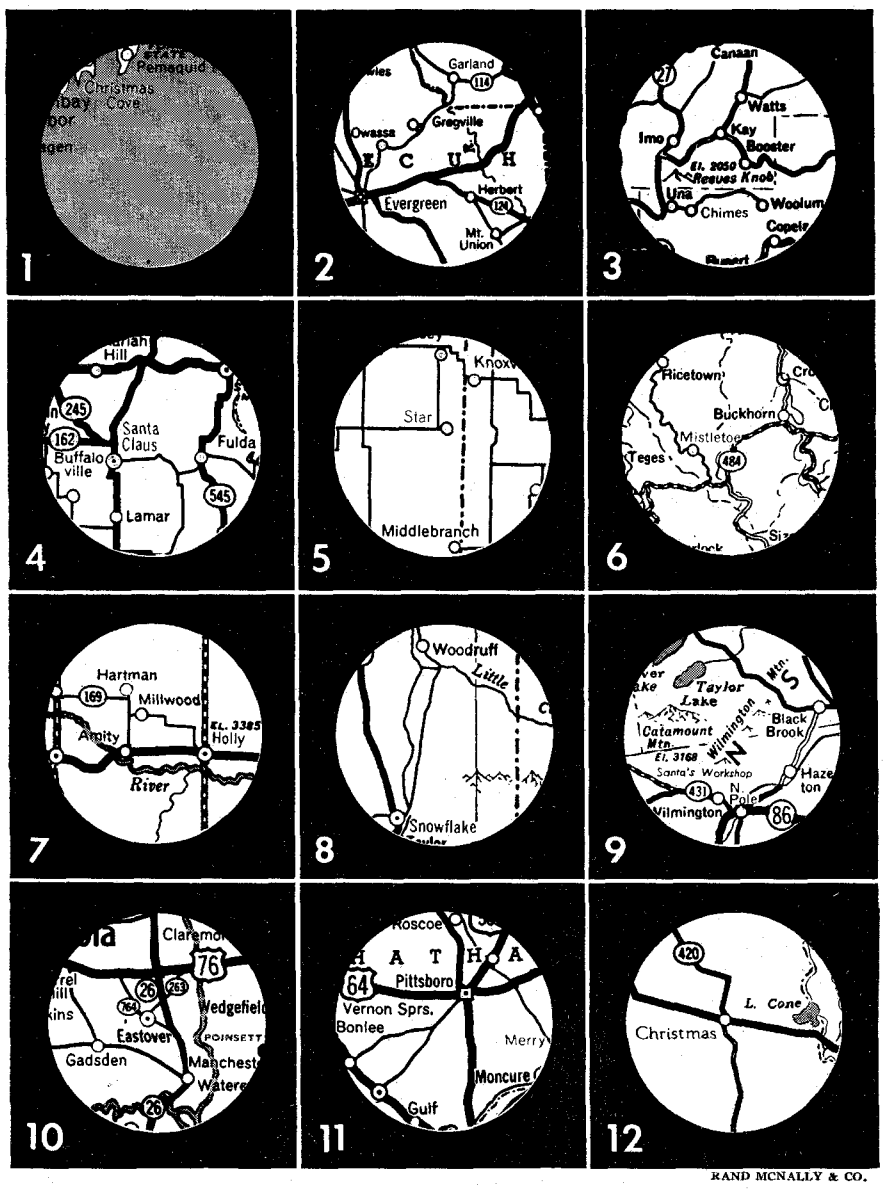
All this Jordan saw. All that, and something more. He saw, also, five rain-wet horses and five mounted men, and all those men had rifles, and all of them were looking at him. So, this far they had come, and this close, and all for nothing at all.

He stood very still, yet his mind reached swiftly forward. As at all such times, the minute seems to stand still in which each detail is impressed upon the mind.

He recognized the blocky man with the hard, square face who would be Ben Hindeman, the narrow features of old Jacob Lantz; and there were others whom he had never known and probably would never know. He saw their horses, and three of those horses had belonged to him. He saw them and he saw their guns, and knew the chase was over. He knew that his raincoat was open, that his guns were at his thighs, that he could kill one, two or even three men before they got him. But Maria Cristina sat by the fire close to him, and she might be hit or she would be left to the vengeance of those who did not fall.

"Howdy, boys," he spoke casually. "Kind of wet out there, ain't it?"

At his voice, Maria Cristina looked up. Her face stiffened with shock, and she got to her knees.



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce**

(Answers on Page 65)

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The heavy man in the slicker studied Jordan through the rain. It was no wonder, Hindeman thought, that it had taken so long. Lantz was right, this man was a curly wolf, with his back to the wall.

Jacob Lantz sat a little apart. He sat his saddle, looking at Jordan.

"You killed Old Bob." Hindeman made a statement, rather than asked a question.

"He went for his gun."

"But you killed him. Why?"

"You know why. He was riding a stolen horse. Stolen from me." He nodded his head to indicate their own horses. "That steel-dust is mine; so's the sorrel. And that dun answers to the name of Pet."

He looked at the horse. "Pet!" he spoke sharply. The dun's head came up, ears pricked.

The riders sat silent. Hindeman was unmoved, but Joe Sutton had a guilty feeling. No question about it, these horses had been stolen, and from this man. The feeling touched them all, and made them uneasy, less sure of their ground.

"Makes no difference now," Hindeman said. "We're goin' to hang you."

"Don't say 'we.' There's three, maybe four of you, aren't goin' to hang me. Maybe none of you will. Wait until the shootin's over. Plenty of time to talk about hangin'."

Ben Hindeman studied the man, and Ben was no fool. They were five to one—unless the girl declared herself in, and it was likely she would. She had been quick enough to take a shot at Jack that day.

Five to one. They had their rifle muzzles down, for the discovery of the hiding place had been sheer accident. They had only to lift their rifles, but this man had only to draw, and Ben Hindeman knew that any man who could beat Old Bob on an even break and who could outguess Jack Sutton would be fast and sure. No question about it, somebody was going to die if shooting started.

"You throw down your guns," he said; "then the girl won't get hurt."

"No!" Maria Cristina's voice was laid across the morning like a whip. "Do not do it! They will only kill you! If you put down the guns, I will shoot!"

Ben Hindeman sat stolidly on his horse in the hard-falling rain. For the first time in his life he was utterly at a stalemate.

Maria Cristina would shoot, and she had a rifle. They might kill her, but Ben Hindeman could not see a woman killed. Not like this.

He looked from the woman to the man, this lean, fierce, unbeatable man, his face haggard and unshaved, his back to the wall, but ready. And this woman who stood now, her feet apart, her body poised to move, her eyes wide and beautiful, but dangerous.

He knew with a kind of sickness that men would die here, and a woman. And that never again would he ever look any man in the face without shame if she were killed. He looked at Jordan, and for a long minute their eyes held and Hindeman knew, with a sense of failure, that there was no way out.

Nor did he have any false heroics about him. He was under no necessity to prove his courage, and dying here today would prove nothing. This was not the way he had planned it. To ride a man down, to trap him, to kill him in a blaze of gunfire. That was another thing. But here was a showdown, and Ben Hindeman was a man who knew how to retreat.

"Mind if we come in out of the rain?" he asked mildly.

There was no other word spoken for a long minute, and in that minute Jacob Lantz started to walk his horse. He started slowly, but he was walking away. Whatever he had seen, the others had not. He was getting out of the line of fire. And he had promised he would do just that.

"No, by damn!" Across the stillness of the morning Mort Bayless' voice lashed like a bullwhip. And as he spoke, he grabbed for his gun.

Of them all, he alone did not have a Winchester in his hand, and it was he who chose to open the ball. He recognized in Ben Hindeman's quiet question, a yielding, and his hand struck down for the rifle.

Trace Jordan saw it all, saw it clearly and sharply. The black figures of the men etched against the slate-gray sky of morning, the driving rain, the horses darkened by rain, the ground steel-gray and glistening. He caught the essence of the moment in that instant, that flickering fragment of time when Mort Bayless' drive to kill pushed them over the brink they sought to avoid.

Mort grabbed wildly. His hand caught his gun butt and the edge of his slicker. In any event, he would not have made it in time. A bullet smashed him through the body and, as he slid from the saddle and his horse sprang from under him, a second bullet drilled a neat blue hole in his skull.

And then, for a brief moment the lightning of the guns replaced the lightning of the storm, and the stillness following the thunder was filled by the hard, sharp reports of the guns.

In the split second after Mort's voice, Jordan thought Hindeman gave a sort of groan, and Jordan knew a sort of sympathy for a man saddled with such companions.

A moment, and it was over, a moment of brutal, smashing gunfire. Mort, knocked from his horse, hit the ground in a pool of water. The man behind him, knocked off balance, was momentarily out of action.

Trace Jordan had fired at Mort Bayless and then threw himself aside and took a quick shot at Ben Hindeman, knowing he was the toughest and most dangerous man. Hindeman took the bullet and was knocked lopsided in the saddle, his gun going off into the ground.

From the ground near him he heard the wicked blast of the Winchester '73. He felt a bullet from somewhere tear at his shoulder, and steadied himself for another shot at Hindeman. The man knocked off balance by Bayless' fall was lying still. Jordan fired again, and then threw himself away from the girl to draw fire from her. She shot from the ground, and then a bullet from Hindeman spat rock into his face, and he shot the big man a second time.

A man on a lunging horse swung the horse around and lifted his gun to chop a shot. Jordan and Maria Cristina fired at the same instant and the man left the saddle, his hands upthrown. The horse broke into a plunging run and the rider stayed with him for six or seven jumps, then spilled off, arms and legs thrown wide, to hit the desert with a splash of water like a doll thrown carelessly. The man lay sprawled and wet and dead.

So quickly it happened, so quickly it was over. A moment of madness laced by gunfire, a moment of thundering guns and spitting lead, and then only the quiet and the rain falling.

Slowly, he straightened up. He held both guns, never conscious that he had drawn the second. Shoving one into his holster, he began to reload. One gun was empty, the other held but two shells. And he had no memory of firing more than three, perhaps four times.

Maria Cristina got up from the rock where she had knelt, half concealed by boulders and brush.

"You are hurt?" she asked.

"A scratch."

He stood there a minute or two, looking out into the rain. Jacob Lantz was still around, and although the tracker had left before the shooting started, he might declare himself in at long range. And he had the reputation of being good with a rifle.

Trace Jordan walked out into the rain. Lantz was nowhere in sight. Mort Bayless stared up into the sodden clouds, his eyes wide to the sky, unheeding the pounding rain. Blood stained the pool in which he lay. His shirt was plastered to his thin body, all the evil in him a thing gone now, emptied out of him with his life.

Ben Hindeman was lying there, too, but he was not dead. He had been hit three times, once by a rifle bullet. He made a feeble, futile grasp toward his fallen gun, and then lay quiet, looking up at Jordan. "Is it bad?"

Trace looked at him. One bullet through his left side, but low down. Another through his chest, but high enough to have missed the lung. The third through his thigh.

"You're hit," Jordan said. "Can be bad."

"I got a wife," Hindeman said. "A good woman. A man should think of those things."

He closed his eyes momentarily, then opened them. "They never should have stolen those horses," he said. "The damn fools."

Another man lay beyond Hindeman, sprawled out, one knee buckled under him. The man knocked down by Bayless' horse still lay where he had dropped. There was no blood on him.

Trace Jordan holstered his gun and stooped to pick up Ben Hindeman. As he stooped he heard the click of a drawn-back hammer and turned quickly. Jacob Lantz stood there with empty hands held wide from his body. Maria Cristina had covered him with a Winchester.

"Help you with that?" Lantz asked. "He's a heavy man."

Together they carried him under the overhang, and after one careful, searching look at Lantz, Maria Cristina put her rifle down.

"Make a fire," she told him. Then she turned to Jordan. "You first," she said.

"He's hard hit," Trace said. "I can wait."

Maria Cristina shrugged. "Suppose he dies? He would have killed you."

"Him first," Jordan told her flatly. "Get busy."

She looked at him, their eyes holding on each other. Then she knelt beside Hindeman. "You think you strong," she said, glancing up. "I think you big fool."

Hindeman chuckled, then gasped at the pain. But he looked up at Jordan. "I think you've got you a woman, friend."

He looked past Trace Jordan at Lantz. "What happened to you?" he asked hoarsely.

Lantz bared his broken teeth in a grin. "I told you—I'd trail him. I wouldn't fight him. When I seen what Mort was fixin' to do, I taken out."

Jordan glanced out to where the other men lay. The man who had been knocked down by Bayless' horse was gone. He had evidently lain quiet until the shooting was over and, at the first chance, ducked out. Some were like that, sometimes the ones who swaggered the most.

Maria Cristina bathed the wounds in a decoction made of a desert plant; then bandaged them as best she could. From the plant named *sangre de cristo* she had taken the sap, which coagulates quickly, to stop the blood from the wounds.

By the time the wounds were cared for and Lantz had buried the dead men, it was midday. He came back inside. "Rain's breakin'," he said. "Better get set for trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Yeah." Lantz took his time. "There's one got away, an' more comin'. If that one's lucky, he'll fetch up with those who been comin' behind us. You can just bet they'll come huntin' you."

Ben Hindeman spoke from his pallet. "The fight's over, Jake. You tell 'em I said so. We're through."

"Buck might listen. Wes Parker won't. Some of the others might not either."

"Then you light out an' stop 'em," Hindeman said harshly. He lifted himself to an elbow. "Stop 'em an' get a buckboard down here for me. If you can't stop 'em, ride like hell for John Slaughter's outfit."

The clouds broke and the rain drifted away. The sun returned and the pools began to disappear. Only the greener vegetation and the dampness around the rocks remained to remind them of the storm.

Trace Jordan took his rifle and led the horses to a patch of grass where they could be picketed in plain sight of the shelter. He was far less worried by the Sutton-Bayless riders than by the Apaches. For several days now both the pursuers and the pursued had been leaving tracks all over this corner of Sonora, an area that was Apache country.

Any hunter from one of the settlements might have come upon those tracks or any squaw out gathering herbs or firewood could have seen them. In a country where a white man could scarcely turn over in bed without an Apache's knowing it, it was absurd to believe they would not be aware of all that had happened.

Moreover, the Apaches who escaped from the kidnaping of Maria Cristina must by now be seeking them out. Yet wherever he looked, the desert was empty.

Returning to the overhang, he found Maria Cristina sitting by the rocks with a rifle at hand. Their eyes met, and no words were needed. Both had grown up in Indian country; they understood the gravity of their situation. They were two people with a wounded man on their hands, and no telling when help would reach them. The rain had wiped out their trail, yet the Apaches well knew where they would be going. It was only a matter of time until they were discovered.

They now had four horses picketed, and Jordan considered rigging a litter between two of them, yet these horses were unused to any such contrivance and would be frightened by it. They were, at best, just broken to the saddle.

Slowly, the hours dragged by and there was nothing. The danger grew greater by the minute, and Jordan was restless and irritable. Ben Hindeman began to mutter and complain. His fever mounted and he became delirious. Maria Cristina sat with him, keeping damp cloths on his head. Several times she mixed concoctions used by the Indians for fever, and they helped, but Hindeman had lost blood from his wounds and his condition was far from good.

Raiding parties from the Sierra Madre used this route, and the Chiricahuas had their stronghold in the mountains just north of the border.

By noon of the second day Jordan knew something must be done. He had been leaning on the rocks, staring into the desert's heat waves when he made his decision. With some poles and two ponchos he rigged a litter between two horses. With Maria Cristina's help, Hindeman was loaded into the litter, and holding the horses to a walk, they made their start. It was slow going; yet by dusk they had covered fifteen miles and camped in a cluster of rocks near an intermittent stream.

Ben Hindeman's face was flushed and he looked bad. Jordan stared down at the wounded man, considering the irony of the situation. Only hours ago this man had been hunting him to kill, and now he, Jordan, was trying to save the man from death by bullets he had himself fired! And risking his own life to do it!

Rifle in hand, Trace Jordan walked out from camp. The illness from his own wounds had cut down his weight. He was

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lean and raw-boned, even tougher looking than usual, and his clothing was tattered and worn from days and nights of travel. Yet the years of wilderness living had conditioned him to a hard life, and ——

He had gone only a few yards when he saw the tracks, the tracks of a man walking. A wounded man—a white man.

The man had staggered as he walked. Once he had gone to his knees. Absorbed in the trail, Trace Jordan followed it along for a half mile. Twice the man had fallen in that distance. At the second place there was blood on the desert.

Jordan went up to some rocks and from the slight vantage point they gave him, began a minute examination of the terrain. Suddenly, some distance north, he saw a dark object on the desert. It might be a rock. But there was a subtle difference that told him it was not. He started north, walking fast.

Even before he reached the body, he knew who it was. Old Jacob Lantz had led many a foray against the Apache, but he had led his last one. He lay sprawled on the desert and he was dead. But his body was neither cold nor stiff.

He had been shot three times, but one of the wounds was at least a day old. Evidently on the first day out from the overhang, Lantz had been wounded and his horse killed. By some artifice, he had evaded the Apaches and started on—on foot.

Today, probably within the last few hours, they had come up with him again. And if they had killed him no longer ago than that, they must be close by. They might have found the tracks of the four horses coming north.

Hurriedly, he turned and made his way back to the rocks. As he walked, he made plans. Despite their weariness and Ben Hindeman's condition, they must move on tonight. Rarely would Apaches attack at night, and they preferred not even to travel at night. The border could not be more than fifteen to twenty miles away, and the border was where lay the ranch at San Bernardino Springs.

Maria Cristina came swiftly to her feet when she saw his face, and Jordan explained, holding back nothing at all.

Hindeman was conscious. "You two take out," he said. "Small chance I'll make it anyway."

"You'll make it," Jordan told him dryly. "You're too mean to die."

As soon as it was dark, they loaded up, and just before they rode off, Jordan built a fire and stacked fuel so it would fall into the flames. Due north then, holding a course on the pole star, they rode. The desert was broken and rough, but they made good time.

"Keep goin'," Hindeman told them. "Don't pay me no mind. If them 'Paches get me, it won't matter, anyway."

So they pushed on through the night, and in the first gray of dawn, with the horses wearily plodding, they glimpsed far off, a cluster of buildings.

At the same instant, Maria Cristina called out, "Trace!"

He turned in the saddle. Behind them and to their east, not six hundred yards away, a dozen Indians sat their horses. They had come out of an arroyo and were apparently as surprised as Jordan himself.

"Keep moving," he told her. "Keep moving, no matter what."

They rode on, holding their pace. Suddenly, the Indians began to move out. Their ponies began to trot.

Trace Jordan stepped up the pace. The buildings were not more than two miles away now. The Indians were very close and coming up rapidly. Turning, Trace Jordan, lifting his Winchester, took careful aim. He took up the slack on his trigger, took a deep breath, let part of it out, then took up more slack, then a lit —— The rifle leaped in his hands and a horse jumped and fell back, throwing his rider. Twice more he fired; then not waiting to see the effectiveness of his shots, he raced after Maria Cristina and the litter.

With shrill yells, the Indians came after him. Suddenly, at the buildings, a rider appeared around the corner of a barn and started for them. Behind him came other riders, until seven were strung out, racing their horses.

Trace heard shooting, and turning his horse, he emptied his rifle at some two hundred yards' distance. An Indian on a paint pony fell from his horse and rolled over, got up, then fell again. Then a horse shied violently at another shot, and the Indians slowed up and spread out.

Jordan ran his horse after the litter, feeding the shells into his rifle. When he looked back again the Indians had broken off their pursuit and turned away.

The riders from the ranch came up and swung their horses alongside. Their leader was a small, square-shouldered man with cold gray eyes.

"Hindeman!" he said sharply. "'Paches get you?"

"No." Ben Hindeman indicated Jordan. "He did."

On the second morning following their arrival at Rancho San Bernardino, Trace Jordan came out into the morning sunlight and pulled on his hat. It was very early, and John Slaughter was still at breakfast. Ben Hindeman was sleeping, and apparently much improved.

There had been no sign of the other riders from the Sutton-Bayless outfit. Buck Bayless and Wes Parker had not been among those in the fight at the rocks, and Hindeman would say nothing about them. Yet something in his manner made Jordan increasingly restless.

The Indian girl who helped in the kitchen was throwing out some water. She looked quickly at Trace Jordan and started for the house.

"Seen Maria Cristina?" he asked.

The girl looked at him curiously. She shook the last few drops from the pan. "She gone. She gone maybe two hours."

"What?"

"She take horse. She say good-by, all. She ride away."

"Where'd she go?" he demanded.

The girl shrugged. "Where? I don' know. She say nothing. Just go."

Swearing, Trace ran for the corral. He hastily threw a saddle on the big red horse and stepped into the leather. Without a backward glance, he started down the trail.

Maria Cristina would go home, of course. She had been obviously disturbed by the fact that nothing was known of Buck Bayless or Wes Parker. Bayless she knew, and he did not worry her. Wes Parker was another of the crowd who ran with Jack Sutton and Mort, and the more Jordan thought of it, the more reason he could see for her worry. Yet it was not that alone, and he knew it.

Maria Cristina had carefully avoided being alone with him since their arrival at Slaughter's. She had evaded any chance of a private talk without seeming to do anything of the kind. Whatever she was thinking he did not know, but obviously she did not intend to share her thoughts with him.

Several times he had caught her looking at him, wide-eyed and serious, yet she always looked away, and her manner had been cool.

The trail she had chosen led through Guadalupe Pass, and there was a chance he could overtake her there. He knew there was a spring in the pass itself or near the opening of the pass, and there were several springs just north of the pass at different points. Beyond the Guadalupes the country was unfamiliar to him, except for that area covered in his flight.

He rode steadily into the morning and from time to time he saw her tracks. Six or seven miles from the rancho she stopped at a tank to water her horse, then pushed on. She was holding a steady gait, and he saw no evidences of travel but those made by her pony.

Word was out that Apache raiding parties were riding, which was enough to stop all travel. It was no time for a lone man to be on the road, to say nothing of a pretty girl. Yet before he could even see the cleft that marked the pass, he saw a rider on a bay horse coming toward him.

Trace Jordan slid the loop off his gun butt and eased himself in the saddle, holding his pace. The rider came on, a little slower. When not more than two hundred yards separated them, Jordan slowed his horse. At the same moment he recognized the rider as the man who had warned him away after drinking with him in Tokewanna.

"Howdy." Jordan drew up.

The man's face was pale under the tan. "I'm Joe Sutton," he said, "and I'm not huntin' trouble."

"Then there will be no trouble."

Joe Sutton took the makings from his pocket and began to roll a smoke. "You — did you see anything of Ben? And the others?"

"I saw them. Ben's at Slaughter's, and he's alive. I think he'll pull through."

The match broke in Sutton's fingers and Jordan leaned over and held his cigarette to Sutton's.

"Mort?"

"He's dead. So's old Jake, but the Apaches did that, not me."

He explained, taking his time, just what had happened at the rocks and after. He told of the ride back to the border with Ben Hindeman.

"Pass anybody on the trail?" he asked then.

"No." Sutton looked thoughtful. "Saw some tracks, though. They showed up just inside the pass, so whoever made 'em must have turned off."

"What happened to Buck Bayless and that fellow Parker?"

Joe Sutton shrugged. "Parker is dead. Bayless is hurt, but not bad. The way I hear it, they went to the notch to try to make that Chavero kid tell where his sister went. They ran into Vicente."

"And?"

"I reckon we had Vicente figured all wrong. He wasn't about to back down. So Buck says. Vicente told Wes to travel, an' Wes didn't take to it. We buried Wes next morning."

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 63

1. Maine
2. Alabama
3. Arkansas
4. Indiana
5. Nebraska
6. Kentucky
7. Colorado
8. Arizona
9. New York
10. South Carolina
11. North Carolina
12. Florida

There was still a thing to be settled. Jordan wanted to be riding on, but there was no time better than now. There had been too much killing, and Joe Sutton seemed a reasonable man.

"Ben Hindeman said the fight's over. I'm getting my horses back."

"Ben's the boss." Joe Sutton was relieved. "Fool thing, anyhow." He threw down his cigarette, half smoked. "Jack and Mort—yes, and Wes too. They got us into more trouble than we could get out of."

Trace Jordan reined his horse over. "See you," he said, and put the big red down the trail. Being a cautious man, he glanced back, but Joe Sutton was riding on.

It was almost sundown when he found her. Maria Cristina had made camp in a little wooded draw off the pass. She got up from the fire as he rode up, her face without expression. He swung his horse alongside the fire.

"What did you ride off for?" he demanded irritably.

"I do not run. I go home."

She knelt beside the fire—knelt suddenly, as if her knees had weakened. She began fussing over the food she was preparing. In the late afternoon light, her face seemed unnaturally pale.

He swung down. "Damn it, you didn't have to run off! You could have said something!"

"Why? Who I say something to? To you?"

"I don't want you going off like that," he protested. "This is no time for a woman to be traveling alone."

She did not look up, adding sticks to the fire. Then she added, sullenly, "I am all right."

The words he had been thinking on the trail were gone. Somewhere he had lost them.

He told her of Vicente and Wes Parker, but she would not look at him. She put coffee in the water and got up.

He stepped around the fire then and took her by the arms. "Maria Cristina, I don't want you going away. Not ever again. I want you with me."

She turned on him, looking up into his eyes, and there was no longer sullenness there or anger. "You don't know what you say."

"I know all right."

She tried to draw away from him, her eyes suddenly wary, half frightened. "No. You take your hands off." She tried, ineffectually, to twist out of his grip.

"Don't do that!" he said sharply, angrily. He drew her swiftly into his arms. She looked up at him, her eyes very black and suddenly burning, almost hungry.

Then desperately, fiercely, she fought him. She fought to twist free, to get away. He held her; then slowly and inexorably he brought her mouth around to his. She twisted her face away, fighting like a panther to escape; then suddenly, fiercely, she turned her mouth to his and their lips met and clung.

He held her, saying nothing. "Just ain't halter-broke," he said gently, "but you'll do. You'll do all right."

She stood quiet in his arms, and the big red horse moved off a few steps and fell to cropping grass.

He had his own degrees of patience and was becoming accustomed to the oddities of human behavior.

Later, when most of the coffee had boiled away, Jordan drank it, black and strong.

She looked at him, her eyes soft in the gathering dusk. "You know one time I say I don' think you ever make it?"

"I remember."

"Well, now I think maybe you make it."

She laughed then, a laugh teasing and tender, a soft laughter that lost itself with the campfire smoke in the brush along the canyon's wall. THE END

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I Was a Daughter of the Gold Rush

(Continued from Page 13)

clear a path, while mother scrambled up onto the rickety boardwalk.

Nome in 1902 was a jumble of flimsy false-fronted buildings, half of them saloons. There didn't seem to be room on the boardwalk for another person. The men seemed to be of every nationality—Scandinavians, Russians, Greeks, Poles, Germans, French Canadians, even Chinese. Many of them were carrying duffel bags and valises, hurrying to catch the steamer we'd just left and get out of Nome before freeze-up.

Mother marched into the lobby of the largest hotel in Nome, the three-story Golden Gate. The clerk told her she was in luck—a room had just been vacated by a prospector who was going Outside to join his family. Mother's lips drew tighter at that. She took the key and led me upstairs to our room, where she began to pace the floor. She didn't speak. I wanted to comfort her, but I didn't know what to say. Just when I thought I couldn't stand it another minute, there was a timid knock. I knew mother was too proud and hurt to answer, so I ran and opened the door.

A man was standing in the hallway. I guessed right away he was not my father. Mother had told me that dad was tall; this man was short and roly-poly. He grabbed mother's hand, pumped it up and down, and started talking very fast. He said his name was Blueberry Pete. He said he must look like a damn old shovel-stiff to a beautiful lady just arriving in Alaska, but dammit, that's what he was, and he didn't want her to think for one minute that he was one of them damn tinhorn gamblers floating around town, he was a shovel-stiff, yes, Mrs. Nelson, and proud of it. He'd just mushed in from Council, he said, and he was going to the States on this last boat, Californy or maybe Arizony, so he could thaw out his bones. Then it struck him that this was the wrong thing to say to somebody staying in Alaska. To cover his embarrassment, he produced a big gold nugget and gave it to me.

"Don't lose it, Klondy," he told me. "Your dad and I panned a lot of gravel to find this."

Mother said quickly, "Then you know Warren?"

"Know him?" Blueberry Pete looked surprised. "He's my partner—why, him and me have been together since ——"

Mother cut in, "Where is he now?"

"Back working the claim on Ophir Creek," Blueberry Pete said. "He didn't dast leave, account of all them claim jumpers snooping around, so he said to tell ya to take the first stage out of Nome and he'd be waitin' for ya. Damn, I 'most forgot." He reached in his pocket and pulled out a crumpled envelope. "He sent ya a letter."

Mother lit the kerosene lamp on the dresser. She read the letter through, and then started it all over again. Blueberry Pete mumbled, "I guess I gotta go." Impulsively, mother kissed him on the cheek. He stared at her a moment, and bolted down the hall.

That night mother read the letter through once more before she blew out the lamp and got into bed with me. She said dad couldn't possibly come to meet us with those bad claim jumpers around, so we'd better start for Ophir Creek in the morning. We'd ride in a horse-drawn coach, just like the one back in Blacktail Gulch, and in no time at all I would see my dad.

Early the next morning we carried our bags downstairs. Mother asked the hotel clerk when the first stage was leaving for Ophir Creek. He seemed surprised.

"Depends how soon we get a freeze-up," he said. "This time of year you got to travel along the Bering Sea, and you can't start until the ice is thick enough to hold the stage."

Mother looked out at the endless expanse of rolling green waves. "You mean we've got to wait until the whole ocean freezes over?"

"That could happen overnight, ma'am, once the weather turns sharp," the clerk said. "Then, with good luck, in a week or ten days you ought to hit Council."

Mother collapsed suddenly on a bench. "But we're going to Ophir Creek!"

"Stage only goes as far as Council, ma'am," the clerk explained. "You'll have to make it by dog team from there."

So we waited for freeze-up. Day after day, mother sat by the window, watching the snow line creeping down the distant slopes of the Sawtooth Mountains. Each morning the hills looked a little whiter, the Bering Sea breakers grew more sluggish with ice, and Mother would tell me, "Maybe tomorrow or the next day."

At noon we would walk down Front Street to a crowded restaurant. Clean-up time was over at the mines, and prospectors with fat gold pokes had jammed into town, making for the saloons and gambling halls. The largest saloon in Nome was the Northern, and once as we passed it I glimpsed a painting over the bar, a large woman who didn't seem to have any clothes on. Every time we went by the Northern I tried to see more as the door swung back and forth. One day when mother stopped to glance into a store window, I slipped her hand and ran back. A woman was just going through the swinging doors. I recognized Toodles, and followed her inside.

The room was crowded with rough-looking men sitting at tables playing cards. They stared at me and laughed. A quiet man in a wide-brimmed sombrero and chamois vest with a nugget chain asked me what I wanted. He said he was the owner, his name was Tex Rickard, and I was the youngest customer he'd ever had. I told him I was looking for my friend, Toodles. Just then she rushed up, grabbed my arm and yanked me out through the swinging doors. She knelt beside me and hugged me, saying, "Listen, young lady, I never want to see you in there again." Mother came up and, without a word to Toodles, marched me straight back to the hotel.

Winter was closing in fast. One morning the Sawtooth Mountains were completely snow-covered, and the white whales that had been stuffing themselves on tomcods in the surf off Nome were all gone.

Mother said, "It can't be long now, Klondy."

That Saturday night she took me to an amateur minstrel show. What I remember best was Mr. Bones, a young man in blackface, dressed in a baggy jacket with oyster crackers for buttons, and a necklace of spider crabs. While he told jokes he would chew casually on a crab leg or eat one of his buttons. I laughed until tears ran down my face. Mother heard the young man had been in Council. After the show, she went up to him and asked if he knew father.

"Warren Nelson?" he said. "Why, we came down the Yukon together on the same boat. He's a real stampeder. When you see him, be sure to tell him hello from Rex Beach."

Now the rivers were locked from bank to bank and the deep ruts in Front Street had frozen solid. The snow came. Overnight, the ugly piles of garbage on the beach became beautiful white mounds. We could hear groaning and creaking all night long as the ice pack moved in from the Arctic Ocean, piling in hummocks against the shore. Mother hummed to herself as she packed our bags. At last I would see my dad.

We were on the trail twelve hours the first day. We only made fourteen miles, but the stage driver said it was a good day's travel. His name was Mr. Brower and he sat on a high seat behind six horses, wearing a horsehide coat and a cap with earlaps.

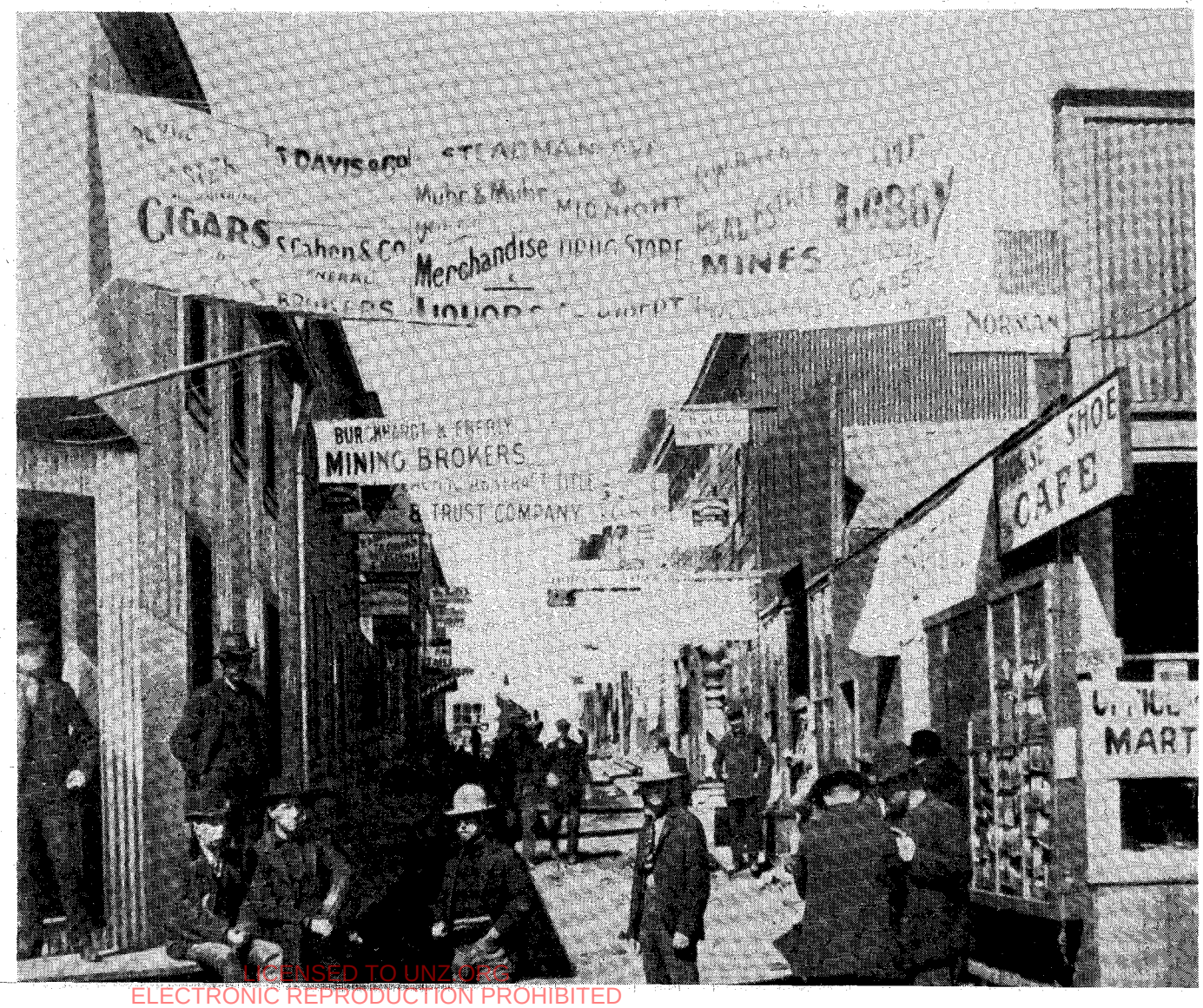
There weren't any roads after we passed Fort Davis and the horses wallowed up to their bellies in snowdrifts. The stage kept slipping sideways and righting itself with a jolt. I was aching all over by the time we stopped at the Cape Nome Roadhouse. All the bunks were taken. The passengers had to spread their blanket rolls on the floor, but Mrs. Wrigley, the owner's wife, made her husband sleep on the floor with the other men and invited mother and me to share her double bed.

The next morning we worked our way down the coast past Safety and Solomon and south of Big Hurrah. At Bluff the steep cliffs rose several hundred feet. To get around them we had to head across the frozen Bering Sea. We were a mile or so offshore when I heard a splintering crash. The stage stopped suddenly. I could hear Mr. Brower shouting, and his blacksnake whip cracked like pistol shots. One of the passengers opened the stagecoach door for a look, and yelled for everyone to pile out quick; the lead horses had gone through the ice.

Mother and I scrambled onto a hummock and stared at the jagged hole in the ice. The two front horses were floundering in the running sea, their heads rearing up and disappearing again as they churned the water in panic. Mr. Brower chopped them loose from the rest of the team and held onto their reins, tugging and yelling and lashing their bobbing heads with the whip. Flailing hoofs struck the edge of the hole, breaking off a chunk of ice, and Mr. Brower leaped back and lost the reins. He climbed up to his driver's seat and pulled something from under the pad.

Mother yanked me into the stage and held my head against her breast. I heard two sharp sounds like whip cracks, only

Nome at the turn of the century: Dirty, noisy, burning with gold fever, filled with men of every nationality.



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Young Rex Beach, author of The Spoilers, was Warren Nelson's pal.

louder. Pretty soon we began to move again. The passengers took turns walking ahead, banging the ice with an ax to test it. The next time we stopped to rest the horses, I noticed there were only four of them.

By the time we reached the far shore, the air seethed with flying snow. Somehow Mr. Brower fought his way through the blizzard to Shovel Creek. There were forty miners holed up in the roadhouse, all sleeping on a split-log floor in one big room. They found an iron cot for mother and me, and hung gunny sacks around it for a curtain.

The blankets hadn't been washed for months, let alone the miners, and we almost choked on the smell of damp socks drying around the big oil-drum stove.

We were marooned at Shovel Creek for three days. Altogether, it took us ten days to reach Council. A team of shaggy dogs was tied to a post behind the Miller House as our stage pulled up. An enormous man in a spotted reindeer parka lurched across the sidewalk and shouted to Mr. Brower, "Anything for Ophir Creek?" Mother stepped out of the stage with a smile, assuming that he had come to meet us. But he reached past her and picked up a wooden box.

Mother grabbed his sleeve. "I'm Warren Nelson's wife."

"Thought you might be," the man grunted, staggering toward the dog sled with the box. "He's been wondering where you were. I'm Big Hans."

Mother tagged after him. "Well, can we ride back to Ophir Creek with you?"

He pried open the box with a hatchet, lifted out a jug and took a long swig. "Climb in," he said.

The dog sled was so narrow that I had to wedge myself between mother's knees. We were bundled in fur robes and Big Hans lent me a pair of mitts. Each mitt was made of a wolf's head, with the ears still on and green beads sewed around the slanting eyes. Big Hans stepped onto the sled runners behind us. He took another swig from the jug, tucked it in the robes behind mother, and yelled, "Mush!"

The team panted and toiled up a long hill, their bushy tails dragging. Big Hans complained that it was an awful big load for six dogs; maybe he ought to lighten it by taking another drink. I could feel mother stiffen, but there was nothing she could say. We reached the top of the hill, and the dogs began to run very fast. Big Hans hung onto the handlebars to keep the sled from tipping over.

Then a flock of snow-white ptarmigan thundered into the air in front of the leader's nose and the team bolted off the trail. The next thing I knew I was tumbling through space. I caught a glimpse of the capsized sled, with mother clinging to the side. I hit the bottom of a gully and slid into a snowbank. Big Hans stumbled down the slope, swearing. I held up my arms to be lifted, but he floundered past me and began kicking around in the drifts.

I heard mother screaming, "There she is! Right behind you!"

"I know where she is!" Big Hans snarled, pawing at the snow. "I'm looking for my jug!"

We were no sooner back in the sled than the dogs started racing again, barking and yapping loudly. "Don't worry, Mrs. Nelson!" Hans yelled. "It's smoke! They can smell it a mile away!" The dogs were going downhill so fast it was like flying. I looked ahead, and there was a stovepipe sticking out of the snow, with smoke curling out of it.

Big Hans hit the brake hard, and shouted, "Here we are!"

All of a sudden, like magic, a man came up out of the snow. He was wearing a buffalo coat that went clear down to his feet, and a black Homburg hat. He grabbed mother and lifted her in his arms. She said, "Warren, Warren!" and he pressed her closer. I guess I was the only one who noticed Big Hans drive away. I thought mother and dad would never stop hugging and kissing. Finally dad put mother down and lifted me over his head.

"Last time I saw you, Klondy," he laughed, "you were just a little red-faced brat."

He smelled nice and clean, not like those men in the roadhouse, and his face was smooth, except for a mustache twisted to little points. When he kissed me, I felt it tickle.

He set me down, put his arm around mother and said, "Come on, Alma, and see your new home."

He lifted up a board, parted a curtain of gunny sacks, and there was a steep tunnel leading down under the snow. Dad helped mother descend the six or seven steps to the cabin door, but I couldn't wait. I sat on my coattails and slid right past them, like Alice going down the rabbit hole, right through the chute into Wonderland.

Dad made mother sit in the only chair while he got dinner. I squatted on the floor, staring at him, trying to get used to the idea of having a father. He brought in a sack of frozen beans—Alaska strawberries, he called them—and dumped them into a skillet on the Yukon stove. Mother's eyes kept roaming around the cluttered cabin. Dad explained quickly that we'd start building a real home after spring clean-up at the mine. Mother said it wasn't the cabin that mattered; it was being together at last.

Dad beamed at her and took out a big cigar. He asked if she minded his smoking. "Now, Warren," she said, "you know what those cigars do to your hand."

"Just one," he said. "To celebrate."

I hadn't noticed his hand until mother mentioned it. Now I saw that the fingers of his left hand were cramped, the wrist thin and shrunken. Later on, mother told me he'd been hurt playing with dynamite as a boy in Sweden.

Dad could be quite a baby about his hand. He loved to smoke big black cigars, but if he smoked too many his hand would swell and he would be off to bed with his arm in a sling. Mother would tie a cord to the ceiling and hoist up the hand so it wouldn't swell any worse. If she came near dad he would twist and groan, and sometimes pull the whole apparatus down. But sooner or later he would remember an important engagement somewhere. He'd start off groaning, but as soon as he thought he was out of sight, his hand would start swinging, and he would light another cigar.

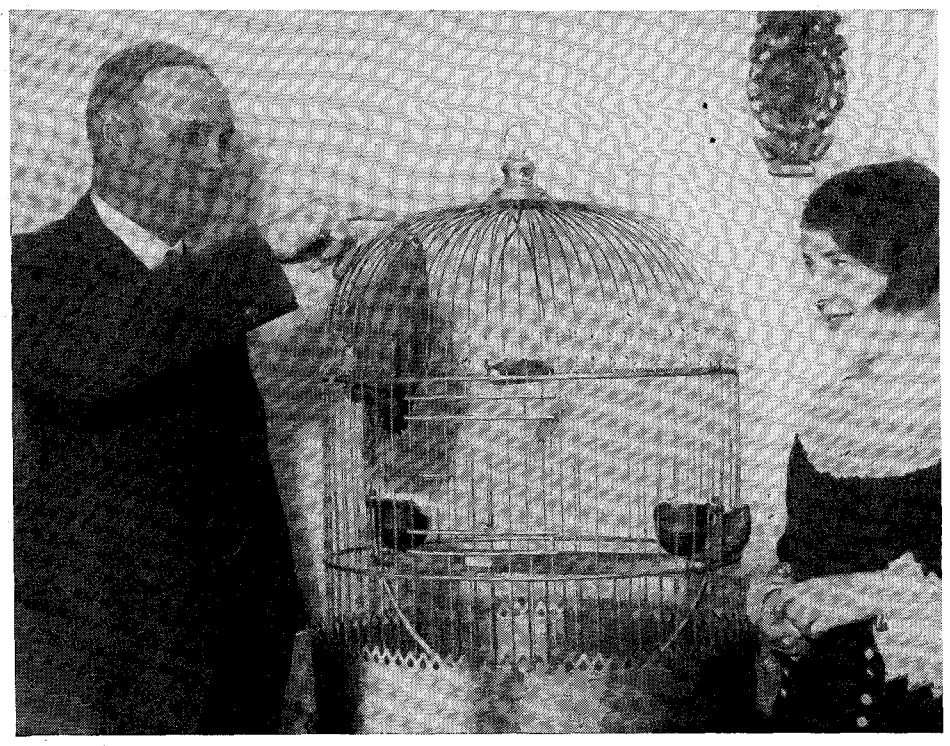
That hand got to be a kind of barometer. Whenever dad was trying to get up nerve enough to tell mother he was leaving home on a new stampede, he would puff on one cigar after another, and his hand would swell, and mother would brace herself for the worst.

Soon after supper, dad said he thought it was time for bed. He tucked me in a cot across the cabin from the double bed. I tried to explain that I always slept with my mother, but he whispered that I'd been with mother for five long years, and didn't I think it was his turn now? Then he kissed me and promised he would buy me a reindeer-fawnskin parka and seal-skin mukluks, and I could be his little Eskimo girl. But he never bought it for me, though.

I asked him if there were any other children around to play with, and he said, "No, you're the only one."

Mother gasped, "Oh, Warren!"

He blew out the lamp, and then the big bed creaked. I felt scared and alone. I heard mother giggle and ask dad if he'd scratch her back. Now I felt more lonely than ever, because every night when mother took off her corsets she would ask me to scratch her back. I felt so sorry for myself that I started crying. Dad came over and picked me up and put me in the big bed between them, saying, "I know just how you feel." I snuggled down and went to sleep. But when I woke in the morning, I was back in my own cot again.



Tex Rickard (shown with his wife) once ran Nome's biggest saloon.

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Dad was filling a tin wash basin from the water barrel. He set it on the stove and put on a pot of coffee. When the water had warmed, he sloshed it over his face, snorting and spluttering. He told mother and me to stay in bed until the cabin was a little warmer.

Then he went out the door, letting in a blast of frigid air. Soon I heard a light tap against the window and I saw a block of snow slide away on a shovel, and a shaft of sunshine lighted the cabin.

The whole room wasn't any bigger than my own little bedroom back in Blacktail Gulch. The bare logs were chinked with gray reindeer moss, and the only picture was a 1902 calendar with a painting of some bears robbing a tent, "Compliments of Dempsey's Saloon, Council." All the days had been *X*'ed out with black crayon up to November sixteenth, yesterday.

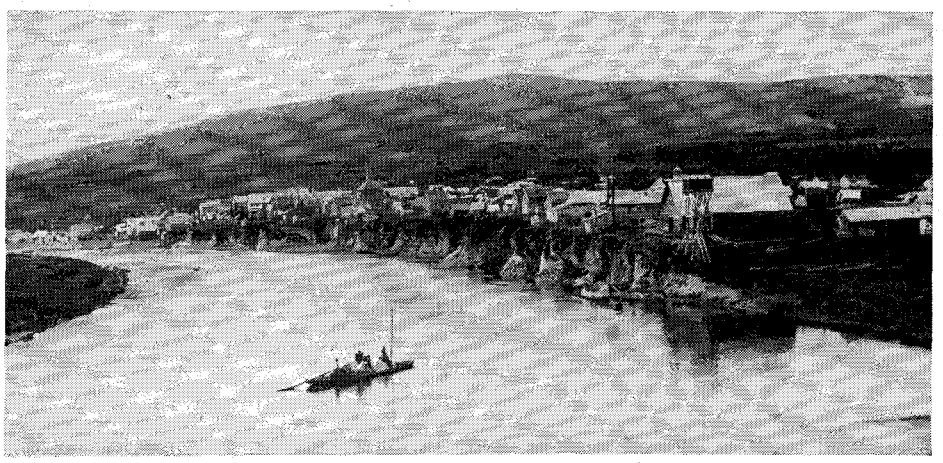
Dad came back with an armload of wood, dumped it behind the stove and began stirring batter for sourdough hotcakes. By the time mother and I were dressed there was a smoking heap of them on my plate. I covered them with sirup from a tin can shaped like a little house, and finished the whole stack.

Right after breakfast, dad took up two five-gallon cans and a wooden yoke, and announced that he was going down to the creek, where he kept a hole chopped open all winter.

I didn't mind not having other children around. There were a million things to do, and I hated the hours I had to spend indoors helping mother straighten up the cabin. Except for the slop can, everything was made spick-and-span. The heavy parkas and dad's buffalo coat and Homburg hat were hung behind the door. His felt boots and mukluks were stacked neatly in a corner. Mother nailed egg crates to the wall for cupboards, and covered them with curtains of sugar sacks. She even found time to make me a rag doll out of one of dad's socks. It had shoebuttons for eyes, and the frizzled drawstrings from the sugar sacks made its kinky hair.

Word spread fast that a woman had come to live on Ophir Creek. The other miners made excuses to detour past our cabin and drop in for some of mother's dried-apple pie or *fattigmand* cookies or Swedish fruit soup made with raisins, prunes and figs, thickened with tapioca. They would sit around sipping her coffee, paying compliments until her eyes danced with pleasure. Dad would brag about mother's cooking, but now and then I caught him glancing at her jealously.

Sometimes it was too cold for the miners to work. Father's thermometer was a bottle filled with coal oil, hanging outside the door. When the oil turned to sludge, it was at least forty below. One afternoon dad found it frozen solid. "That means sixty-five



Klondy lived in Council 1903–06. Then dad headed for a new strike.

"We have to be careful with water," he warned. "Every drop we use has to be lugged up the hill, and after it's dumped in the slop can it's all got to be lugged outdoors again."

Mother's eyes came to rest on the open slop bucket, plastered with grease and coffee grounds and half full of dirty water. "I'll have to do something about that right off," she said.

Dad grinned at me. "Come on, get into this squirrel-skin parka of mine," he said, "and I'll show you where Santa Claus lives."

The parka was so big I stepped on the hem. Dad carried me up the steps into daylight. The whole valley was dazzling bright and I couldn't see anything at first. Here and there, other stovepipes like ours were sticking out of the snow. Dad pointed to the hilltop, dotted with green spruce tops showing above the drifts. "See the Christmas trees, Klondy? Santa Claus lives on the other side of the hill. If you look hard, you can see his reindeer."

Sure enough, I could make out some tiny deer with spreading antlers, so far off they looked like toys. "Santa has some Lapp herders taking care of them," dad explained. Maybe he thought I was worried about being the only child in Ophir Creek, because he added quickly, "Santa Claus will stop here even before he goes to Council or Nome. You'll be the first little girl in the whole world to look at his pack."

below or worse," he said. We stayed close to the stove until the coal oil thawed to mush. Even then I was allowed outdoors for only a few minutes around noontime, when the sun was up. I had to wear a muffler around my face, breathing through it, because dad said the air might frost my lungs.

He and the other miners were thawing prospect holes down to bedrock during the winter months. They would build a fire at the bottom of the shaft. When the frozen dirt melted, they hauled it to the surface in buckets and dumped it on a heap. Since there weren't more than two or three hours of daylight, the men were glad when December twenty-first arrived; from now on, the days would be getting longer. But I was glad because it meant only four more days to Christmas.

Our cabin was too crowded for a Christmas tree, so the miners suggested that we celebrate in the bunkhouse. They cut a nice spruce top, and mother and I made the decorations. We popped corn and strung it, and made ropes of cranberries, and mother baked cooky men with curling stocking caps which could be hooked over the tree's branches. Dad asked Big Hans to look for other trimmings on his next trip to Council. A couple of days later, Big Hans showed up, smelling of whisky.

"Found everything I wanted in Dempsey's saloon," he said, setting a box on the cabin floor. "No need to look further."

He opened the box proudly. There were pieces of bright-colored wallpaper, left over when Mr. Dempsey papered his saloon—these could be rolled into cornucopias—and part of a can of gilt paint which had been used to write "Merry Christmas" on the bar mirror. The rest of the box was filled with old bottle corks.

"Just slosh a little gold paint on 'em," Big Hans said, "and they'll shine like real nuggets." He reached inside his shirt and produced Dempsey's new calendar for 1903. It showed an Oriental dancing girl half clad in flimsy veils. "Cut her out," Big Hans said, "stick on wings and a halo, and there's your angel for the top of the tree."

Mother thanked him politely. But after he left, she flattened a baking-powder tin and started cutting out a star for the top of the tree instead.

Christmas Eve had to be noon, because that's all the sun there was. It was a half-mile walk up the creek to the bunkhouse. When we arrived, all the miners were sitting around waiting for us, looking stiff and uncomfortable. They had put on clean shirts, and their hair was slicked down with grease. Some had even shaved, so at first I didn't know who they were.

The Christmas tree was already lighted. Thick miner's candles wired to the branches were shining on the strings of cranberries, and the gilded corks and baking-powder-can star at the top. I thought it was beautiful. The men looked at me with pleased grins and winked at each other. I didn't know it then, but they had hired one of the Lapp herders on the hill to dress up as Santa Claus and drive his team of reindeer right up onto the bunkhouse roof. They had banked extra snow against the bunkhouse so his sleigh could make it. Since he couldn't come down the stovepipe, they had loosened boards in the roof to make a trapdoor.

I looked under the tree hopefully, but there weren't any presents. I'd prayed to Santa Claus every night, telling him the one thing I wanted was a house for my doll. I guess my lip quivered a little.

One of the miners chuckled, "Don't worry, Klondy, Santa will be showing up any minute now. . . . Won't he, Hans?"

"By gosh, he better," Big Hans muttered into his beard. "That's what I paid him for."

Mother thought it would be nice, while we were waiting, to have some Christmas carols. One of the miners had a harmonica to sound the key, and I led with a hymn mother had taught me back in South Dakota:

"*Hark, the herald angels sing,*
Glory to the newborn King ——"

Mother and dad started off with me, and one by one the other men joined in, a little sheepishly at first. They kept stealing glances at mother and me, and I guess we made them think of their own loved ones far away, because sometimes they would choke up. I looked over at Big Hans. With tears streaming down his face, he was bellowing:

"*Peace on earth and mercy mild,*
God and sinners reconciled ——"

And then I heard the sound of sleighbells, way off in the distance. They came closer and closer, right up to the bunkhouse and onto the roof, and I heard the prancing of reindeer hoofs, and then Santa Claus' voice: "Whoa, you yavils! Stand still!"

There was a loud thumping and scraping, some snow sifted onto the floor, and a pair of Lapp reindeer boots with turned-up toes came down through the ceiling, followed by stocky legs in red woolen underwear. The legs dangled and kicked, and I heard Santa yell, "Queeck, coom, somebody! Ay not get t'rough dis yavilish hole!"

Several men stood on the bunkhouse table and pulled Santa Claus to the floor. He didn't look exactly like his pictures. He was wearing a stocking cap and a white drill parka, and his beard was white as cotton, but it was over on one side of his face. He dumped a burlap sack in front of me and stomped to the door.

"Hey, ain't you going back up the chimney?" Big Hans yelled.

"Not by damn sight," Santa Claus said, and slammed the door.

A moment later the sleighbells tinkled again and faded away. One of the miners opened the sack and dumped the presents in my lap. They all stood around expectantly. There were gold nuggets, and nugget chains, and five- and ten-dollar gold pieces, and white ermine skins and beautiful arctic-fox furs—but no doll's house. I tried to conceal my disappointment, but on the way home I was glum. Mother asked me what was the matter. Finally I told her. Dad jumped up and went over to the table, and I heard him hammering and cutting something.

Then he called, "Merry Christmas, Klondy!" and I turned.

He had cut out the bottom of the sirup tin shaped like a house, and poked holes in the painted windows, and set it over a lighted candle. The light shone through the little openings, and real smoke was curling up from the chimney where you poured the sirup out. I sat in front of it and looked and looked. I think it was the nicest Christmas present I ever had.

From then on, the nights got shorter and shorter. On April twenty-seventh, while mother was frying sourdough hotcakes for breakfast, winter suddenly came to an end. All at once there was a loud commotion on the cabin roof, a squabbling sound and the buffeting of wings. We scrambled outdoors. The sod was showing on our roof and a dozen ptarmigan roosters were fighting for this nesting spot. They spread their wings and ran at each other, pecking and spurring, and paying no attention to us at all.

All up and down Ophir Creek the turf-covered tops of other cabins were showing, the first bare spots in the valley. Ptarmigan roosters were battling for all of them, while hens crouched on snowdrifts nearby, waiting. The big flocks had lived peacefully all winter long among the scrub willows, but now spring was in the air and the whole valley sounded like an excited chicken yard.

What pleased dad most was the sight of ptarmigan fighting on the mine dump. That meant the gravel heaps were starting to thaw. Pretty soon there would be enough snow water to start washing pay dirt through the sluice boxes. "Almost time for spring clean-up," he told mother, "and we'll find out how this claim pans out."

More and more bare spots showed up every day on the tundra. Flocks of migrating birds began dropping down to settle in our valley. First came the sand-hill cranes, heading up from Mexico, their long legs trailing behind them. Dad named the ducks that passed overhead—green-winged teal and widgeon and pintail and old squaw, quacking and whistling as they circled the wet spots. The white swans came with them, flying with measured beat, and the air rang with the crazy laughter of the loons.

Next came the golden plovers, returning from their winter feeding grounds in Patagonia. Then the rare bristle-thighed curlews flew in all the way from Tahiti. And then came the arctic tern, the bird that shuns darkness and spends six months down around the South Pole and the other six months in the farthest north.

Tagging along behind the birds came Blueberry Pete, waddling up the muddy

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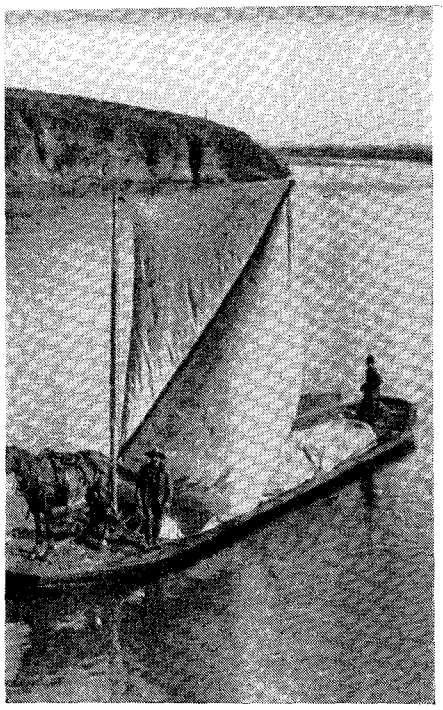


The Niukluk River barge connected Council with the coast.

trail from Council, bent under a heavy packboard. He never got any farther than Seattle, he said; the damn place had changed since he saw it last in '97; they had cable cars running up the hills and a new contraption called an auto*mo*-bile that didn't use tracks, but chased you all over the street.

Nome had changed, too, he told dad. Everybody was high-tailing it out to a new discovery they called the Third Beach Line. Dad's eyes lighted up at that, and Blueberry Pete added, "They figure it's the biggest damn strike they ever hit in Alaska. Why, there's nuggets the size of boulders——"

"Let's go in the cabin," mother interrupted quickly, "and I'll cook a pot of coffee."

Ophir Creek was over its banks and snow water poured down every gully. Dad and Pete rigged a flume from a tumbling freshet and set up their sluice boxes. Each wooden trough had slats nailed to the bottom, and the water ran over these riffles, carrying the pay dirt they shoveled into it. Dirt and small stones were swept away, while the gold settled between the riffles. A pan coated with quicksilver caught the last fine dust as the muddy waste poured into Ophir Creek.

At the end of the week they scraped out the sluice boxes. That night dad tossed a half-filled poke on the cabin table. "Not very good, Alma; not quite fifteen ounces," he said. "It sort of pinched out on us somehow."

"How much is that worth?" mother asked.

"A couple of hundred dollars or so," dad sighed. "At this rate, I'll have to start looking for something better."

"Why, this is fine, Warren; this is plenty," mother said. "We can live very comfortably on a couple of hundred."

"Pete says they're making that much in a day at Nome Third Beach Line."

"I don't care what Pete says," mother cut in sharply. "This is enough for us to have a home."

They finished washing their winter dump by the end of June. I helped them move the sluice boxes to a summer open-cut. Now the tundra was a magic carpet of white anemones and yellow buttercups and blue forget-me-nots. Redpolls warbled in the willows, and all day long I heard the three descending notes of the olive-sided flycatcher—I nicknamed it the cheechako bird. The background music of the symphony was the ceaseless drone of mosquitoes. The swarms drifted across the tundra like smoke.

Dad got more and more discouraged as the weeks passed. The hydraulic nozzle was failing to blast out any rich pockets. Sometimes he would sit all through dinner without saying a word. He was smoking quite a few cigars and complaining about his crippled hand. Late in August, Blueberry Pete shuffled into our cabin, shaved and wearing a clean shirt. He said he was signing over his share in the claim to dad. "I'm pulling out in the morning on the last horse barge down the Niukluk," he said. "I'm heading for the Third Beach."

Dad smoked more and more cigars after Pete left, and his hand swelled so much that mother had to put it in a sling. At last she couldn't stand it any longer. "Have you made up your mind to pull out too?"

Dad nodded, relieved that it was out in the open now. "But first I'll get you settled in Council, where Klondy can go to school. You don't want to put up with a winter out here all alone."

It wasn't hard to find a house in Council. Empty cabins were showing up all over town, left by miners who had joined the Nome stampede. We moved into a three-room log house; it even had a closet for mother to keep her slop bucket in.

Day after day, she watched the snow line creep down the slopes of the Fish River Mountains, knowing that dad would join the stampede at freeze-up. Once or twice she remarked offhand that Mr. Leslie seemed to be doing well with his store. Had dad ever thought of buying a little business in Council? But dad said he planned bigger things than that for his wife and daughter. As soon as he made his pile we'd all go back to the States and live in a solid-gold mansion. Mother would say, "Yes, Warren," and start getting me ready for school.

There was no schoolhouse in Council, so we held classes in the Presbyterian Church, taught by a Mrs. Horning. Counting myself, there were only seven pupils. We all wore long underwear, wool stockings, bloomers and sweaters, and when the big potbellied stove warmed the church it was a heavenly sensation to scratch.

At the approach of freeze-up, the whole town of Council got ready for the annual Arctic Brotherhood Ball. It was to be a masquerade, and dad suggested that mother go as the Nugget Queen. He was going to be King of the Miners. He dressed the way he'd always pictured himself in his dreams, with paste diamonds on his fingers, a chain of huge brass weldings across his vest and an egg-sized emerald of green glass in his cravat. Mother got out the box of gilded corks we'd hung on our Christmas tree in Ophir Creek, crumbled them into small pieces, and sewed them all over her white satin wedding gown. As she posed for dad, wearing her gilded-cardboard crown and a tiny satin mask, he let out his breath in a long sigh.

"Alma," he said, "you're the most beautiful woman in the world."

We stepped into the street, and mother gasped. The first big flakes of snow were falling. "It's here," she said.

Dad took her arm and pulled her close. "I'll be leaving for Nome in the morning," he admitted. "This is our last night for a while."

The Arctic Brotherhood hall was decorated with evergreen wreaths, red-white-and-blue crepe paper, and American flags with forty-five stars. Spruce boughs banked the platform where the orchestra played, led by a violinist called the Professor—nobody knew his real name. Mother was stunning in her white-and-gold costume, and she couldn't help knowing it. She seemed to be courting new dancing partners deliberately, turning her back on father whenever he tried to cut in.

At midnight there was a roll on the drums, and the Professor announced the Grand March to choose the Queen of the Ball. But mother was nowhere to be found. Father raced frantically around the hall as the Grand March started, and I looked in the ladies' room. But mother had vanished. We were both frightened. I got my coat and hat, and we combed the whole town, the Miller House and the restaurants and cafés. Nobody had seen her. Dad was in a panic with jealousy. He started home at a dead run. I sprinted to keep up. His voice echoed in the empty house, and I began to cry. Just then he noticed that the slop bucket was standing out in the back hallway. He opened the closet door. Mother was crouched inside, weeping. He grabbed her in his arms, crushing her satin dress as he kissed her.

"I'm not going to Nome," he kept saying. "Listen to me, Alma." She was still sobbing hysterically. "I'm not leaving. Don't you hear? Jorgensen's butcher shop is for sale. I'm buying it tomorrow. I'm staying here with you."

He kissed her again. Her satin mask fell off. I saw that her eyes were dancing with triumph.

My father did his best to make a go of the butcher shop. All he had to sell was smoked ham and bacon and frozen reindeer meat. But his store was popular because he always tipped the scales in favor of the customer and tossed in extra cuts. He could never resist trying to impress people. After school, I delivered meat around town. I wasn't very dependable, because I'd stop to play with the other children in snow tunnels we had dug underneath the main street. The hard-packed drifts were honeycombed with our secret passages. It was warm inside, and so quiet we couldn't hear the horse teams and dog sleds passing overhead.

The only fly in the ointment was my weekly violin lesson. The violin, bought from a neighbor, cost seven dollars. Mother arranged for me to take lessons with the Professor. He had a funny accent and long sparse gray hair, and he always wore brown corduroy pants and carpet slippers.

Whenever I fumbled he would rap me across the knuckles with his violin bow and say, "No, dot iss no goot. You are nod trying. You haf talent if you vill apply yourself only."

The Professor's log cabin was the central office in Council for the new telephone line which had just been completed from Nome all the way to Candle on the Arctic Ocean, 205 miles of wire strung on tripods across the tundra. The switchboard was beside the Professor's desk. While I was practicing, he would lean back in his chair and push in or pull out a plug. Through a doorway I could see a fat Eskimo squaw sitting on the kitchen floor, scowling at me. Her name was Short and Dirty, and she resented all female visitors. Once when a group of women came to call, the Professor addressed his consort in his best Continental manner, "Shorty, dear, will you bring the ladies some tea?"

The fat squaw glowered. "Somebody come, you say 'Shorty, dear,'" she mimicked, "but nobody here, you say 'Short and Dirt, you so-and-so, bring me some blankety-blank tea.'"

I was just starting my third year in school, in September of 1905, when mother found out from Doctor Anton that she was going to have another baby. Dad started handing out cigars to customers in the butcher shop, and bragging about the son that was on the way. Mother asked how he was so sure it would be a boy.

"He's got to be," dad replied. "He's going to be a chip off the old block. He'll be born with a nose for gold."

Dad was working hard at his shop, but everything seemed to be going against him. He brought in some live sheep to attract trade, and put them in a corral. Malemute dogs scattered them into the hills, where wolves devoured them. He ordered a shipment of frozen turkeys from the States to supply customers at Thanksgiving; the steamer from Seattle was delayed by storms and by the time the turkeys arrived in Council they had thawed and frozen again several times. He sold every one, and the result was very nearly a major disaster.

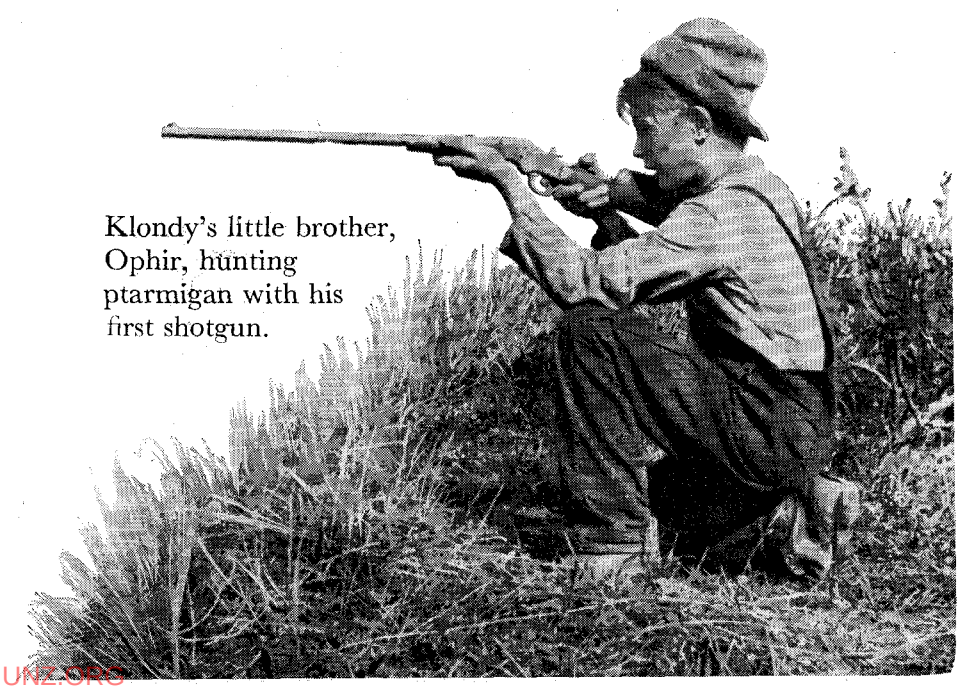
On Thanksgiving night sickness swept the whole town. Doctor Anton worked for days nursing dad's customers back to health. From then on, our butcher shop was virtually boycotted.

Dad was nearly broke when the Professor sent word to come at once; there was a phone call from Nome. It was Blueberry Pete. He said he'd heard about the trouble with the damn turkeys, he guessed dad might be shy of cash, so he was sending a money order; it ought to be along in a day or two. There wasn't any hurry to pay him back, dammit; he'd hit it rich on the Third Beach; he was picking up nuggets the size of boulders; this was the biggest damn strike he'd ever been on.

Dad walked slowly back to the house and lighted a long black cigar, and then lighted another one from the stub. Mother sat on the sofa and watched him; the baby was only a couple of months away, and she was taking it easy now. He smoked one cigar after another for the next few days, and his left hand was badly swollen when the mail stage brought Pete's money order. Dad opened a fresh box of cigars. His hand was aching and he held his arm in the air to relieve the throbbing.

At last mother asked quietly, "When are you leaving for Nome, Warren?"

He bent over and kissed her. "The stage is starting back tomorrow," he said. His eyes had that faraway light. "I'll make my pile in no time at all. Then you and Klondy and the baby will never want for a single thing. We'll live in a solid-gold mansion."



Klondy's little brother, Ophir, hunting ptarmigan with his first shotgun.

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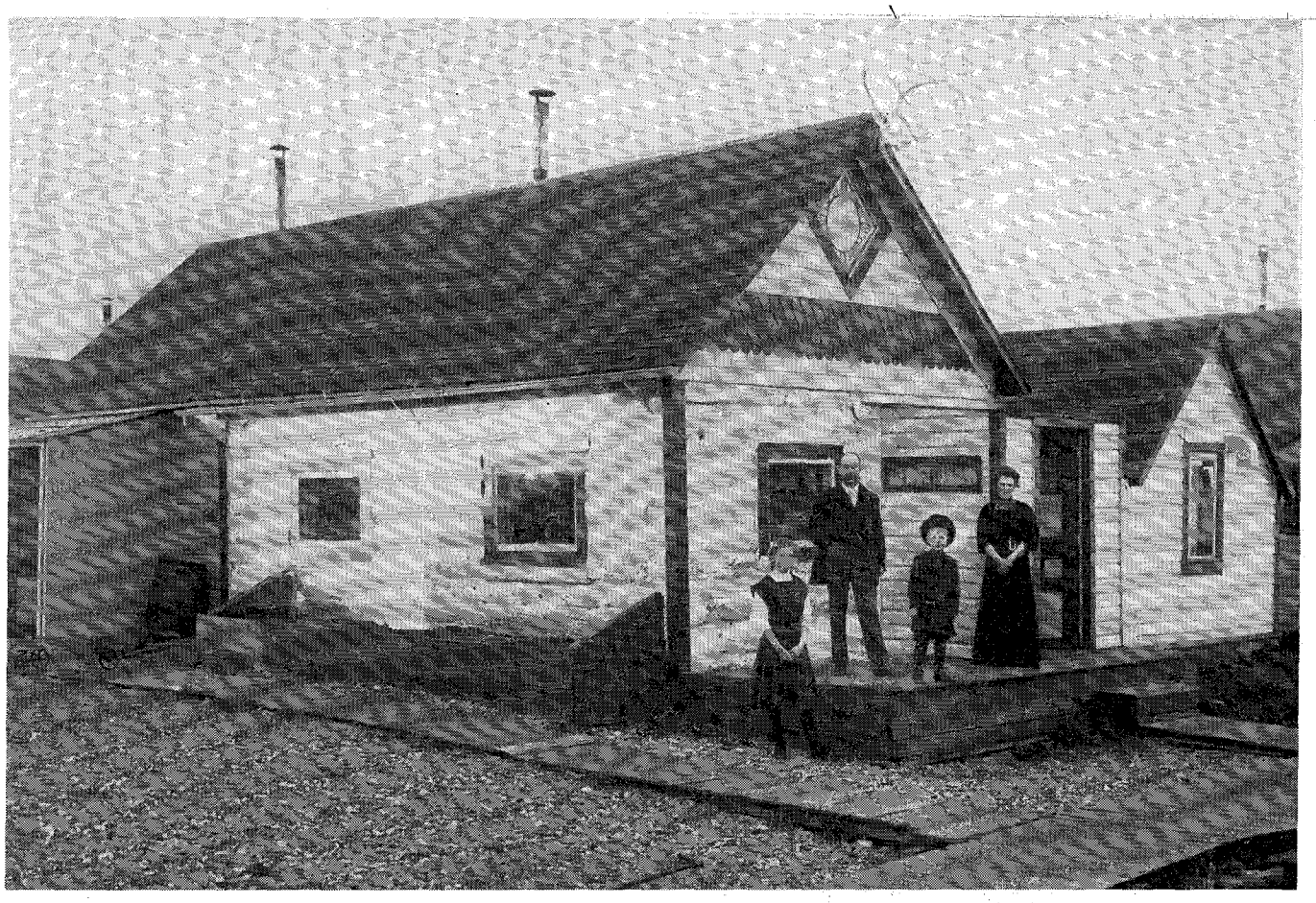


After Warren Nelson struck it rich, he bought his family a house with the only private tub in Nome.

He started toward his room to pack, then turned in the doorway. "I know what to call the baby," he said. "We'll call him Ophir for good luck."

Ophir was born the end of February. On the first day of March a dog team arrived in Council with a message from dad. This time he had really struck it rich. Nome's Third Beach Line was a bonanza. He'd reached bedrock at the base of Anvil Mountain, and the pay dirt was running three dollars to the pan. "Come to Nome on the first downriver barge after spring breakup," he wrote. "Ophir's brought me good luck."

We left Council at the end of June, riding a barge down the Niukluk River to Golovnin, the oldest seaport in Northwestern Alaska, a fur-trading post and herring saltery long before gold was discovered. A fine-looking Eskimo woman hurried down to meet us, past the carcasses of white whales staked to the water's edge.

"Me Molly Dexter!" she shouted. "Me Reindeer Queen!" She took Ophir from mother's arms, and led us to her neat log store, with its racks of furs—white fox and arctic lynx and gray timber wolf and ermine and mink. Her husband was a white man, Joe Dexter. She had saved him from freezing once, she informed mother, and had decided to marry him. "You stop my house tonight," she commanded. "Tomollow you go Nome on schooner."

The next morning I woke to hear a boat whistle tooting in the fog. Joe Dexter rowed us out to the schooner Duxbury in a dory loaded with furs for Seattle. When we pushed out of the fog, the twenty-four-hour day was almost over. I saw the red ball of the midnight sun dip into the sea and rise again at once to start another day. Its crimson glow tinted the pall of soft-coal smoke hanging over Nome. The windows of water-front buildings sparkled like rubies. Now, after Ophir Creek and Council, it seemed like a magic city. Best of all, dad was on the beach to meet us. He was dressed as the King of the Miners, but this was no masquerade. The gold chain across his vest was real. Genuine diamonds flashed on his fingers. He swung his baby son proudly onto a shoulder and carried him along Front Street, calling greetings right and left, tipping his wide-brimmed hat to the ladies. Everyone smiled and hailed him by name, and occasionally he would glance at mother to make sure she realized the importance of being Mrs. Warren Nelson.

We halted before a whitewashed log house. "Not another one like it in Nome," he told mother. A plate-glass picture window faced the Bering Sea, and up where the logs formed a peak was a diamond of stained glass. Reindeer antlers were nailed to the ridgepole. Mother caught her breath.

"It's so beautiful, Warren," she whispered; "almost like a little church."

Dad couldn't wait to show off the furnishings. The front room was lined with green burlap. There was an imposing library of leather-bound volumes. Flames glowed through the isinglass window of the hard-coal heater in the center of the room, and next to it dad had spread the hide of a white polar bear for baby Ophir to crawl on. In an unheated back room he showed us an enormous white porcelain tub with eagle-claw feet. "Only private bathtub in town," he boasted. Unfortunately there was no place for the water to run out except onto the floor. As time went on, the tub became a catchall for wet boots, snowshoes and dog harnesses.

Finally he led mother to the kitchen, and there was a brand-new, soft-coal range. Dad said, "Maybe the house isn't solid gold, but ——"

"Who wants to live in a gold house?" mother laughed, and kissed him. "We're all together again."

Mother always said that those early days in Nome were the happiest of her life. For eight months of the year, when the ice-locked community was cut off from the rest of the world, there was an almost continual round of banquets and entertainments and fancy-dress balls. Some of the Nome women sent all the way to Paris for the latest gowns. Beneath sweeping trains they wore long woolen underwear to protect them from the bitter cold. Dad used to protest at putting on white tie and tails; he preferred to drop in at Eagle Hall for a stag night of wrestling and prize fighting. The fights were usually put on by dad's fellow lodge member, Tex Rickard, proprietor of the Northern Saloon. They attracted such Stateside headliners as Frank Gotch and Jack (Twin) Sullivan. Later that year Tex Rickard lost his saloon to gambler Frank Hall in a dice game. He left for Goldfield, Nevada, where he promoted the world's championship match on September 3, 1906, between Battling Nelson and Joe Gans. "If it hadn't been for a bad roll of the dice," dad used to say, "we'd have had that fight right here in Nome."

Nome, in 1906, had settled into a respectable mining community of about 10,000, less than half its population at the turn of the century. The brief brawling frontier days were over. Schools and churches had taken the place of saloons and gambling halls. There were three newspapers in town, and many fraternal lodges—the Pioneers of Alaska, Arctic Brotherhood, Sons of the North, the Mums, and the Eagles. Show troupes made round trips from Seattle to put on East Lynne and The Bohemian Girl. We even had opera.

The fire of 1905 had wiped out the old red-light district of Nome. Now the sporting girls were confined to a small fenced area at the end of an alley, a section referred to with uplifted eyebrows as Behind the Board Wall. The occupants were seldom seen in the streets. Months passed before I spotted my friend, Toodles. When no one was watching, she stooped to give me a quick hug. She was wearing a mink coat, which mother had told me was a "badge of the trade." Now I was old enough to understand what mother meant; but I still liked Toodles.

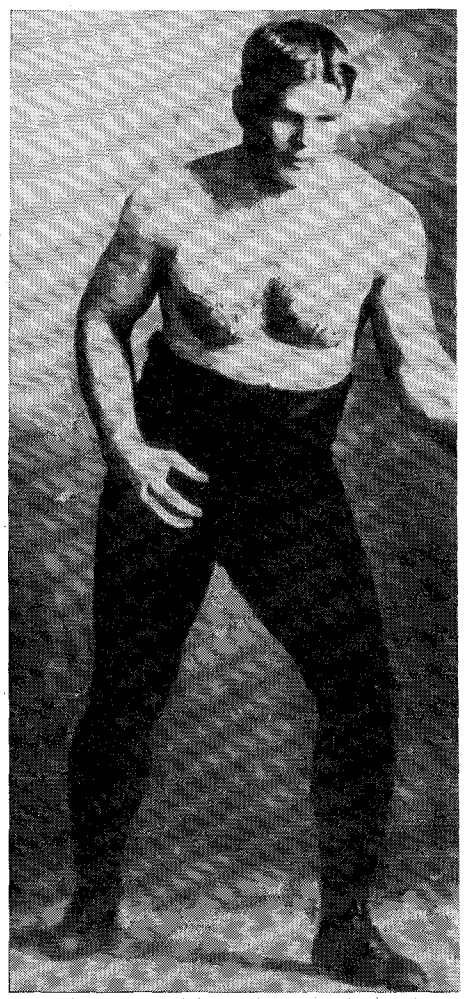
Dad's claim at Anvil Mountain was on the Third Beach Line, last and biggest of all the Nome strikes. It lay four miles inland, the ancient shoreline of the Bering Sea, buried under eighty feet of frozen silt. Dad and Blueberry Pete were partners in the Solo Mine. Pete said he was just a damn old shovel-stiff, that's all, and he was pleased to have dad manage the mine, pay off the other shovel-stiffs and carry the clean-ups to the bank.

Everybody in Nome was prospering in those days. Gold was flowing freely and a platter of ham-and-eggs cost four dollars. Even the stew bums in Nome were getting their share. The swamper in the Northern Saloon polished the brass spittoons for nothing, in exchange for the privilege of panning the sawdust in front of the bar where patrons paying for drinks spilled gold dust on the floor. In the Arctic Restaurant the cook kept a pot of soup bubbling on the stove all winter, using the greasy wooden spoon to measure customers' dust. He rinsed the spoon in the soup. By winter's end he had a comfortable stake at the bottom of the pot.

I caught the gold fever myself. Blueberry Pete made me a rocker, and I earned all my spending money that summer by shoveling dirt into the hopper, sloshing it with water and rocking away the silt while gold caught in the riffles. Even brother Ophir did some panning. He was just going on five, but Blueberry Pete and the other miners decided it was high time Warren Nelson's boy learned to be a prospector. They filled a tin with dirt and water, squatted around him and showed him how to swish it. As the water carried away the silt, Ophir stared in delight at a layer of five-dollar gold pieces in the bottom of the pan.

I was growing up fast, all arms and legs, just a gangling thirteen-year-old with weather-tanned cheeks and long blond curls tumbling in the wind. I was too young to bother about dressing up pretty, like older girls in town. All the best-looking ones were entered in the Floral Queen Contest to name the Alaska flower. The stores sold tickets for a dollar apiece, and each ticket was a vote. I never dreamed of entering the contest, but one night the Nome Nugget had my name on the list.

Next morning I ran into Big Hans on the street. "Some of us fellers come in from Council," he confessed, "and we figured



The sourdoughs flocked to see Frank Gotch wrestle in Alaska.

that Warren Nelson's girl ought to be queen."

On the last night of the contest he corralled all the miners from the outlying creeks. They bought up every remaining ticket, and on June 21, 1910, the Nome Nugget carried the headline: KLONDY NELSON ELECTED FLORAL QUEEN. A holiday was declared. Governor Clark came all the way from Juneau to preside at the ceremonies. He placed a crown on my head, and I stood up on shaky legs and read my proclamation. It began: "We, Klondy the First, Queen of the Seward Peninsula and adjacent islands," and went on to rule that henceforth the forget-me-not should be the official flower of Alaska. And it is, to this day.

The biggest holiday of the summer, of course, was the Fourth of July. The Coast Guard cutter Bear, back from its ice patrol

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along the rim of the Arctic, dropped anchor offshore. Its lifeboats brought in young sailors eager for their first shore leave in months. In freshly pressed blue uniforms, they strolled along the main street or wandered quietly down a back alley to vanish behind the Board Wall. A carnival spirit gripped the town. American flags fluttered from every window, the children wore star-spangled outfits, and on the beach 100 King Island Eskimos, who had paddled across the Bering Sea in their big umiaks, gave their annual exhibition of kayak rolling and blanket tossing. A dozen men would grasp the edges of a walrus hide and snap it taut, popping a young Eskimo girl high in the air, catching her again as she landed.

Offshore a rust-covered hulk had anchored at the mouth of Snake River. It was a Russian trading boat from East Cape in Siberia, come to peddle tins of vodka to the Eskimos. The law forbade white men to furnish liquor to natives, but the Russians had no compunctions. They only laughed as the Eskimos, poisoned by firewater, were carried off, kicking and screaming. Instinctively the townspeople drew away from the bearded visitors in their long black coats and black fur caps. The Russians were drinking heavily. Pocketing the money they had taken from the Eskimos, they headed for the Board Wall.

Soon I heard shouting and feet running on the wooden sidewalk past our house. Dad grabbed his six-shooter and joined the deputy marshals and city police racing toward the alley. I ducked out of the house and followed at a safe distance.

I could hear the splintering of furniture inside the Board Wall, the shattering of glass, feminine screams and loud foreign oaths. Occasionally there was a louder thump as a Russian crashed through the wooden fence. It was all over in a few minutes. There were several gunshots and the remaining Russians came boiling out of the wrecked area, their black coats flapping behind them. The Coast Guard boys chased them all the way to their dories at the mouth of the river. Dad said it was the best Fourth of July they'd ever had in Nome.

The police formed a hollow square, and herded the girls along Front Street toward the jail. Some of them staggered tipsily, but they held their frowzy heads high as they marched. I caught my breath as I recognized Toodles, one eye blackened and almost shut.

The next morning I pushed my way into the Commissioner's Court with the other spectators. The girls were lined up for a hearing, woebegone and a little frightened now. Toodles was standing at the end of the line. I worked my way through the crowd toward her, and whispered, "I'm sorry." She reached out and patted my hand. Just then the judge looked down and saw us. I stepped back hurriedly; the judge was a friend of the family's, and I was afraid he'd be angry. He looked at Toodles, and then at me, and his face lost some of its sternness. I'd just been elected Floral Queen and perhaps that gave me a royal prerogative. Anyway, the judge rapped his gavel and said, "Sentence suspended." Toodles gave me a smile I'll never forget.

That summer one of dad's crews tunneled into a prehistoric stream bed that led to still another rich pocket of gold. The yield was big enough to make the front page of the Nugget. Dad reveled in his reputation as a big-time operator, but the old excitement was gone. He had money, success, security—and it wasn't enough. Dad was a prospector, and prospectors don't look for security. They're forever looking for something shining over the next hill.

I guess Blueberry Pete felt the same thing. That August he told dad that he was pulling out. The Solo Mine was doing fine, dammit, but lately there'd been a rumor about a new discovery over on the arctic slope near Candle, and he guessed he'd have a look. Mother's face went white when dad told her that Pete was leaving.

"Why, that's ridiculous," she protested. "He can make all the money he ever needs right here."

"I think I know how he feels," dad said. He took out a long cigar and bit off the end. "It's something in a man's blood."

"I can understand quitting a claim if it doesn't pan out," mother insisted, "but to go off and leave a steady producer like the Solo, which you can work year after year——"

"That isn't prospecting, Alma. That's business. Pretty soon this whole country will be covered with dredges; there'll be nothing but machinery and big syndicates. Mining will be as dull as—as running a butcher shop," he said, and then caught himself and hastily lit his cigar.

"Warren, you know those cigars make your hand ache. Why are you smoking so many lately?" But she knew why. She saw me standing in the doorway. "Klondy"—impatiently—"you're late for your violin lesson."

I had been practicing hard all that summer. In November, I gave my first public recital as a soloist with the Bruner Club, an organization of professional musicians. It was a great honor for a thirteen-year-old girl to appear with them. Fred Hanks, the cornetist, said that I had unusual talent, and mother set her heart on sending me Outside to study. She kept working on dad, and finally he agreed that I could go to the States next summer. I would stay with my mother's sister in Denver, and take lessons from David Abromowitz, a noted teacher there.

I couldn't wait for summer to come. Mother had booked my passage on the Victoria for an August sailing. She was making a whole new wardrobe for me, and I was so busy with fittings that I hardly noticed how moody dad was. He didn't go out to the mine much any more. He spent a lot of time sitting by the window staring across the Bering Sea, holding his throbbing left hand and complaining. And then, in July, Blueberry Pete returned.

He came back to Nome on the first schooner out of the arctic. They had to help him out of the dory. His cheeks sagged, his eyes were hollow, and his voice ended in a racking cough. It had happened in March, he told dad; he got lost in a damn blizzard, and they found him the next morning walking in circles on the ice in Kiwalik Bay, with both his lungs frosted. Now he'd have to head for a hot, dry climate like Arizony. Just his damn luck, Blueberry Pete moaned; he was on the track of the biggest find of his life; nuggets the size of boulders, up at the head of the bay where the Immachuk River ran between a couple of mountains shaped like donkeys' ears. This was the very place; look, right here on the map.

Dad took to his bed the day Blueberry Pete sailed for the States. His crippled hand was aching so badly that mother had to tie a string to the ceiling and hoist it in the air. He lay there for a week, groaning. At last he yanked the string down and reached for his clothes. "I can't stay any longer," he said. "I'm going to Candle."

Mother didn't answer. She took the broken string, wrapped it into a neat ball and put it in the bureau drawer.

"I'll arrange everything, Alma," dad promised, pulling on his clothes hurriedly. "You'll have charge accounts all over town; there's plenty of money in the bank; you won't have to worry about a thing." The old familiar ring was in his voice. "I'll make my pile in no time, and we'll all go back to the States together. We'll live in a mansion studded with diamonds——"

"Warren," mother said quietly, "there's something I haven't told you. I'm going to have another baby."

"That's wonderful." Dad beamed as he lit a cigar. "We'll name him Solo for good luck."

He left for the Arctic in style, chartering a schooner, hiring a crew of men from the Solo Mine, loading the decks with expensive mining machinery and donkey engines and the latest hydraulic pumps, buying a year's outfit of clothes and provisions for everybody. He waved to mother and Ophir and me as we stood on the jetty, seeing him off.

"Wait for me, Alma!" he shouted. "I'll be back—I'll be back before the baby is born!"

But he didn't come back as he promised. Mother never saw him again. I saw him only once more in my life.

At first I hardly realized he was gone, I was so thrilled about my own trip. The Victoria was due to sail on Saturday, but when mother and I went to the bank to pick up the cash for my ticket, the teller was very upset.

"Warren drew a check for the whole balance to pay for his grubstake, Mrs. Nelson," he said. "I'm sorry. The account's been closed."

That Saturday, my nose pressed to the window in our front room, I watched the Victoria disappear over the horizon without me.

First mother sold the bathtub with the eagle-claw feet. The neighbor who bought it had no plumbing either; she put it in her front yard and filled it with dirt to grow leaf lettuce. Then mother sold our piano to the Eskimo mission. Our leather-bound library went next. I offered to sell my violin—we couldn't afford lessons now—and that was when Big Hans brought the news.

"Hang onto that fiddle, Klondy," he said. "Folks are fixing up a benefit concert to raise money for your steamer ticket. I been elected to tell ya."

Nome people were like that in the old days. They all knew that dad had taken the money for my trip Outside, and they did something about it. The Nome Nugget ran front-page stories about the benefit. There were posters in all the store windows, and dad's lodge, the Eagles, donated decorations for the platform. My schoolmates sold tickets from door to door. Big Hans made the rounds of all the saloons on the big night, and herded the shovel-stiffs into the Presbyterian Church. The Bruner Club had arranged the musical program. Fred Hanks rendered a triple-tongue cornet solo, and then I stepped onto the stage, a

Beribboned, 13-year-old Klondy (second from right), with her seven-dollar violin, starred in Nome concerts.

Warren Nelson (second from right) at Solo Mine.

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gawky fourteen-year-old, carrying my seven-dollar violin. First I played a selection from the opera Martha. For an encore I did the miners' favorite, The Bluebells of Scotland, with variations. My violin seemed to take over and play for me, telling everyone my gratitude and love. They all came around to congratulate me after the concert. A mink-coated figure pushed her way through the crowd. She slipped a fat roll of bills into my hand. "From the girls," Toodles said in a low voice. "They all chipped in for your trip." Mother was standing right there. Toodles averted her eyes and started away, but mother held her arm.

"Thank you; you're a good woman," she said, and kissed her. For once, the pink of Toodles' cheeks was a true blush as she hurried away.

I booked passage on the same S.S. Senator that had brought us to Alaska nine years earlier. I hesitated to leave mother, with the baby coming, but she said she would be all right. "I'll take in a couple of lodgers," she said. "They can use your old room. Klondy, you must go on; you must make the violin your career. It's the one thing I've got left to make me happy."

The following spring in Denver I received two letters. One was from mother, written in her spidery Old Country script. Everything was fine, she said; the baby was due any day now. Big Hans was looking out for Ophir. She was thrilled to hear about the public concerts I'd given that winter in Denver. She wanted me to keep on studying hard.

The other letter was from Big Hans, dated three weeks later. Evidently the dog team with mother's letter had been delayed by storms, and the two notes had caught the same steamer from Seward. Hans' penciled scrawl was brief: "Baby was borne dead. Your mother working as cook at Big Hurrah Mine. Not fealing so good. You better com back home."

I could see the change in Nome as soon as I landed. The town had already started to slump, by this spring of 1912. Fireweed sprouted around the sagging front steps of untenanted buildings. People lounged in aimless groups on the sidewalks as I hurried down Front Street to our house. Their faces looked empty; they had nothing to do. The big syndicates were coming in, just as dad had predicted. They didn't need gangs of shovel stiffs; just a few mechanics to operate the dredges. Absentee corporations were taking over—dad's Solo Mine had been absorbed by a group of Boston bankers—and they ran their own commissaries, contributing little or nothing to the town's support. Stores and restaurants depended on random trade. Most of the big money was going Outside.

The whitewashed logs of our house had begun to flake and the reindeer antlers had fallen down. I found our front room full of lodgers, resting their muddy boots on our white polar-bear hide. The floors were twisted skew-gee with frost heaves, slanting up one side of the room and down the other. Most of all, I was shocked at the change that had come over mother. Her cheeks were feverish and her lovely long hands were coarsened with work.

From now on, I had little time to play my violin. I had to help mother at home after school, and earn a few dollars by hauling water during the winter. Every morning I would get up in pitch darkness, hitch my three Malemutes to a sled, and drive down the silent streets of Nome to the Snake River. There I would chop a hole in the ice, fill a dozen five-gallon cans and haul them back to town for my customers.

Most of the Nome children had to rustle for a living. I remember a redheaded boy, the son of Mr. Doolittle, who ran the laundry, who delivered papers around town. When we passed each other in the bitter-cold dawn, he would wave to me and grin. Jimmy was always cocky, always getting into scraps with bigger boys and licking them, always finishing his paper route before the rest. Mother predicted he'd amount to something someday. Time proved her right; Jimmy Doolittle, pilot and three-star general, is world-famous today.

Mother was having a hard time making ends meet. The storekeepers offered to carry her on their books, but she was too proud to let them. However, I noticed our baskets of groceries always seemed to have extra items in them when we got them home. A chance to repay our neighbors' generosity came when the great storm hit in the autumn of 1913. A sixty-mile gale piled the shallow Bering Sea against the shore in crashing foamers, and the water rose ten feet in a few hours. For a time it seemed that Nome was doomed. Huge lighters were torn from their moorings and hurled like battering rams against the water-front buildings. Mammoth waves crushed the stores along Front Street, strewing sodden merchandise for miles along the beach. Mother and I watched from the window as the Snake River bridge went out. Electric cables snapped with a flash and Nome was plunged into darkness.

Next morning we looked out on the wreck of a city: houses upside down, schooners driven clear across Front Street onto the tundra. The area behind the Board Wall was silt-covered and deserted. The terror-stricken girls had taken refuge in the upper story of the Elite Bathhouse. At the height of the typhoon the building had collapsed into the sea. I never saw Toodles again.

Our house became a sort of community center. Homeless neighbors staggered to our doorstep and mother took them all in, keeping the stoves roaring to warm them and sharing what food she had. Some of them had rushed from their homes clad only in underwear, and were soaked and shivering. Mother opened the closet where she kept dad's clothes hanging neatly, and handed out the garments one by one.

Nome never really recovered from the storm. Most of the merchants who lost their stores didn't bother to rebuild; there wasn't enough business any more. The winter of '15 found less than 1000 people in town. Only a couple of restaurants were running, and the Northern Saloon had been shuttered forever. Slowly but surely the big syndicates were squeezing out all the smaller miners. Staffs of lawyers from the States were combing old records, and company engineers were resurveying the loosely stepped-off Third Beach claims.

A few stubborn old sourdoughs, like Big Hans, still hung on. He owned a fraction claim, 500 feet long by 12 feet across. He built a tiny shack on it and panned just enough gold to pay for his grub. Sooner or later, the big companies would have to run their giant dredges across his sliver of ground, and then he could name his price. Ophir and I used to drive my dog team out to his cabin and share a pot of ptarmigan mulligan. "I ain't in any hurry," he would say, gesturing toward the ground with his thumb. "It's just like money in the bank down there."

I now had a team of good dependable dogs—five Malemutes—and I dreamed of entering the Ladies' Cup Races. But the rules required seven dogs to a team. I couldn't buy any more dogs at fifty dollars apiece, but I used to look covetously at the spirited racing teams that came dashing through Nome during the winter. One team in particular caught my eye—a string of fourteen gray Huskies, partly wolf. They belonged to Frank Dufresne, a young deputy attached to the marshal's office. He had come to Alaska from New Hampshire, not for gold, but for adventure, and he always lodged at our house when he was in Nome. He had twinkling blue eyes and a sly Yankee humor. When I mentioned the Ladies' Cup Races, his face lit up.

"Why, Klondy," he said, "it so happens I've got just the seven dogs you need."

I didn't understand. "But I can't afford seven more dogs."

"I'm coming to that," he said. "I'll take your five old Malemutes and call it an even swap." There was a curious pucker at the corners of his eyes that I came to know better in later years.

He took off next morning with my Malemutes in his string. I hitched his seven Huskies to my sled, and found out why he was so willing to swap. They were ferocious, unmanageable fighting devils. They piled into each other, claw and fang, with bloodcurdling howls. I waded into the mess swinging the loaded butt of my dog whip to knock them apart. In the middle of the fracas, I heard Frank's dry New Hampshire twang behind me.

"Figured you might be needing me," he chuckled. "Maybe we better go out on the trail together a few times, till you get used to 'em."

"I don't need you or anybody else," I retorted, swinging my whip and booting dogs right and left. I was so mad that I never wanted to see him again. "I'll tame these brutes myself."

It took me a month, but I managed to break them. They turned out to be wonderful dogs, strong and fast, and they brought me home a winner in the Ladies' Cup Race. I didn't see Frank Dufresne again until almost spring. Distemper had all but wiped out his team.

"I'm sorry I unloaded that pack of wolves on you, Klondy," he apologized, his eyes puckering. "I'll make it up to you by buying the whole bunch back."

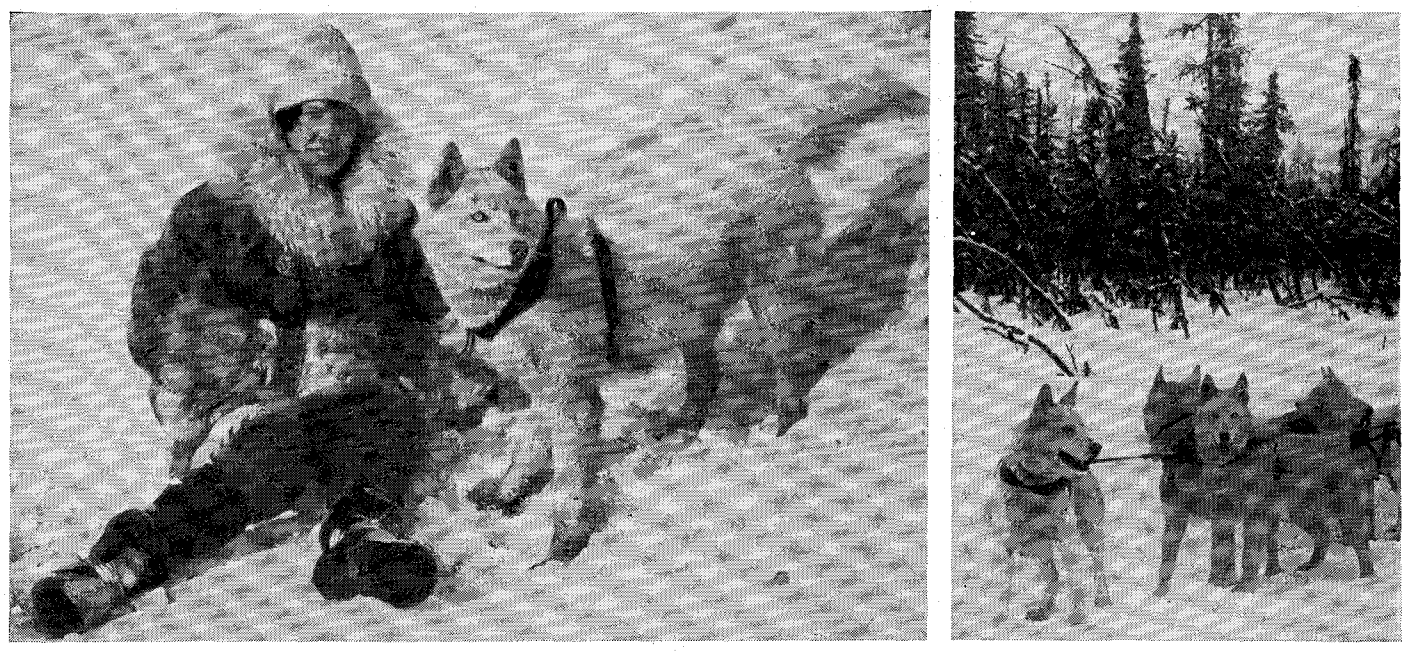
I was still mad. "The only way you'd ever get this team back," I snapped, "would be to marry me!" And I turned on my heel and went into the house, slamming the door.

The thought of marrying anybody right then was farthest from my mind, but I think it was beginning to worry mother. I was going on nineteen, and she knew that sooner or later someone was bound to come along—maybe someone like Frank. And the last thing she wanted was to see me marry a foot-loose adventurer who might leave me the way dad had left her. She seldom mentioned my father any more, but whenever a boat arrived from the Arctic she would go to the post office, wait until the mail was sorted and then walk home and sit staring out the window. But my future was preying on her mind even more than her own troubles. Nome was virtually a ghost town now. All the other young people were leaving for the States, and she wanted me to leave too. At night she would ask me to get out my violin and play for her. The tears would stand in her eyes. "If I could find some way to send you Outside, Klondy ——" she would say. "If only a letter would come ——"

The letter came, but it wasn't from dad. Blueberry Pete had died in Arizona, the formal legal notice read, and willed all his money to mother. There was a small check enclosed, just enough to pay for my passage back to the States.

Mother walked to the dock with me to see me off. The wooden sidewalk along Front Street was buckled, and withered grass stood between the missing planks. The street was completely deserted. War had been declared a few months before; all the remaining young men in Nome had gone to Fort Davis to train. Our footsteps echoed hollowly, and as I glanced at mother she seemed as frail as a ghost. I had a strange feeling that it was she who was leaving, not myself; that I was seeing her off to some far land beyond the hills, beyond all loneliness.

A freight sling was ready to lift me from the dock to the waiting lighter. I kissed



Klondy and her Siberian sled dogs on the trail in the '20's, after she married game warden Frank Dufresne.

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Ophir good-by. The men put my steamer trunk on the wooden platform of the sling, and I stepped aboard, gripping the ropes as they signaled to the winch. I tried to say good-by to mother, but I could only blurt out, "Come on back to the States. Come with me right now."

"I'll never leave Nome, Klondy," she said. "Your dad asked me to wait for him. He'll be back."

The steam winch hissed, the chains hoisted the sling into the air, and I looked down at mother for the last time.

Dad came back to Nome that winter, but he was too late. Mother had passed away a few days before he arrived. I was in Seattle when I got the cable from Big Hans. My brother, Ophir, told me the details when he reached Seattle the following spring. He was twelve now, with mother's blond hair, but the set of his shoulders reminded me of dad. Big Hans had taken care of mother's funeral. He'd sold his fraction claim to a syndicate to pay the expenses, and he had looked out for Ophir the rest of the winter and bought him his ticket to the States.

The cold north's poet Robert W. Service at age 69, made up to look 29 for a part in The Spoilers, with Marlene Dietrich.

Ophir said that dad had showed up in Nome one night a month or so after mother's death. He was on his way from Candle to a new strike he'd heard about near the head of the Innoko River. He was still spouting the same big lies, Ophir jeered. "All those wild promises about 'gold mansions and nuggets the size of boulders,' " he mocked, imitating father. "He wanted me to go with him, but I told him I'd die before I'd ever be a prospector like him."

When he had cooled down, we gossiped about old acquaintances. "By the way," Ophir said, "you remember that fellow Frank Dufresne that sold you the dogs? He went back to New Hampshire and enlisted, somebody said. I heard he's in France with the Yankee Division."

I was studying the violin and supporting myself by playing in a Seattle movie theater. Eventually, I organized a five-piece orchestra and we played dinner music at hotels around the Northwest. Ophir helped out by getting a job as a messenger boy with the Dexter Horton Bank. (It is now the Seattle-First National, and he is there today, head of an auditing section.)

At last I had my big break: I was offered a contract to travel East on the Orpheum Circuit. I was so excited with the news that I ran to our flat to tell Ophir. There were voices in the kitchen.

Ophir called out, "Klondy, guess who I ran into at the bank today!"

Ophir's companion rose from the kitchen table, his blue eyes crinkling at the corners.

"Still mad at me?" Frank Dufresne asked.

He told me he had an assignment with the United States Bureau of Biological Survey to work in Alaska. He was to travel all over the north country on wildlife reconnaissance, and his reports would help to fashion the new game laws for the territory.

Later he was to become the head of the Alaska Game Commission. "I'll drive my own dog team," Frank said. "I'll mush over a wilderness that no sled track has ever crossed before."

I could envision the limitless white arctic and hear the honk of geese and the roar of ptarmigan flocks on the tundra. Suddenly I wanted to share in his adventure, to be part of Alaska again. My musical career faded in importance. Frank saw the look in my eyes.

"Remember those seven Huskies I unloaded on you?" he asked. "Remember what you told me I'd have to do to get them back?"

We were married in Seattle that October. Two days later we left for Alaska.

I saw dad once more, in 1925, on a winter patrol down the Yukon with Frank. I wasn't making the same mistake that mother had made, staying home and waiting. I came along on Frank's trips as a partner, helping him mush the dogs. We stopped for the night at the Circle roadhouse and went inside. Dad was sitting by the oil-drum heater.

"Hello, Klondy," he said casually. That was all; nothing about mother, nothing about what had happened to me in all these years. His mustache was gray now, and his hair just a white rim around the edge of his skull. But his eyes had the same burning look.

"I'm on my way to the Klondike," he said. "They say there's a new strike at Dawson, up near the head of Carmack Creek. It's the biggest find yet."

For the first time, I understood my father. In his own way he loved us all, mother and Ophir and me, but I realized that we lived in a world that never existed for dad. The past and the future had substance for him, but the present was a shadow. He was a prospector to the day of his death. He passed away in 1935 at the Alaska Pioneer's Home in Sitka; he had borrowed a rowboat, the wire from the superintendent said, and was starting up the beach to pan some creek samples when the heart attack came.

He talked on and on, the last night I saw him at the Circle roadhouse. "Maybe I'll run into Rex Beach at Dawson. No, let's see, Rex came downriver with me, didn't he? Well, anyway, I'll see Bob Service at the bank." Past and future were one. "The gold's right there under the grass roots. Nuggets as big as boulders. Better give up that game-warden job of yours," he told Frank tolerantly, "and come along with me. I'll make you more money in a day than your salary for the whole year." He patted his vest pocket. "You don't happen to have two bits you could spare for a cigar?"

Frank bought him a handful of cigars, and he lit one and waved it expansively in his crippled left hand.

"I'll send for you both when I make my pile," he promised, "and we'll all live in a solid-gold mansion."

Frank and I left Circle the next morning, heading down the Yukon. The red rim of the sun was pushing up over the white hills, and the air was full of frost spangles, and as we stood on the runners of the racing sled I could see the faces in front of me—Big Hans, Blueberry Pete, Toodles. They were all dead now; the past was dead. Overhead I heard the faint hum of propeller blades, and a small Jenny dipped its fabric wings to us, the first airplane to carry the winter mail in Alaska. It marked the end of an era. THE END

Frank Dufresne, his wife Klondy and her brother, Ophir, at home in Olympia, Wash., today.

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The Case of the Missing Poison

(Continued from Page 29)

there's going to be a case. What's this woman's name, Gertie?"

"Mrs. Jackson Newburn."

"How old, Gertie?"

"Well, I'd say thirty-one or thirty-two. Della would probably say thirty-five. Della looks at their hands. I look at ——"

"What's her connection with the case?"

"She's related to Mosher Higley—that is, she was related to him."

"She told you what she wanted to see me about?"

"Well, she told me just enough to make me realize that it was important that she see you."

"All right," Mason said, "tell her I've been out, that I've just come in and that I'll see her briefly."

"And what about Della?"

"Telephone Della first, but don't let anyone in the outer office hear whom you're calling."

Gertie looked at him reproachfully. "I never do, Mr. Mason. I use that device so that no matter how close they're sitting they can't hear."

"That's fine, Gertie. Call Della. And as soon as I've finished talking with her, send Mrs. Newburn in."

A few moments later Mason's phone tinkled and Mason, picking up the phone, heard Della Street's voice at the other end of the line.

"How's it coming, chief?" she asked.

"Relax," Mason said. "I think it's all over."

"How come?"

"Well," Mason said, "the boys were pretty much upset. They went out to Twomby's Lake to check up on things. They found that someone had beaten them to it. It didn't take too much detective work to find out who that someone was. Then they located Arthur Felton, the boy who had recovered the bottle, learned from him that Mr. Mason had taken him to Hermann Korbel's laboratory. So they dashed out there and grabbed the bottle before Korbel had finished his experiments. Then they started looking for me on the ground of tampering with evidence, compounding a felony, being an accessory after the fact and all the rest."

"Chief," Della Street said, her voice sharp with apprehension, "what did they ——"

"Relax," Mason told her, laughing. "Right in the middle of their dramatic attempt to put me on the spot I telephoned Korbel. Korbel had managed to save scrapings from one of the tablets—a rather minute amount, but still sufficient for his purpose. He had learned the nature of the pills just a few minutes before I phoned."

"And what were the pills—cyanide?"

"The pills," Mason said, "were the sugar substitute they were supposed to be. You can tell Nadine Farr to go about her business. She can get that load off her mind and off her conscience. Drop her wherever she wants to go, and then drive back to the office."

"Well, for pity's sake!" Della Street said. "You mean that all of those pills were this sugar substitute?"

"That's right, Della. The tests Korbel used were so sensitive that even if some of the other pills had been cyanide there would have been enough in his sample to show. Evidently someone in the house found this partially filled bottle of the sugar substitute, knew where Nadine kept the stuff and simply put this bottle in with the other. . . . Is she there?"

"Yes."

"Tell her, and then see if she has any questions."

Mason held the phone and could hear the girls talking rapidly in tones of great excitement; then Della Street said, "Nadine wants me to ask you what ever became of the cyanide tablets she had in her room if those other tablets were the sugar substitute."

Mason, radiating good nature, said, "Tell her I'm a lawyer, not a seer. She'd better go back and search her room again. It doesn't make much difference where those tablets are. The big point is that the tablets she put in the chocolate were just what they were supposed to be, and Mosher Higley died a natural death. Tell her she can go home. I haven't time to talk with her now. Get on in here, Della, and I'll buy you a dinner."

Mason hung up the telephone, looked at the door to the outer office, waiting expectantly.

Within a few seconds, Gertie, enjoying her role of taking Della Street's place, escorted Mrs. Newburn into the office.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Newburn," Mason said, smiling. "Come in and sit down."

"Can I do anything else?" Gertie asked. "You want any notes taken or any ——"

"No, that's all right," Mason said.

"One of the other girls can watch the switchboard ——"

Mason shook his head firmly.

Gertie, with disappointment in her eyes, swung back to her duties at the switchboard, and Mrs. Newburn came forward to extend her hand to Perry Mason.

"I know it was presumptuous of me to try to see you without making an appointment," she said, "but the nature of my business was so confidential and so urgent, I felt you'd make an exception in my case."

"Quite all right," Mason said. "You talked things over with the girl at the switchboard and gave her an idea of what your business was—that always helps. It's these people who are mysterious and refuse even to outline the general nature of their business who upset a day's work. Now sit down and tell me just what you know about the Farr case."

"I don't know much about the Farr case, but I know a lot about Nadine Farr."

"All right, let's have it," Mason said, as Mrs. Newburn seated herself in the comfortable chair reserved for clients, and regarded Mason with steady, appraising eyes.

She was well-tailored, well-groomed, and her voice had the well-modulated timbre which one customarily associates with good breeding.

"I think first," she said, "I should introduce myself. I am a niece of Mosher Higley."

"You're married?"

"Yes. My husband is in the oil business."

"And you've been acquainted with Nadine Farr for how long?"

"A little over two years."

"What is it you wish to tell me about her?"

She said, "Mr. Mason, I don't want you to have the wool pulled over your eyes. Nadine is very adept at putting on an act—an act of sweet, cherubic innocence. She looks at you with wide-eyed sincerity, and all the time that little minx is wondering just how far she can twist you around her finger, and, believe me, she certainly means to twist you right around her finger. Everything that young woman does, every impulse she has is distinctly, decidedly, cold-bloodedly selfish. Now, I understand that she's been trying, for one reason or another, to make it appear that there was something sinister about the death of Uncle Mosher. There wasn't. Uncle Mosher died of purely natural causes. He had a coronary thrombosis. The attending physician knows it, and that's all there was to it."

"Perhaps," Mason said, "you misunderstood what Nadine was trying to do."

"That's entirely possible, Mr. Mason. Nadine hasn't confided in me. She's mysterious, secretive and furtive. She'll twist every man in the world right around her fingers. She knows she can't do it with alert women, so she doesn't try so hard with them. Occasionally you can catch her with her real character showing, if you're a woman. With a man it's virtually impossible. No matter what you do, she always resorts to that air of sweet innocence. She'll look up helplessly, put herself entirely in your hands and somehow—and heaven knows how she does it, with her background—appear shy and naïve. I'm being catty, Mr. Mason. I'm not even going to try not to be. I'll become more catty if I have to. I'll claw and bite and I'll fight."

"What are you going to fight over?" Mason asked. "Are you by any chance feeling that your husband is straying off the reservation?"

Mrs. Newburn's lips tightened. "Jackson," she said, "like every other man I know, has completely fallen for her line. He thinks she's just a sweet, innocent little girl who probably knows the facts of life, but hasn't applied them. He thinks that I'm persecuting her, that I'm jealous, that ——"

"Is there anything to be jealous about?" Mason interrupted.

"I wish I knew," she said. "Jackson is a male. He's human. He has the predatory impulses which are part of the normal male temperament. Nadine doesn't rely on the obvious come-hither approach. She uses the helpless, feminine technique, but, believe me, if she saw that anything—and I mean literally anything—was necessary to gain her ends, she would only hesitate long enough to make it appear that her sweet innocence was being overcome by forces over which she had absolutely no control. And while I love Jackson, and respect him, if you'll show me any normal male who wouldn't fall for that line of approach, I'll show you a man that I wouldn't care to be married to. So there you are. Perhaps I am jealous. How do I know? However, that's far afield from what I came to tell you."

"All right," Mason said. "What did you want to tell me?"

"Nadine called Mosher Higley her Uncle Mosher. Actually he wasn't related to her. Uncle Mosher knew something about her that enabled him to appraise her true character. In any event, Mosher Higley was one man she couldn't twist around her finger. He was the one man that I think she really and truly feared."

"Why did she fear him?"

"I don't know, and I don't mind telling you, Mr. Mason, that I'd give a pretty penny to find out. Uncle Mosher had something on her."

"In what way?"

"Well, she was afraid of him, but she respected him. She never tried to wheedle him. She didn't use this helpless innocence on him. She didn't use anything. She just did what he told her to."

Mason said, "You came here for some specific purpose. Why not tell me what it is?"

"I'm trying to tell you."

Mason smiled and shook his head. "How did you happen to come here?"

"Because I wanted you to understand certain things."

"But how did you happen to come here, to this office? How did you know I was connected with the case?"

"I was told."

"By whom?"

"Cap'n Hugo."

"Who's he?"

"He was my uncle's cook, housekeeper, chauffeur, handy man, chore boy and general factotum."

"And what did he tell you?"

"He said Nadine had gone to a doctor who had given her a truth-serum test. He said the doctor had taken down everything she had said on the tape and that she had said she had murdered Uncle Mosher."

"And how did this Captain Hugo know that?"

"John had told him."

"And who is John?"

"Why, John Avington Locke, the young man Nadine is trying to throw her hooks into."

Mason smiled. "Her intentions, then, are honorable."

"They're permanent," Mrs. Newburn said.

"And how did John Avington Locke know of this?"

"Nadine told him. The doctor, you know, played this tape recording back to her."

"I see. So she told John, John told Hugo, Hugo told you."

"Yes."

"That was about the tape recording. But how did you know about me?"

"I learned that through the police."

"Now," Mason said, "we're getting somewhere. How did it happen that you were discussing the matter with the police?"

"The police came to our house."

"To interview you and your husband?"

"Yes."

"And what did you tell them?"

"We answered questions."

"And what were the questions?"

"They wanted to know all about family affairs, about Nadine Farr and about Uncle Mosher's death, and then, after they had asked questions, they told us that Nadine had gone to you and that you had gone to Twomby's Lake and recovered the poison."

"And then what did you tell them?"

"Then I was too completely flabbergasted to tell them anything."

"How long ago was this?"

"I jumped into my car and came here the minute the police left."

"Why?"

"Because, Mr. Mason, you're being victimized. You're—well, I gathered from the police that you were going to try to protect Nadine. She isn't worth it. This whole thing is just another one of her schemes."

"You think she murdered Mosher Higley?"

Mrs. Newburn laughed. "That's what I'm trying to clear up for you. No one murdered him. Uncle Mosher died a natural death. I'm trying to let you see what's happening, Mr. Mason."

"Then why would Nadine have tried to create the impression that she killed your uncle, if we are to take the police version and assume that she did try to create that impression?"

"She did that very deliberately," Mrs. Newburn said, "and she did it for a definite purpose."

"What was the purpose?" Mason asked, his eyes showing that he was enjoying the conversation. He was encouraging Mrs. Newburn to work herself up to such a point that his subsequent disclosure about the so-called poison being nothing, after all, but a harmless sugar substitute would figuratively jerk the rug out from under her.

"Uncle Mosher had property valued at about seventy-five thousand dollars. He left a will which showed that he didn't have the faintest idea of the real value of his property. Or perhaps it was his way of taking a parting slap at Nadine."

"Tell me about the will," Mason said.

"It provided that I was to receive the big two-story house where he lived, that I was to have the car, the furniture and all of that, but that Nadine Farr could live in the house until she had finished her schooling. Then he gave some cash bequests to my husband, to me and to a college. He directed his executor to keep his factotum, Cap'n Hugo, on at half salary for a reasonable period not to exceed four months. He

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provided that Nadine's expenses were to be paid until she finished the current school year, and then he left all the rest, residue and remainder of his property to Nadine. The joke of it is that he left about a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of bequests, and the most that can be secured from selling his property at the moment would be about seventy-five thousand dollars."

"So he really left Nadine with something less than nothing," Mason said.

"That's exactly it. I think it goes back to some sort of an arrangement he had somewhere with his partner in business. At one time Mosher Higley was quite wealthy and I think there had been a definite arrangement that he was to leave a will by which he had to make certain provisions for Nadine."

"He disliked Nadine?"

"I won't say that. He understood her."

"All right, go ahead. You still haven't told me about Nadine's motive."

"Well," she said, "Nadine is very, very clever and very, very scheming. She understands the business implications of the will. My uncle owned a large acreage of Wyoming land which has at the present time a low market value. However, a big oil company is going to put down a really deep test well on some adjoining property. If that well should come in, the property in the estate would be worth a lot more than the bequest in the will. Then Nadine would have the laugh on us. She'd inherit property Uncle Mosher never really wanted her to have. You see, leaving her everything that might be left over—well, it's a peculiar situation."

"I see," Mason said, his eyes twinkling.

"So," Mrs. Newburn went on, "anything she can do to keep the estate from being closed will be all to the good for her. She's even willing to hatch up a murder case which she knows she can beat so she can keep the estate in probate."

"You mean she'd confess to a purely fictitious murder?" Mason asked.

"Why not? What harm would it do? They couldn't touch her, particularly if she pretended she was drugged at the time of the confession."

"You think that she would do anything like that?"

"Of course, she would. She's doing it."

"And all this elaborate pattern of emotional upset was simply an excuse to get the probate delayed?"

"Of course. Can't you see what she's doing? She wants to get the body of Uncle Mosher exhumed. She wants delay, delay, delay. And all the time she's gambling on that oil well coming in—and she's gambling with our money."

"I thought it was in the estate."

"Well, you can see what I mean."

"Well," Mason told her, "you may go home and quit worrying. The tablets that Nadine gave Mosher Higley were exactly what she thought they were when she put them in the chocolate—nothing but a sugar substitute."

Mrs. Newburn's face showed startled, incredulous surprise.

"So," Mason said, getting to his feet, "your uncle died a natural death, and you can quit worrying."

"But I still don't understand. I ——"

Mason stood looking gravely down at her. "I'm quite certain you don't," he said. "And if it's going to be to Nadine Farr's advantage to delay the closing of the estate and the sale of the Wyoming property until oil can be discovered, I'm in a position to assure you the statements you have made to me this afternoon will cause the probate judge to block any hurried sale of the property."

Mrs. Newburn got up from her chair, started to say something, changed her mind, walked uncertainly toward the door, turned back and said, "Well, if Uncle Mosher left any oil property we're entitled to it. . . . I suppose you feel I'm a cat, Mr. Mason."

"I would say you had a dietary deficiency," Mason said, smiling frostily.

"How come?"

"You don't eat enough of the foods which generate the milk of human kindness."

Suddenly angry, she glared at him. "Well, you just wait until you've had a little more experience with that baby-faced —— Well, see what you think then!" she spat. She flounced out the door.

Della Street unlocked the door of Mason's office to find the lawyer reading advance copies of the Supreme Court reports.

"Well, how was the trip, Della?"

She laughed. "I had visions of spending a few days at the beach, getting a suntan and a little surf bathing."

Mason said, "And I had visions of a beautiful legal battle with Hamilton Burger over corpus delicti, legal medicine and professional ethics."

"And now everything has blown up?"

Mason nodded.

"Just what happened?"

"Well," Mason said, "it turns out that we've had a tempest in a teapot. Nadine Farr found an extra bottle of sweetening pills on the shelf. It never occurred to her that it wasn't the regular bottle she had been using, until Mosher Higley tasted the chocolate, suddenly became convulsed with pain and accused her of having poisoned him. She dashed down to her room, looked in the place where she had secreted the cyanide tablets and found they were gone. That was when she found out that she had taken tablets from an extra bottle in the kitchen that she hadn't noticed before. Of course, in view of Higley's accusation, she reached what seemed to her to be a thoroughly logical conclusion—that someone had put the cyanide tablets where she would naturally place them in Higley's drink and poison the old man."

"But she hadn't?" Della Street asked.

Mason grinned. "She had a guilty conscience. She jumped at conclusions from insufficient data. That's the worst of circumstantial evidence, Della. You grab a button and sew a vest on it, and then think the button must have come off the vest."

"But what do you suppose did become of the cyanide tablets Nadine Farr placed in her room?"

"That," Mason said, "is something we'll have to investigate quietly, tactfully and rapidly. Naturally it isn't a good idea for a young woman who has entertained suicidal thoughts to remain in possession of a collection of cyanide tablets—although I think the incentive for suicide has now passed."

"Chief, what in the world do you suppose was back of Higley's persecution of Nadine Farr? Think of a man telling a young girl who was in love that she must go away and never communicate with the man she loved, that she must never see him again."

"That," Mason said, "isn't the significant thing."

"What is?"

"The fact that she was going to do it."

"She wasn't."

"She was going to kill herself, which amounts to the same thing."

"Higley must have been a devil."

Mason said, "I don't like to judge Higley on the strength of Nadine Farr's statements. Higley is dead. He can't defend himself. Nadine Farr hated him. . . . Oh, well, that's all water under the bridge now. What did you do with Nadine?"

"I left her down at the beach."

Mason raised his eyebrows.

"She wanted to stay. She'd been under quite a strain, and when I told her that everything was all right, she had quite a reaction. You know how she is. She won't cry. She keeps her emotions all bottled up inside herself. That's why she's under such terrific tension."

"And she didn't want to go back home?"

"No, she said she didn't want to face anyone for a little while. She said that since the rooms were already paid for, she'd stay down there overnight and take a bus in the morning."

"You think she'll be all right, Della?"

"I think so. It's hard to judge her, but she said she'd be fine. It was my idea that perhaps she wanted to telephone John Locke and have him meet her. She wanted to be the one to tell him, before he heard a garbled version from someone else."

Mason nodded. "That's probably it. Well, we may as well call it a day and ——"

Paul Drake's code knock sounded, insistently urgent, on the outer door.

Della Street raised her eyebrows in silent interrogation. Mason nodded.

Della Street went over to open the door. "Hi, Paul," she said. "We were just calling it a day. . . . What is it? You look all excited."

Drake closed the door, walked over to the clients' chair, and for once didn't sprawl out crossways, but sat straight and erect. His eyes searched those of Perry Mason.

"Perry," he said, "would you pull a fast one without telling me about it?"

"What seems to be the trouble, Paul?"

"Look, Perry, you're in a real jam this time. It looks as though they've caught you with the goods."

"What are you talking about?"

"I'm just wondering," Drake said, "if you are crazy enough to do it."

"To do what?"

"Throw that bottle out into Twomby's Lake and then pay a boy to recover it."

"Now wouldn't that be something!" Mason said. "Do you mean to tell me, Paul, that Hamilton Burger is insinuating I did that?"

"He hasn't specifically accused you as yet. He may later on. At the moment, he's dealing in innuendoes."

"And what's given him all those ideas?" Mason asked.

Drake said, "Of course, you have to admit, Perry, that dredging out that bottle which Nadine Farr insisted contained cyanide of potassium and ——"

"She didn't insist on it," Mason said. "She simply thought it might have contained cyanide tablets."

"According to the way I heard it," Drake said, "she told the doctor positively and absolutely that the bottle contained cyanide."

"Well, you can hear lots of things," Mason said, "but what interests me at the moment is what has caused you to become so steamed up and imbued with the idea that I planted this bottle of evidence."

"They found the other bottle," Drake said.

"What?" Mason exclaimed.

"After you walked out of police headquarters, leaving Lieutenant Tragg and Hamilton Burger sitting there with their mouths open, Burger began to get an idea that this might have been one of your fast ones. Lieutenant Tragg contacted the car dispatcher and they sent a radio car hurrying out to Twomby's Lake. The cops started kids diving all over again, and this time they found the other bottle."

"What do you mean, they found the other bottle?"

"Well, call it a bottle," Drake said. "Anyway, they found another bottle."

"And what about this one?"

"This was the same type of bottle as the other. It had shot and tablets in it, but these tablets were cyanide of potassium."

"The devil!" Mason exclaimed.

"That's right. Look at the thing from Hamilton Burger's viewpoint. He feels he has you dead to rights. Of course, Perry, I know that you have unorthodox, unconventional ideas about the cross-examination of witnesses, but if you fixed up a bottle with sugar-substitute pills and shot; then went out and tossed it off the end of the pier so the boys could recover it and thereby kill the case against Nadine Farr, you really and truly stuck your neck out."

"Is there any evidence I did anything like that?" Mason asked.

"Burger says there is. Two of the boys saw you throw something out into the water."

"Oh, Lord!" Mason exclaimed. "How dumb can the guy get! I threw a stone out into the water to estimate the distance where Nadine's bottle would have hit the water."

"Well, the kids saw you throwing something, and that's enough for the district attorney."

Mason began to laugh; then suddenly became serious. "Go ahead, Paul."

"That's it," Drake said. "That's the story, Perry. The D.A. got to thinking things over and it occurred to him that that would be what he referred to as 'a typical Perry Mason trick.' So he ordered a radio car to go back and hire boys to search the lake again. And they found this other bottle, which Burger, of course, insists is the real bottle. If you were in Burger's shoes you'd feel the same way he does. He acted on a hunch, and as a result of that hunch he uncovered the evidence."

"How did you get the information, Paul?"

"From one of the newspaper reporters."

"Hamilton Burger is giving it to the papers?"

"He's being very ethical. He's letting the police give it. The cops are making a dramatic story out of it. Apparently the murder case blew up when the bottle which had been recovered proved to contain only a sugar substitute. But good old Hamilton Burger, realizing the fact that he was dealing with Perry Mason, whose reputation for being ingeniously resourceful is well known in legal circles, insisted that there was no direct evidence that this bottle which Perry Mason had so 'opportunely recovered' was the same bottle which Nadine Farr had admitted throwing into the lake. So Hamilton Burger, with his keenly logical legal mind, refused to be diverted from the scent. He sent divers down to look for another bottle. And, sure enough, they found that other bottle, and apparently it contained cyanide. In any event, the substance has the distinctive odor of cyanide and is now in the process of being analyzed."

Mason motioned to Della Street. "Get Nadine on the phone."

Della Street's nimble fingers flew over the dial on the telephone. Mason lit a cigarette.

Drake, his voice showing his concern, said, "Perry, you didn't, did you?"

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't plant that bottle?"

"Hell's bells," Mason said, "do I look like a perfect fool, Paul?"

"But if you had got away with it, it would have

(Continued on Page 78)

Laughs Best

By Loyd Rosenfield

I find his sense of humor
greatest
Who laughs the longest at
my latest.

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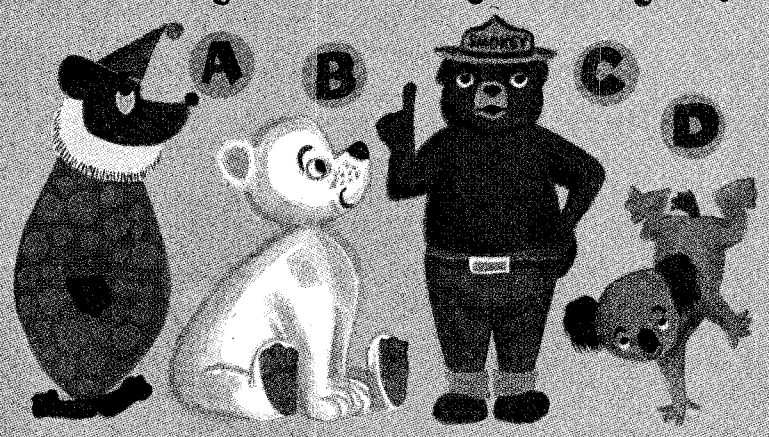
Who has the brains in the family?

CAN YOU SOLVE THESE SIMPLE PUZZLES ??

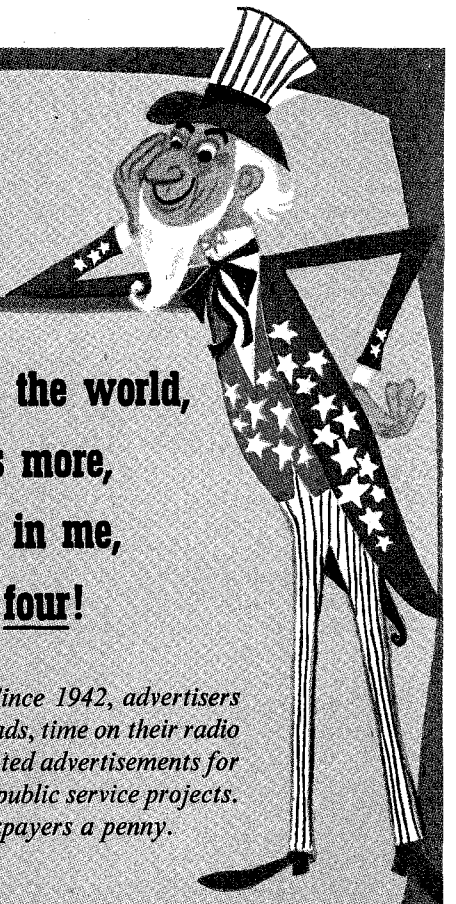
Husbands, prove you're smart as well as handsome! Wives, this is your chance to shine! Kids, show up the whole family! It's easy!

WHICH BEAR ASKS US TO HELP PREVENT FOREST FIRES ?



Here's a hint: he asks us to watch our campfires carefully, break our matches, drench fires, and crush cigarettes. Sure, it's (C)—Smokey the Bear. You've seen and heard him in many messages prepared by one of America's leading advertising agencies through The Advertising Council.

RIDDLE: WHAT IS IT ??



I'm the <u>safest</u> investment in the world,
And, Americans, what's more,
For every <u>three</u> you put in me,
In <u>ten</u> years, you get <u>four</u>!

This one's easy: U. S. Savings Bonds. Since 1942, advertisers have contributed space in their magazine ads, time on their radio and TV programs, and space in other printed advertisements for messages about Savings Bonds and other public service projects. And none of this advertising has cost taxpayers a penny.

FIND THE MESSAGE IN THIS REBUS...

MANY OF OUR S

NEED MORE S

AND MORE

UP-TO-DATE S!

Many of our <u>schools</u> need more <u>teachers</u> and more up-to-date <u>textbooks</u>. And they need larger facilities, too! Right! Messages prepared free of charge through The Advertising Council have helped alert citizens to disquieting facts like these: 3 out of every 5 classrooms in the U.S. are overcrowded now, and by 1960, there will be 8,000,000 more children in our schools.

UNSCRAMBLE THE NAME...

Hint: In these four letters is the name of an organization through which food and clothing can be sent to homeless and hungry people overseas.

It's CARE, which has distributed more than $200,000,000 in relief supplies to war-ravaged areas since World War II. Generous Americans responded to CARE appeals in Advertising Council messages on radio and TV, in magazines and newspapers, on car cards and outdoor posters.

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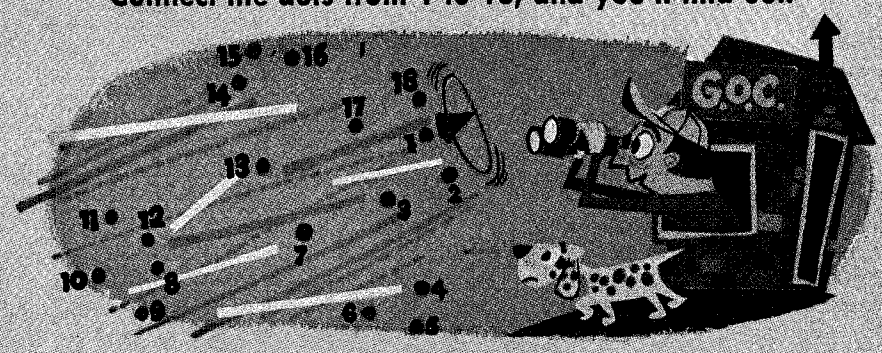
WHICH SIGN DOESN'T BELONG?

Find the one that doesn't say: "Be careful —the life you save may be your own!"

"Sale today" doesn't belong. All the others are safety symbols that the National Safety Council is trying to get more and more drivers to observe. SAFETY is another public service project whose advertising is prepared free of charge through The Advertising Council.

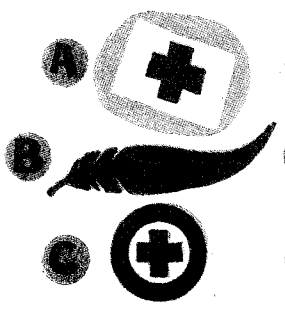
WHAT'S HE LOOKING AT?

Connect the dots from 1 to 18, and you'll find out.



Got it? It's a plane, and the alert young man is a civilian volunteer for the Ground Observer Corps, whose job is to watch the skies and help protect America from sudden attack. Any advertisement you've seen telling our citizens of the danger of surprise attack, and asking for volunteers, costs the U. S. Air Force nothing.

CAN YOU MATCH THESE SYMBOLS AND THEIR NAMES?



1. Community Chest
2. National Safety Council
3. American Red Cross

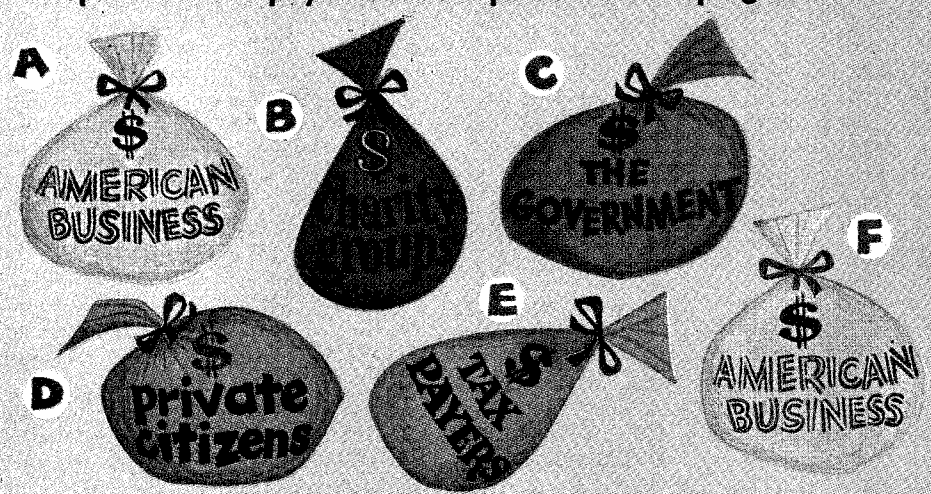
That's right: (A) goes with 3, (B) with 1, and (C) with 2. Those were easy, and there are many other Advertising Council public service projects that affect your everyday life. A few are: ACTION (the fight against present and future slums), Engineers Wanted (a drive to increase America's supply of scientists), the Crusade for Freedom for Radio Free Europe.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

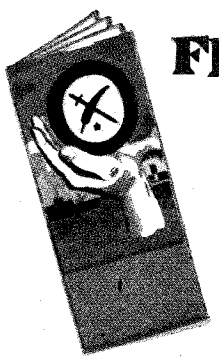
Sparky, the fire-fighting dog, knows! Pop is smoking in bed, Sis is playing with matches, Mom is using flammable fluid to remove spots; and that floor socket is overloaded for trouble. All these are fire hazards that folks are warned about in Council advertisements prepared in cooperation with the National Fire Protection Association.

FIND THE TWINS...

Two of these bags are identical; they will tell you who sponsors and pays for these public service programs.



Did you pair (A) and (F)? Congratulations, genius! U.S. businesses, large and small, pay for all advertising of these public service projects. Advertisers give time and space in their own advertisements, advertising agencies contribute talent, all media carry the messages free (including this ad), and The Advertising Council coordinates preparation without charge.

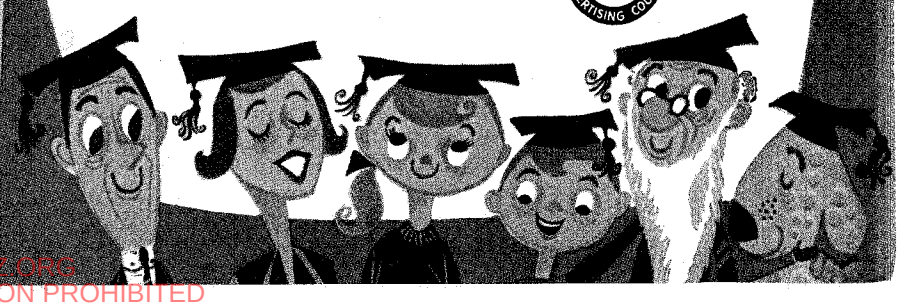


FREE!!

If you would like to know more about the work of The Advertising Council—just write the Council at 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y. We will send you a free booklet as a permanent memento of your brainy work on these puzzles.

THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

... for public service



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(Continued from Page 75)

been such a slick scheme. It was diabolically ingenious—an answer to the whole puzzle, a simple solution that would have left Hamilton Burger out on the end of a limb, the laughingstock of everyone."

"In other words," Mason said, somewhat ominously, "what Hamilton Burger calls a typical Perry Mason trick."

"Now don't get me wrong, Perry," Drake said. "I was just asking."

"Well," Mason said, "for your information, Paul, that is not a typical Perry Mason trick. I sometimes do things that will expose the weakness of the police theory. I sometimes cross-examine a witness by bringing him face to face with physical conditions which demonstrate the fallacy of his testimony, but I don't go around planting evidence in order to compound murders."

Drake's face showed relief. He settled back in the chair. "Well," he said, "that's that. Although I'm darned if I know just how you're going to go about proving that you didn't do it."

Mason said, "Let's let Hamilton Burger go about proving that I did do it."

Drake shook his head. "As far as public opinion is concerned, he's already done that. When a man says, 'I feel that this magician was intending to pull a rabbit out of his hat; if I'm right, when I look into the silk hat I'll find a rabbit,' and then he looks into the silk hat and pulls out a rabbit; he's proved his point as far as popular opinion is concerned."

Della Street, looking up from the telephone, said, "The motel reports that Miss Farr has checked out."

"Who's on the line?" Mason asked.

"The manager."

"Let me talk with her."

Mason picked up the phone, said, "Good evening. I'm sorry to bother you, but I'm very anxious to get some information about Miss Farr. You say she's checked out?"

"That's right. She was only here a short time."

"Can you tell me how she left?"

"A young man called for her. He asked for the number of Miss Farr's unit. I gave it to him and—well, under the circumstances, I made it a point to keep an eye on him. We have to be rather careful, you know, particularly with single women who register. There was some suspicion because Miss Farr and another young woman came in together and rented separate units. However, apparently it was quite all right. Miss Farr checked out a few minutes after the young man called for her. They drove away together."

"And about how long ago?" Mason asked.

"Not over ten or fifteen minutes. Now, may I ask who you are and what is the reason for your interest?"

Mason said, "I'm acting *in loco parentis*, and thank you very much." The lawyer hung up and turned to Paul Drake. "All right, Paul. Back to normal."

"What do you mean?" Drake asked.

"You were complaining about this case," Mason said. "You had become so accustomed to being rushed you didn't want to do things in a leisurely manner. That's all over now. You can get back to the routine of running around in circles, putting on swarms of operatives, burning the midnight oil, juggling phone calls."

"What do you want?"

"Everything you can get your hands on," Mason said. "I want a line on John Avington Locke, a young chap in whom Nadine is very much interested and with whom she left the High-Tide Motel at the beach fifteen minutes ago. I want to know everything I can about the background of Mosher Higley. I want to find out about Mr. and Mrs. Jackson Newburn. I want to know what the police are doing in this case. I want to know everything that's pertinent."

Drake said, "This character they call Cap'n Hugo is in my office. He worked for Mosher Higley for years and years. He's quite a character. I suggested that he come in and see you."

"When?" Mason asked.

"I told him to come in during office hours and wait in my office, but he came strolling in just before I got that report about the second bottle of poison. I left him sitting there and dashed on in here."

"What does he know?" Mason asked.

"Everything."

"Go on," Mason said.

"He was a general man of all work. He'd been with Mosher Higley for some thirty years. When my men interviewed him they found out Cap'n Hugo is one of those characters who don't miss a thing. My man made a report giving me a summary of Hugo's story, but he said I should talk with Hugo myself because there's a certain amount of local color about him that can't be put in a report. So I thought I'd size him up and you could talk with him if it seemed worth while."

"Hugo agreed to come in?"

"He didn't want to," Drake said. "Claimed that he was busy. My man told him he'd pay him ten dollars to come in and talk with me, and Hugo grabbed the money. Higley left him without a cent."

Mason said, "Go back to your office, Paul, and bring him down here."

"Anything else?" Drake asked.

"Get men working," Mason told him. "Get your reports together. Let's find out all the facts we can, and let's try to find some of them first."

"How serious can this be?" Drake asked.

"Can what be?"

"Hamilton Burger accusing you of planting a bottle for him to find."

"Very serious," Mason said. "I can protest my innocence until I'm black in the face, but no one's going to believe me. It would have been such a shrewd, ingenious trick that people won't stop to look at the ethics of it. They'll simply smile and say that I was caught manipulating evidence. However, I can get around that in some way. What I'm worrying about is what it's going to do to Nadine Farr."

Mason turned to Della Street. "Have you any idea where Doctor Denair was going, Della?"

She shook her head. "I could call his office and find ——"

"Don't. His nurse is keeping company with a police detective. That's how the story of the tape recording leaked out. . . . O.K., Paul, get busy. Bring Cap'n Hugo down here."

Drake got up, started for the door, paused with his hand on the knob and said, "You want lots of action on this, Perry?"

Mason nodded.

"I may have to pay out a little money for fast information—getting leads on ——"

"Pay out anything you have to," Mason said, "only get the information."

After Paul Drake had left, Della Street glanced at Perry Mason. There was no concealing the worry in her eyes.

"What do you suppose happened?" she asked.

Mason shrugged his shoulders.

"Do you suppose Nadine got to thinking about that confession she had made, went and got some sugar-substitute tablets, put them in a bottle with some shot and went out and threw them off the pier?"

"Why would she have done that?" Mason asked.

"Good heavens, why not? Ninety-nine times out of a hundred that could have been all there was to it. Gosh, chief, just look at the facts. Nadine took a truth-serum test. She probably thought she could control what she said. She couldn't. She told everything about Mosher Higley's death. Then we played that tape recording back to her. She said she wanted twenty-four hours to think things over. And whatever she was planning to do was something she wanted to do in private. Remember that she wouldn't even let Doctor Denair drive her when she left here? What's more logical than for her to take some of those sugar-substitute tablets, put them in a bottle with some shot, throw the bottle off the end of the pier and then sit down to wait? She knew that sooner or later a search would be made."

"She'd have to be diabolically clever to have thought all that up," Mason said, his manner thoughtful.

"Well," Della Street told him, "there are clever women, you know."

"I know," Mason said. "It might interest you to know that Mrs. Jackson Newburn, Mosher Higley's niece, came in to warn me about Nadine Farr."

"What did she think of Nadine?"

"Her appraisal agreed with yours."

Before Della could say anything else, Drake's code knock sounded on the door of the private office.

Della Street opened it, and Paul Drake said, "Here's Cap'n Hugo to talk with you, Perry, and if you'll excuse me, I'm on my way. I've got some hot stuff coming in over the wire. If there's anything you want, get in touch with me and I'll be right down."

TO BE CONTINUED

Exiles of the Wasteland

(Continued from Page 24)

"It takes a very unusual man," says Pat McNally, who picks the crews for the Saline job, "to maintain an emotional balance in this isolated place."

The men who keep the vigil there now are Leonard (Red) Shaw—he earns $328 a month as trestle inspector—and Louis W. Kley, skipper for the two company boats on which Red makes his patrol. Both have been with the Southern Pacific for years—"Red and Lou must have come out with Brigham Young," one supervisor says affectionately—and both have the seamed faces, the gnarled hands and the narrowed, squinting gaze that come from long hours of toil under an open sky.

One recent morning when I returned to Ogden, I said to Pat McNally, "I'd like to meet those fellows. Any way to drive out there?"

"Well," he said, "it's a hundred miles over a desert road, and no one in his right mind takes that route. We have a little gas buggy that rides the rails. Not fancy, but it gets there."

The next day McNally and V. E. Anderson, the Salt Lake Division superintendent for the Southern Pacific, handed me a form and asked me to sign it. "Undersigned desires to ride a motor car, notwithstanding the danger to his person, or the risks that will arise therefrom," it read. "Undersigned hereby releases the Southern Pacific . . . from all claims arising from injury to or death of the undersigned while riding upon, or being upon said motor car." I signed.

Shortly afterward, McNally's men opened a tiny garage alongside the tracks in Ogden, pulled out what looked like an oversized toy car, and lifted it to the rails. One man got behind and pushed until the one-cylinder engine turned over, and presently we were coughing along the gleaming track at a thirty-mile-an-hour clip.

Out of Ogden the track curves through flat green farmland, but at Reese, eight miles westward, the growing things begin to die in the alkaline swatches. The cottonwood trees and the billowing green fields shrink and thin out, and at the ten-mile mark the land is gray and rocky. Pat suddenly slammed on the brakes, and the rocking little coffee grinder screeched to a stop.

We huddled together on the stony lip of the roadbed until, a minute or two later, a ninety-car freight train thundered past at sixty miles an hour. "There goes the fast freight," he said. "They call her the Hot Shot, and they really barrel her."

We climbed back into the car, and, after another forty-five-minute run, swayed into Promontory Point, not far from the historic spot where, in 1869, the railroad pioneers drove the golden spike that gave the expanding nation its first transcontinental railroad. Close by, the swollen Bear River pushes its fresh-water overflow into the salt lake.

The carp and the suckers from the highland streams are sometimes swept into this fatal flow, and the unwary ones that push on into the salt water soon swell up and die.

"It is a cruel and beautiful lake," Pat says. "You will see."

Saline lies astride the tremendous railroad rock fill that begins on the marshes four miles west of Promontory Point. Here, in two faded yellow company houses built half a century ago, live Red Shaw and Lou Kley. The sun was high and merciless when we clambered out of the car. The salt flies were swarming. The lake was a vast turquoise plain studded with sequins as the sky threw down its white light and tipped each rolling wave. "There have been those . . ." wrote Dale Morgan, biographer of the Great Salt Lake, "who find the lake possessed of unimaginable glory, a true splendor. Not many have achieved a sense of intimacy with it. It is intolerant of men, and reluctant in submission."

Red Shaw and Lou Kley are not poets, of course, but men on a job. And they, with their predecessors, have found the cold sea and its salt cradle a threat, and a challenge, and a new way of life.

The problem of conquering the salt world at Saline and establishing some sort of normal married life was first encountered by Stanley and Dolly Shaw, a young couple who were sent there during the critical period just before World War II. "We never saw a more desolate and abandoned place," says Mrs. Shaw, who now lives in Ogden with her husband, "but Stan and I were determined to make something of it."

Shortly after they moved into the weathered frame house they saw the truth of what their friends had warned—that ordinary salt, a necessity to some and a luxury in many parts of the world, could be an implacable enemy. The first day Stan went aboard the St. Joseph to patrol the trestle, the lake spray soaked a small cut on his hand, and in a matter of hours he had a painful salt sore. There is no specific remedy for these flaming blisters, but Stan soon learned he could heal them with a plastering of axle grease.

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At home, meanwhile, Dolly busied herself with ingenious schemes to cheat loneliness, the encroaching salt and the stubborn land. She battled the stinging gnats with three pet horned toads, and further enlisted a small spider which had spun a lacy home over the kitchen door. She installed a floodlight close to the spreading web to attract the insects, and for a time the spider was a deadly Circe methodically destroying the unwelcome guests. "I finally quit, though," she says, "and so did the spider. He got so fat he couldn't move, and one fatal afternoon a sea gull swooped down and picked him off."

The Shaws wanted trees, flowers and shrubs around their small kingdom, but the alkaline soil refused to yield. Shaw wrote to the Utah State Agricultural College for advice and got a pessimistic reply. "Nothing good will ever grow there," the experts said. Piqued, the Shaws climbed into their battered old car one morning, steered a bumpy course into a chokecherry forest on a mountain miles away and filled the car with rich black soil. They dug a pit around the house, packed it with the imported dirt and planted seeds and saplings and iris rootstocks.

Today, some fifteen years later, the trees that couldn't be grown are tall and lush. There are three cottonwoods, with shiny, fluttery leaves, and several stout tamarisks, whose feathery white racemes tassel the clear air. These fruits of their labor are still the only green, flowering things in this brooding domain.

The water to feed these alien plants came by railroad tank car from Ogden, and every drop did double duty. Stan diverted the kitchen-sink drainpipe to the trees, while the shower water was bypassed into the flower beds. There is still no fresh water naturally available at Saline, but it is almost more vital than heat or light. Salt gathers on the decks and windows of the patrol boats, and must be washed off after every trip, and the men themselves are forced to take frequent showers to rinse the bitter crystals from their hair and skin.

One year when the lake level was very low and the water was so salty it was oily to the touch, a group of pelicans winged in from their fresh-water fishing grounds 100 miles or more to the north. Exhausted from the long flight and the lash of winter winds, the birds foolishly settled down on the salt lake. The sea wet their plumage, but the water evaporated, and before long their wings were caked with salt. Scores died before the Shaws could round them up by boat, bring them ashore and dissolve the salt out of the feathers with a fresh-water hose.

Then, as now, the seemingly enchanted lake was a fickle beauty, gentle and iridescent one day, angry and lethal the next. More than once during their years of service Stan and Red Shaw have been in their boats when, with no other warning than the crying of the wind, the sea began to heave in foamy wrath. In a matter of moments they were bouncing in ten-foot waves and troughs, and fighting for control. The unpredictable violence of the lake, which had astonished and awed Jim Bridger when he discovered this strange sea in 1824, has never softened, and in such moments the trestle-boat pilots can do nothing but throw out an anchor and wait for the turbulence to subside.

During one such storm some years ago the lake winds sucked down a B-25 bomber with a crew of five. Stan Shaw, attempting to find the vanished plane, dragged anchor for sixteen hours in a forty-mile-an-hour gale. Another time, when an oil-company twin-engine transport plowed into the water almost under their noses, the trestle watchers were sure they would find the wreck at once. The lake has an average depth of only thirteen feet, and in calm weather the white bottom usually shows up as though it were under a lens. But it took salvage crews five exasperating months to find the plane. The pilot's body and the ship itself were as perfectly preserved as though they had been encased in a glacier for 100 years.

There were at least five plane crashes and other disasters on the lake during the period the Shaws lived there. They had to bring in every bit of food and drink and had no neighbors. Nevertheless Dolly Shaw feels that their ten-year exile in the salt wilderness was a rich and unforgettable experience.

"When your only companions are some rabbits or a dog," she says, "you have lots of time to think and to re-evaluate the simple things of life. We were unable to go to church, of course, so we listened to radio services and read the Bible to each other. Our mail was dropped off by train every three days, and if we needed medicine in an emergency, it had to be put aboard a train coming our way.

"I went shopping only once a month or so in Ogden. We had no air conditioning for summer heat that often stayed at a hundred degrees, and in winter we had to keep an old coal stove going all the time. But with all these inconveniences in a primitive area I don't think we ever felt lonely or deserted. We never lacked interesting things to do."

On dark nights when the wind screamed over the lake and the mountainous waves thudded against the trestle piling, it was easy to imagine that they were hearing the ghostly lament of Jean Baptiste, a convicted grave robber whose skeleton, according to legend, still roams the marshy shores with a ball and chain on one bony leg. And if this thought was not enough to warm the blood, they could always speculate about the monster of the Great Salt Lake. This creature, whose fearsome forty-foot body, crocodile head and reptilian legs have been "seen" by travelers for almost 100 years, is supposed to have had a particular appetite for men who work in salt-making plants here and there on the lake.

The Shaws doubt that the monster exists, for, as Stan says slyly, "There's nothing to eat around here, and even monsters get hungry." Indeed, the only living things in the water are the brine-fly larvae, which feed on microscopic blue-green algae; and the brine shrimps, crustaceans whose small size discourages any attempt to use them for food.

Stan and Dolly Shaw reluctantly abandoned their isolated realm after ten years, and went to Ogden because they wanted a home of their own, but there are tangible remembrances of their long stay. Some of Stan's oil paintings, patiently put on canvas during his spare time, have been exhibited in various Utah galleries, and on the Bear River there is a twenty-six-foot power cruiser he built by hand at Saline.

Red Shaw and Lou Kley, who took over the trestle patrol when Stan and Dolly Shaw went away, inherited the house and its oasis, and their way of life and work is no different, no less provocative than that of all the others who chose that forgotten end of the earth for their work. Red and Lou raise rabbits and chickens and, as Red puts it, "We putter, and that's an art too." Sometimes, on distant runs to the western end of the lake, Lou Kley picks up spent 40-mm. cartridges used in Navy target practice, and fashions them into lamp bases. They make furniture, too, play checkers and read magazines and books dropped off by friendly freight crews. They also have a television set and rightfully claim the best reception in the state.

Like the others before them, Lou and Red are on call around the clock. Their workday usually starts at 7:30 A.M. In the mornings they clatter over the slick rails in a company motorcar, searching for shifting ties or flaws in the steel. The rock fill reaching out to the trestle is a worrisome problem, too, for the powerful breakers of the lake have been known to slap ten-ton boulders into the sea. Storms in the past fifty years have ripped gaping wounds in the stony banks, and Wilson Wright, chief clerk to the division engineer, estimates that repair crews have used more than 3,000,000 cubic yards of rock in the never-ending war against the waves.

In the afternoons, the two men go aboard the St. Joseph or the Emma, the auxiliary patrol boat, and make their slow, steady run alongside the trestle. The original 150-foot pilings—it took 38,000 Douglas fir trees to make them fifty years ago—are still intact and, if anything, stronger than ever, thanks to long immersion in the salty water. But occasionally a stringer splits, and these are promptly replaced when Red reports the damage.

During the fall months, when the lake level drops—perhaps as much as five feet—the salt cakes into horizontal cones called salt mushrooms. They add tremendous weight to the trestle, and more than once, armed with poles, Red and Lou and Pat McNally have rowed beneath the towering structure and knocked off thousands of these destructive growths. The men often return from these dangerous hunts with half a dozen salt sores, their clothes ruined by the spray and, Red adds with a smile, a great thirst, brought on by the salt-dusted air.

"But it's a good life," Red told me. "I wouldn't want any other job. As for being alone out here—well, I say it's a damn poor man who can't learn how to live with himself. And you know, I get to thinking this is a mighty pretty place."

And at that moment it was.

The chameleon lake was a tapestry of Wedgwood blue, and the sky trembled with desert mirages. The eyes were tricked with magic islands that floated in the yellow haze, or cool little lakes that hung motionless and sparkled where the horizon began. The mild wind brought the rosiny scent of greasewood and the tang of the sage, and on the land side the sea gulls gracefully rode the drafts and searched for insect food.

Red fixed lunch for us—a lumberjack meal of strong Cheddar, crock-baked beans, corned beef and strong coffee.

"I guess the conductor was right," Red said dryly as we ate, "about nothing ever happening here. Not long ago they got us up in the middle of the night to look for some fellow who we found had killed himself diving into a hundred-and-thirty-foot well up in the hills. Couple of weeks ago a geologist ran in here yelling that he'd been chased by a mountain lion, which I doubt. Bunch of Boy Scouts got lost out on the lake, and a hungry-looking bum ambled into our place about the same time. He might have stuck us up, but we took a chance, fed him and sent him back to town. Can't have strangers walking these tracks. Tomorrow? Well, some dumb pelican might get stuck and we'll risk our neck to pull him ashore. And so it goes."

I asked Red about the late Bernarr Macfadden, the New York physical culturist who wanted to celebrate his eighty-sixth birthday with a parachute jump into the lake but was discouraged by the state officials.

"That would have been something to see," Red said fervently, "but I'm sure glad they turned him down. They figure hitting that water in a chute's like smacking into concrete. Would have flattened him for sure."

At that moment the City of San Francisco swished past the house like an earthquake on wheels. The walls of the cottage shuddered under the jolt of those rolling tons, and the dishes bounced, and Red anticipated my question.

"Don't bother us none," he said. "It's a good sound. Twenty, thirty times a day they highball past the door and we don't bat an eye. Even at night. But we wake up damn quick if an engine goes by with no cars. That means emergency of some kind, don't it, Pat?"

Pat nodded and glanced at his watch. "Well, fellows," he said, "I hate to break it up, but the track will be clear for a while now, and it's a long ride."

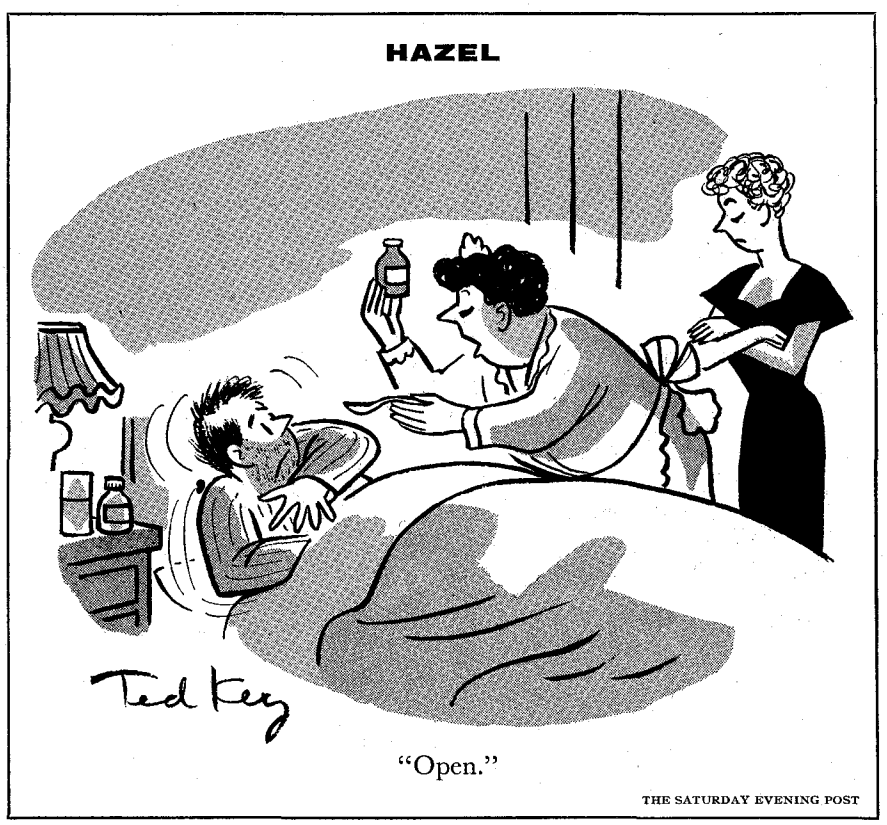
Red was already washing dishes with an expert touch, though the water was cold, and I closed up my notebook. "Thanks for the lunch, Red," I said.

"Pleasure," he said.

He picked up the salt and pepper shakers and stowed them away.

"That's one thing you don't worry about," I said. "You can get your salt right out of the lake."

"Nope," he said with a twinkle. "I got it the last time I was in town three weeks ago. At the supermarket." THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Keeping Posted

They Use Their Heads in Guatemala

Gene Lester, who made pictures for Ashley Halsey's story about Guatemala City on page 30, arranged for this photo of a pretty Indian lady carrying home her day's shopping on her head. Lester, the other item in the scene, won't carry that camera far on his head. Looks panicky, doesn't he?

Modest Daughter of the Gold Rush

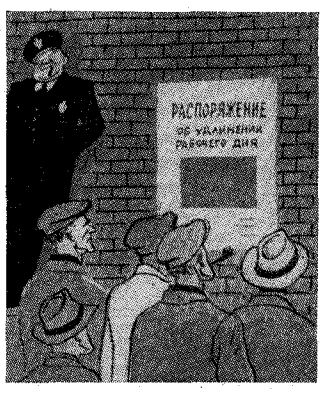
Twenty years ago Corey Ford went fishing in Alaska with writer Frank Dufresne, who then was Alaska's game commissioner, and when he got to know Dufresne's wife Klondy, he figured that her fascinating early life in frontier Nome would make a swell story. Klondy agreed to collaborate, but what with one hitch and another, including some wars, it took them nineteen years to finish what starts on page 11. Ford warns belligerently, "If anybody says to me, 'I read that little piece you tossed off in the Post,' I'll shoot him."

Their main writing problem was Klondy's natural modesty, which Ford considers an endearing trait, but not in an autobiography. They arranged for a neighbor of Klondy's in Seattle, who knows shorthand, to take down the lady's reminiscences, but presently Klondy got upset and said she just wouldn't have the neighbor taking dictation any more. "But she's a good stenographer," Ford groaned. "It isn't that," explained the authoress who aspired to have a few million people read all about her. "I don't like her knowing all about my personal affairs." Ford has a sense of humor, which he leaned heavily upon at this point.

Frank Dufresne, Ford declares, is now thinking of writing a sequel based on his own life, which he will entitle Klondy's Husband. So stick around, everybody, for another twenty years.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Smug, Smug Russians"



Journalist Stewart Alsop, back from Russia, reports on a fantastic Kremlin accomplishment: they've persuaded their people to believe all that stuff!

From a Soapweed, a Very Nice Christmas

Vera Hycz spent most of her childhood on a homestead in New Mexico, and they were lonely years, lacking in many things, but, she says, rich in others—by which she obviously means, especially

rich in affection. "My mother always managed a most happy time for us at Christmas, and one year she made a little Christmas tree out of a soapweed, and trimmed it as I have described in ——" On, let us make it, page 14. Out of that little tree grew, imaginatively, A CANDLE OF THE LORD, "and today, how happy my mother is about the story that began so long ago!" In the snapshot, see happiness.

Well, a while back the author's husband, Andrew, retired after thirty years in the Navy, and then he really got to work. First thing he did was to build his wife a writing studio, into which he firmly inserted the wife and a typewriter. One day Andrew was finishing the roof of the structure when Vera rushed up, emoting, "The Post accepted Candle!" That, you see, is the way to arrange a merry Christmas.

The Indians Took Him into the Desert

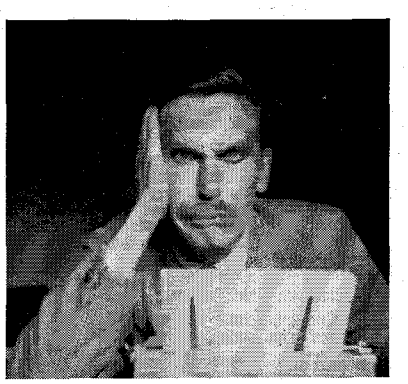
The author of the stirring Western serial on page 39 says he came by his Western background naturally—"My great-grandfather was killed and scalped by Sioux Indians near Crystal Springs, North Dakota." Author Louis L'Amour himself was born near Jamestown, same state, enough later so that he didn't have to worry about such matters. Indeed he now has many firm pals among the Indians, especially the Apaches and Navajos, who have taught him how to live deep in the American deserts without benefit of handy ice-water taps and other civilized graces. L'Amour stresses that that photo represents de luxe desert living; actually he can enter the sandy wastes with empty hands and get along real well, "though a pocketknife *is* quite a help." The author is the fellow under the hat, an appurtenance he wears nowhere except in a desert. He defines his companion, Eddie Ross, as a swell man with a skillet and in many other ways. Locale: below sea level in Death Valley.

At age fifteen L'Amour decided there was a lot of country to see besides Dakota, and set forth to see it. In the West he prospected, labored in mines and lumber camps, explored canyons, studied

De luxe living for a desert expert.

the old stamping ground of Billy the Kid, Wyatt Earp and other famous or infamous fellows, "and in between times I found time to go to sea and visit most of the countries of the world," which must have kept him humping. But to L'Amour places like Patagonia, New York City and such are all foreign lands and, as if he were impelled by a vast rubber band, he inevitably snaps back boing! to the American deserts. As he also likes foreign sand, he is now writing a book about the deserts of the world.

We Have With Us This Week



Edmund Cooper, reaching for a word.

Edmund Cooper, whose address is Willow House, Thelnetham, via Diss, Norfolk, England, proposed marriage to a twenty-year-old schoolmistress when he was sixteen, and she advised him to continue his education. Cooper thereupon went to war, visiting Normandy in a tugboat, and was educated in "how to use guns with less danger to friends than to foes, how to rescue survivors, and how to be a survivor." Then he became a tourist to America on a tanker that was popular with U-boats, and at age twenty he married the schoolmistress. Cooper, a new Post writer on page 25, but not new in England, considers his favorite hobby sleeping, his favorite literature, checks.

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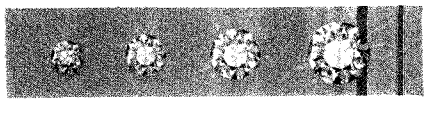

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